Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER
1938

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(COVER)

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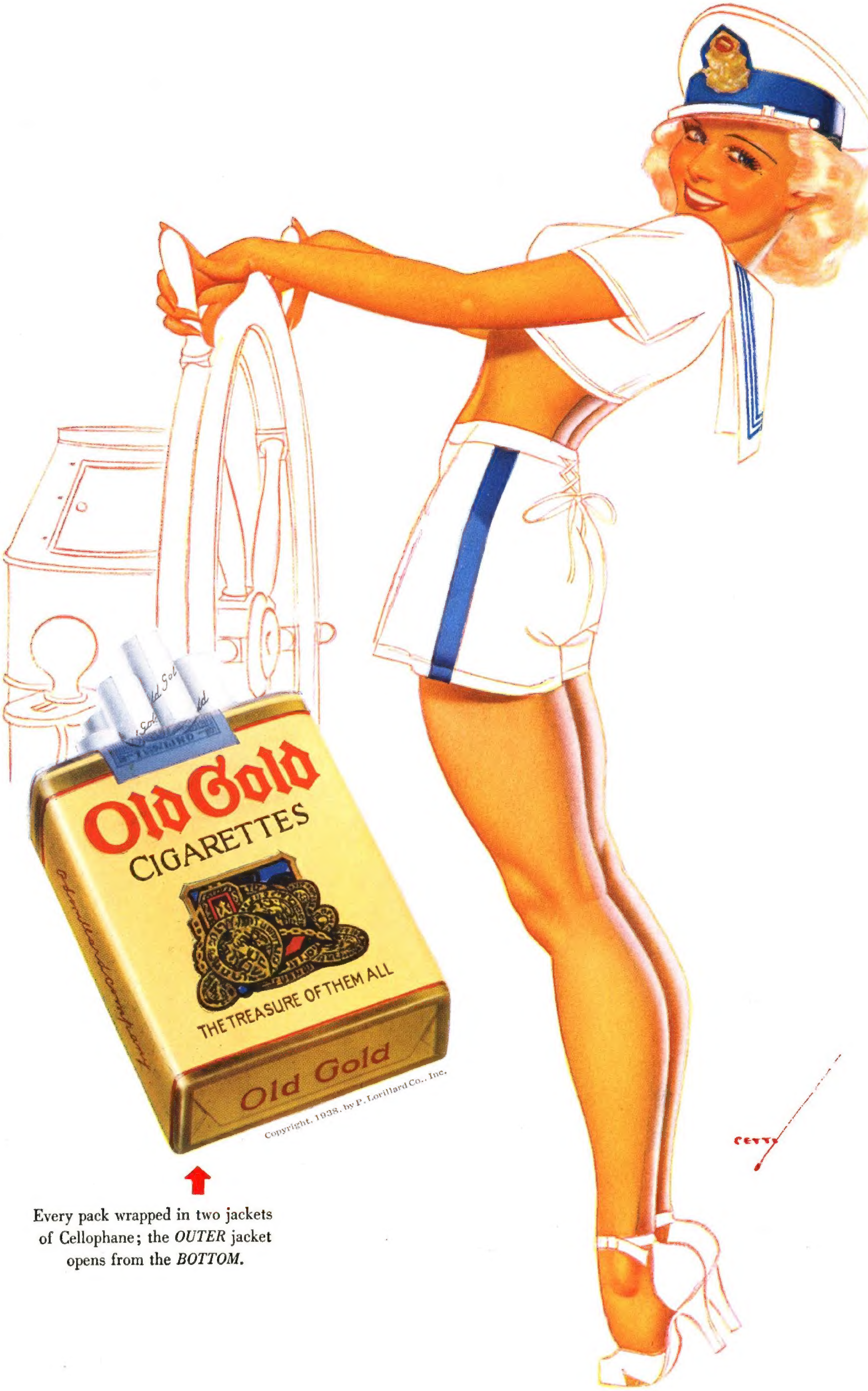
Nautical but Nice!



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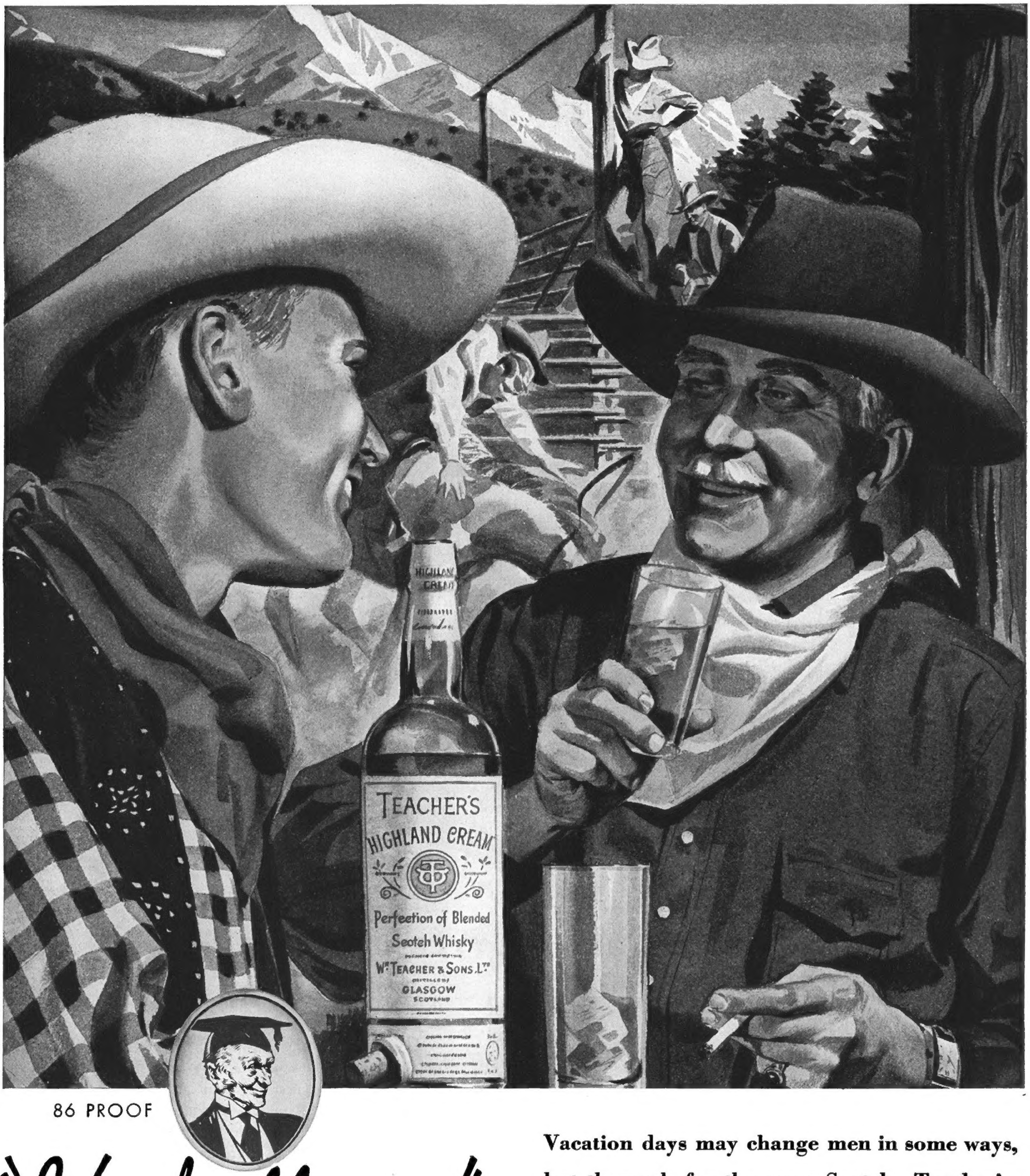
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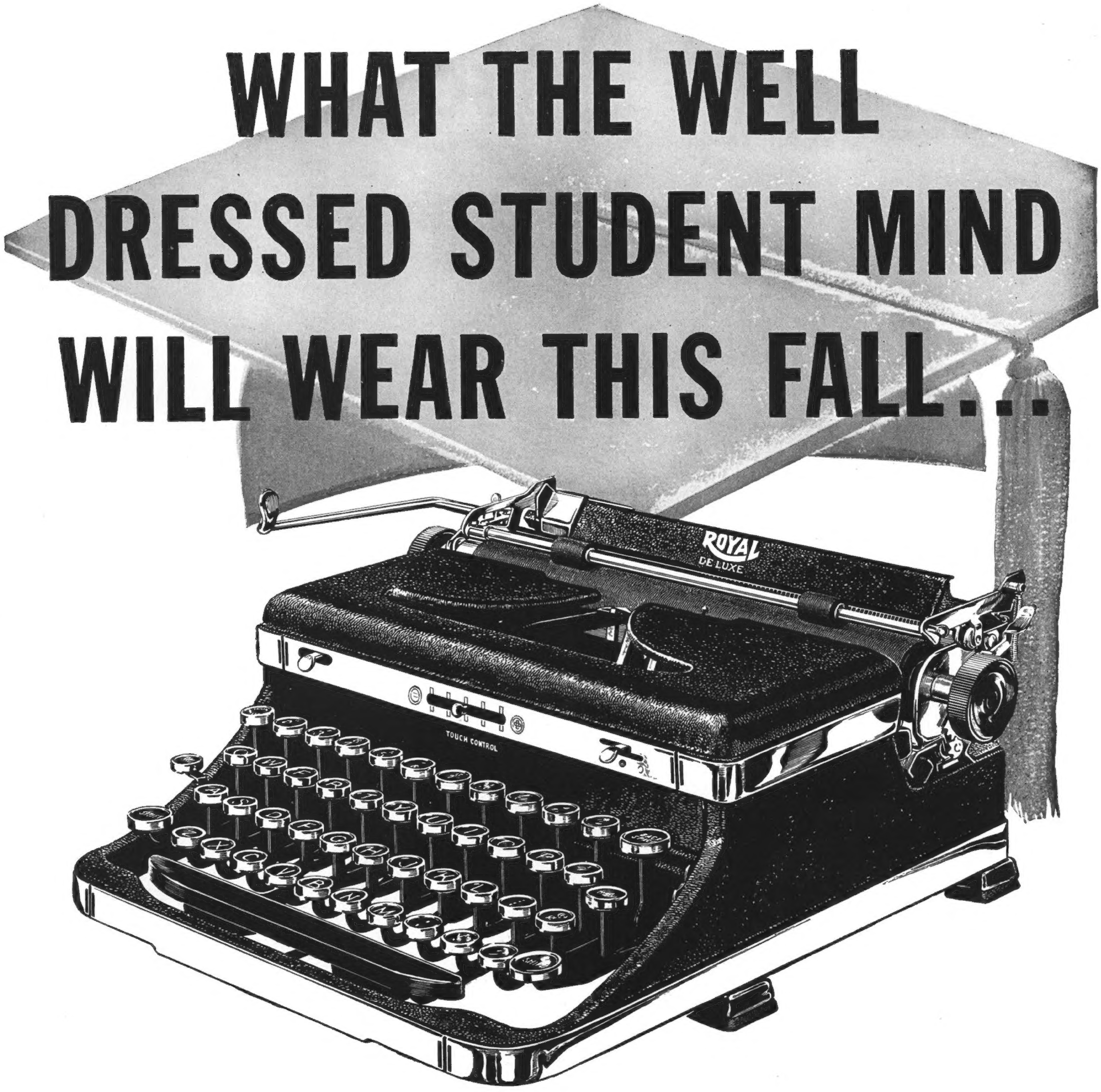

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Edited by
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches ....
..... *by* Goodman, Fellows, Hughes beginning on page 130

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

America sung in the key of blue

The one before this was written on a Swiss verandah. This one is written on a verandah on the promenade deck of the *Normandie.* These windows look only on the open ocean right now, but this deck on which this table rests is still the soil of France. The good food, the good wine continue, along with the perennial politeness of a people who, never the least bit servile, make the best servants in the world. They have learned a lot of things from us, these French, and they are eager to learn a lot more, but for generations to come, they could go on giving us lessons in graciousness.

As this is written the French are still full of fear. Within recent weeks they have again had a hair-breadth escape from what was again Europe's worst war scare since 1914. Just one voyage back, convoys were being readied in the English Channel to meet the homecoming *Normandie.* Small wonder, then, that the French heart-beat is still quickened. But let this fear fool nobody. It is only the stupid and the unimaginative who feel no fear. The truly brave are those who, though scared within an inch of their lives, still carry on with their convictions. That's why the French, despite all propaganda to the contrary, are still the most formidable fighting people of Europe. Nevertheless they have ample grounds for their fear. It was only because of Russian planes, poised for flight across Rumania on a diplomatic basis of "excuse it, please," and because of the grace of God as manifested in disquieting crop reports, that Hitler was kept from pulling the trigger of the revolver that he now holds at the temple of Europe. But nobody knows how long that nervous trigger-finger can be stayed. And the French know that Nazi agitators are honey-combing Alsace, and that the German General Staff has figured out to a split second the time it would take to turn the flank of the Maginot Line by a push through Switzerland, this time, instead of the Belgian route of last time.

Besides all this, there is the fallen franc to make the French feel their depression far more acutely than we feel our own. And yet, this summer in France, the loudest hollering you hear is all done by Americans, traveling Americans, moneyed Americans, wealthy enough to pay their fare to a foreign country and then yell about how their own country has gone to pot. And we are the ones who always talk about the excitability of the French! Compared to the spot on which the average Frenchman now finds himself, the average American's position is the proverbial bed of roses. But you'd never guess it, to hear the whining and grumbling with which the American tourist tells *his* troubles to any Frenchman who will listen to him, and any Frenchman will.

The Frenchman, listening to this standard export version of the American blues, about how Roosevelt and the Reds and the fifty-nine cent dollar have wrought ruination in the erstwhile Land of Opportunity, may be thinking of many things, besides the instantaneous reflex thought that the maligned fifty-nine cent dollar is a heavyweight-marvel, tipping the scales at thirty-six francs. He may be thinking about the wonderful width of our ocean, along with the wonderful weight of our dollar. He may be thinking of tales he has been told by fugitives from Vienna, happy tales of gratitude told by those who were lucky enough to get out with a whole skin. And he may think of the wisdom, not to mention the good taste, of waiting to holler until you're really hurt. But if he does think such thoughts, he never lets us know it. He listens patiently and sympathetically, with an occasional little quick intake of breath to indicate his full appreciation of the extent of our misery, and agrees that "ah yes, the life of today, it is well difficult."

The payoff, of course, is that we're telling him.

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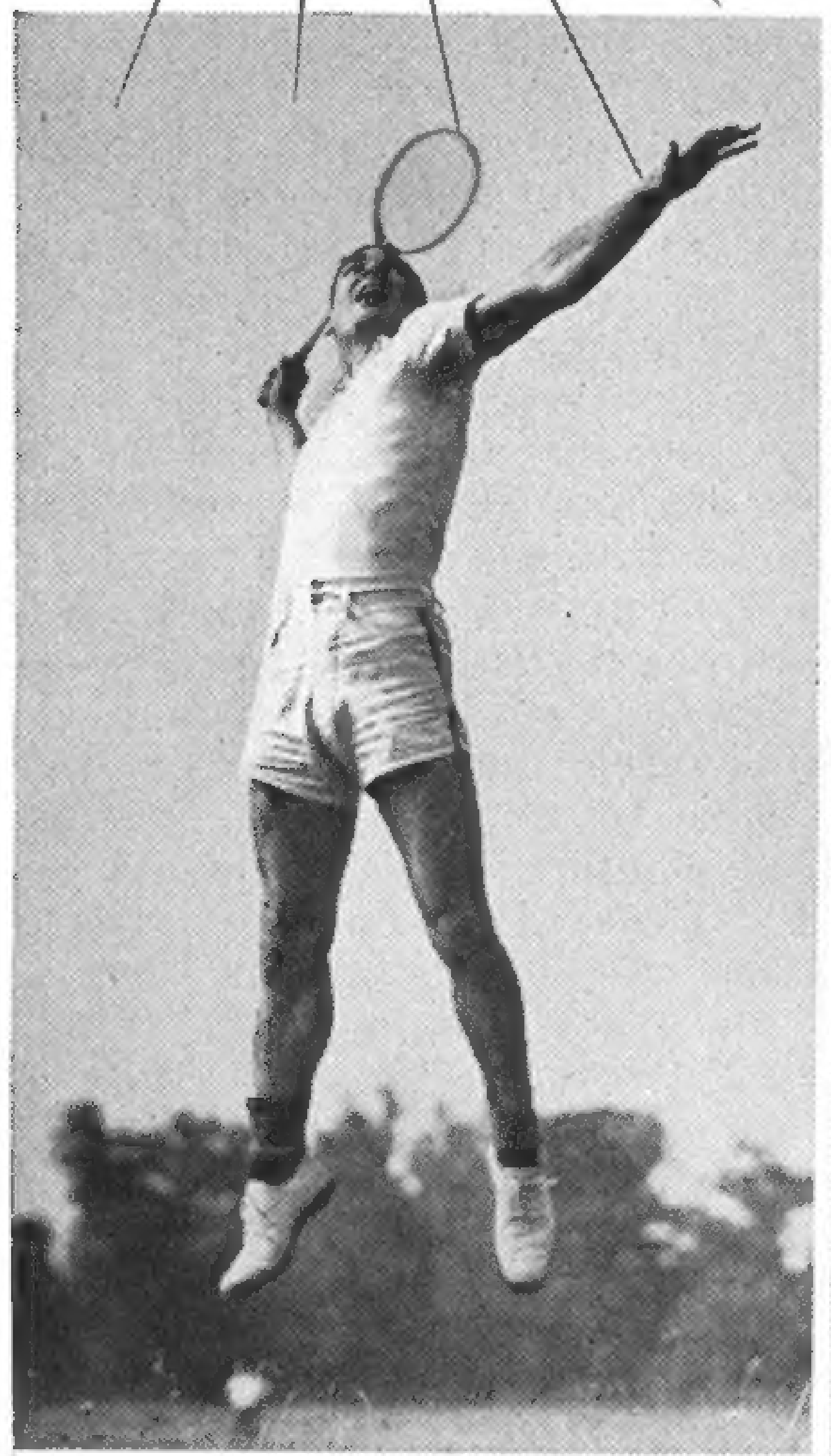
T. M.
Reg.

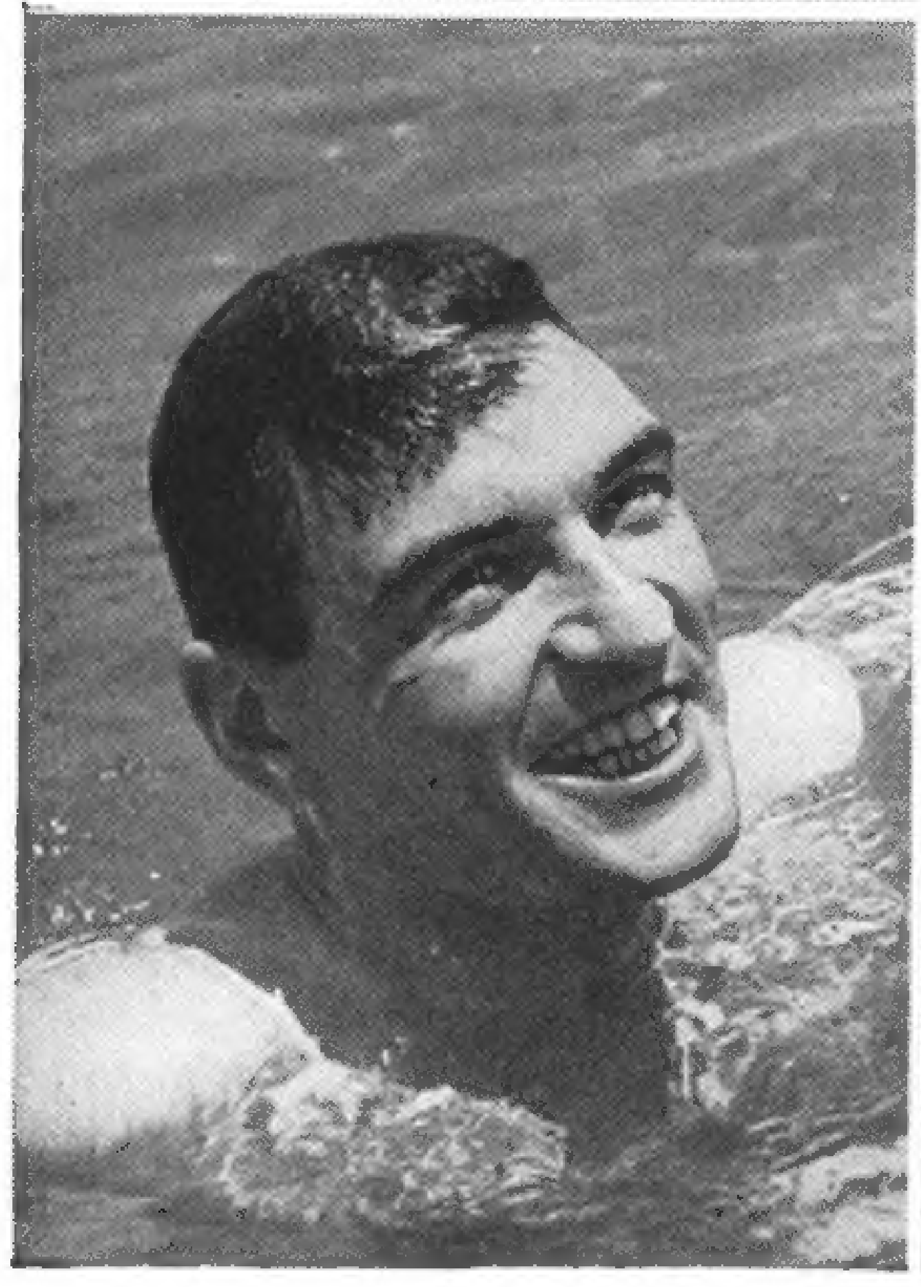
NEW YORK EDITION

PHOTOGRAPH BY
L. CHARLES-SMITH
FOR THE AUGUST
ISSUE OF CORONET

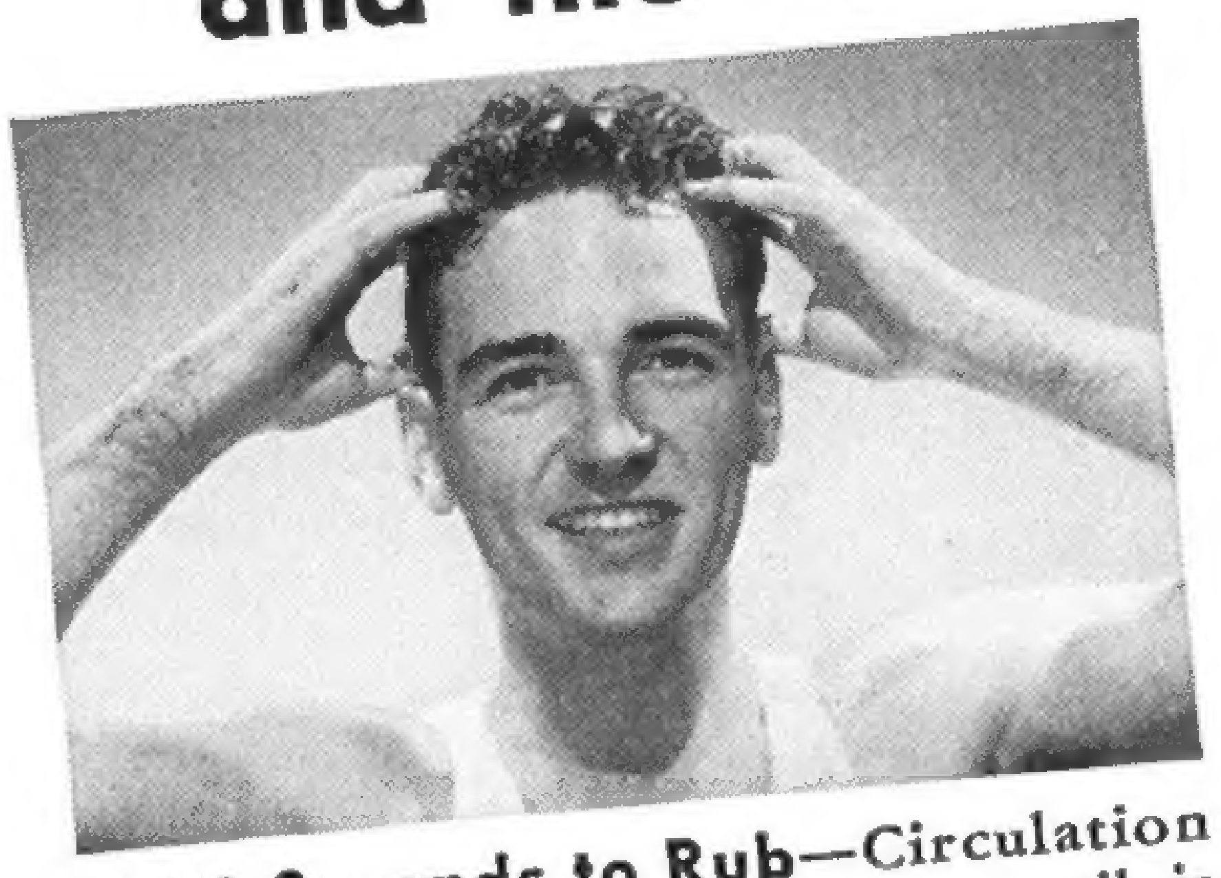
*Reminder,
in a hectic
world, that
beauty is still
its own excuse—
and that you will
find it in abundant
measure in Coronet,
the magazine of "infinite
riches in a little room".
The August issue is available
now, at your newsstand.*

Give your hair this good defense against *Blistering Sun and Soaking Showers*

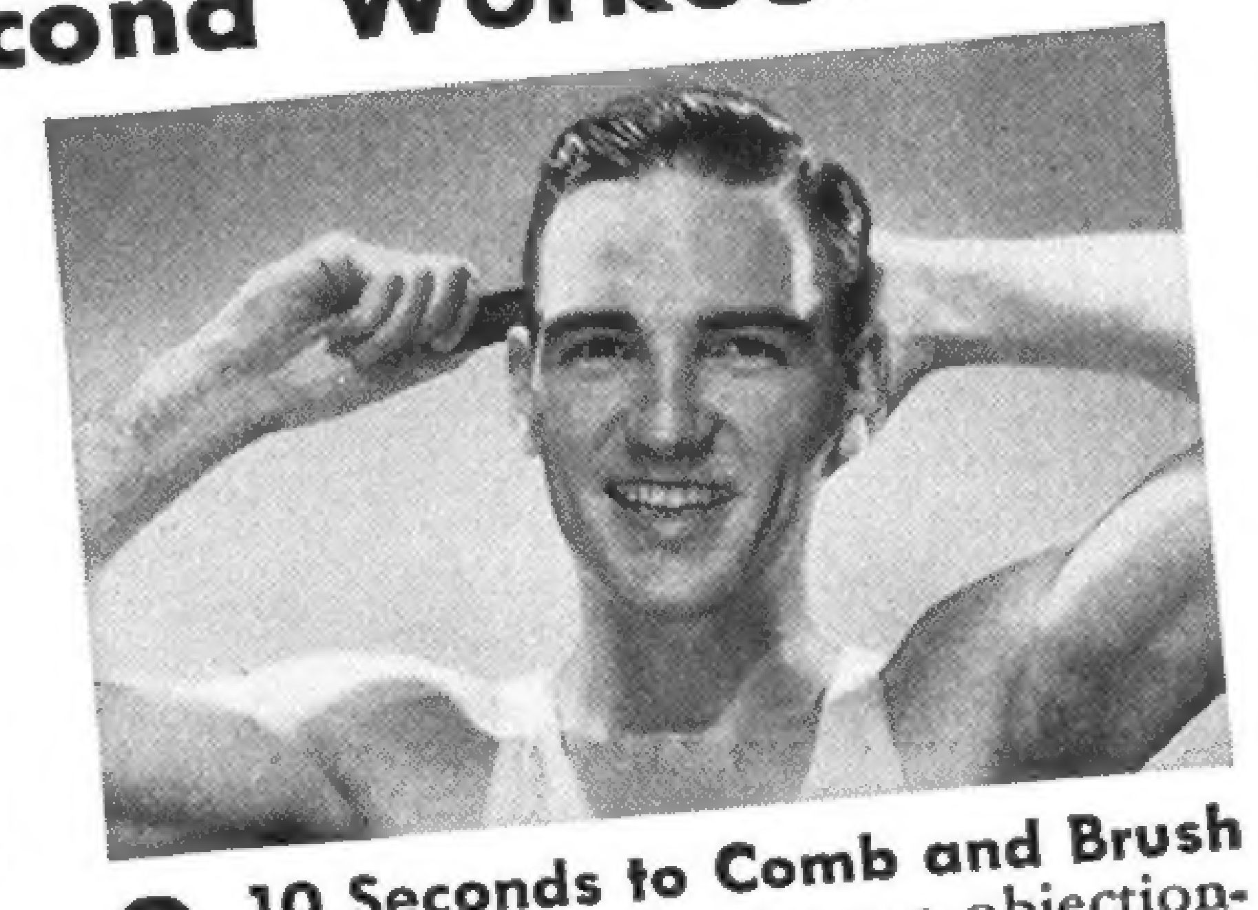




Protect Your Hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"



1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

SUMMER'S a great season! Make the most of it! Enjoy your swimming and golf, your tennis and badminton. But while you're building up your body for the winter ahead, remember summer's a dangerous season for your hair!

For the sun beats down on your unprotected hair, baking out the natural oils. And then your plunge or shower completes the damage, soaking away the last of the vital oils. Your hair needs protection—needs help—needs the good defense of Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

For Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" can help—does help—to give your hair a healthy, handsome look in spite of damaging sun and water! Just massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel the pleasant tingle as circulation speeds up—your hair takes on new life, new lustre. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the aid of your oil-depleted scalp and hair!

Now comb your hair, see how firmly it stays in place, how well-groomed it looks—a credit to you wherever you go. No trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" shine either! Start the daily habit of Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" to help protect your hair against sun, surf and showers . . . to help keep it lustrous and handsome all summer long! Buy a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's now!

VITALIS SEALTUBE

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE SECRET'S OUT

How to make a success of running a man's paper in six easy lessons:

1. Print on stiff, shiny paper that is quite useless for lighting fires or other domestic uses.
2. Make certain that all serious articles contain a few elementary mistakes so that 614,327 lynx-eyed readers may write to the paper in a glow of superior self-righteousness.
3. Insist that the dramatic critic states everything with a special slam for young English actors.
4. Ensure that the film department has no mention of pictures. A little Left-Wing propaganda or hints on Spanish cooking would be eminently suitable.
5. As this is a man's paper fill with advertisements for corsets, and anonymous articles by unsatisfied women.
6. Print tripe like this in *Sound & Fury*.

Well, you keep on selling the paper, and I and a million others keep on buying it so I suppose you won't change now. For cripes sakes don't!

John Gordon
c/o Edwards
Achnacridhe Drimnin Oban, Argyll
Scotland

THE LOWDOWN ON SOMETHING

Esquire, commendably, has extended a welcome hand to would-be writers and kept an alert ear for sophomoric females devoid of *sang froid;* but still because I am a "long hair," I must quibble and quarrel—not cynically but sincerely—with an end in view.

Out of the vast heap of experimental writing which dominates the printed page—seekers after form and style, imitators and students of post-contemporary schools, evolvers of expression, observers of fashion, promulgators of journalism, iconoclastiers of the back-wash, worshippers and idealizers of the back-wash—there comes an inherent plea for synthesis. This vast heap of apparent chaos, aesthetically, demands a review of purpose, if to no other end; at least to postulate a future for Letters.

At present glance the future appears bound to fantasy, the young authors have sickened themselves on the founts of the water-closet, and sucked dry the hard-tipped breasts of realism; they will now mingle with diaphanous nymphs in the twilight, and exchange Scotch for the dew off of lilies. It will be the redawning of another cycle of the literature of Morley, Cabell, Maeterlinck, Baudelaire, Poe, Lamb (and to be as erudite as a book-reviewer selecting the ten best books) in contrast to Wolfe, Lewis, Zola, Flaubert, Balzac, Whitman, Dostoyevski.

So after the budding Quiller-Couch has satisfactorily answered the question, in his own mind—to have? or to have not? will the writing chair be plush or mahogany? he still must formulate a plan of action; he must ask himself: in what form does the world appear most clear to me? in what style may I make the world most aware of my reflected viewpoint? And because the world is a hard old ball of matter, plastered with ego; if there is any *Weltschmerz* in his system, he better take a long trek and have it beaten out of him.

The hue and the cry waxes hot from here and I don't know a thing, but it seems to me. . . .

If you can have your cake and eat it too; then you are damn good, as a matter of fact you are a paradox in the history of art and literature.

The things which are going to be written are always twice as good as the things which are written and it is a good thing the plow-boys don't have time to write them.

If you are going to groan over a typewriter and writhe with a painful behind, you might just as well take your martyrdom one pain further and write what the people need—not what they want.

A garret offers as much inspirational solitude as a sequestered study, and a damn sight more reason to write.

Talent is the small remnant of ego left over, after education has cut a swathe through the cloth of temperament.

When you are desirous of putting so much down on paper each day, then you are thinking of space rates; when you are thinking and observing so much each day, then you are desirous of writing.

Take a tip from the Japanese brush artists and put down each comma as if your life depended on it.

And for a motto, Samuel Butler spouted a gusher when he wrote: "Homer struck oil, while we other writers for the most part succeed in boring only."

Now I hope this all has not adumbrated too much with the shadow while ignoring the substance, and I hope you can find space for it.

Really, don't you know; it is pertinent.

Sincerely,
Delano, Calif. Hale Roger

BACKSTAGE WITH S. & F.

One idea or another, I'd as soon skip propaganda — German, Japanese, Levin's or even my own. And I still believe that Esquire owes its dazzling success to features other than those which remind us that life is indeed real and earnest.

If you need this as a filler in *S & F*, please leave off my name. Being female and living in a small town where street address is not required, after an *S & F* appearance my mail is swelled by letters from practically every state prison, (on official stationery and very smelly) from men who want me to meet them under the clock in the St. Louis station, etc., and I'm really not the type.

Very truly yours,
No Man's Land Rose

FILE UNDER OLD AND OR UNFINISHED BUSINESS

This letter is not only to the Esquire Magazine but to one Mr. John Dos Passos, who you use to revive the dead for ponning purposes. In the February, 1936 issue of Esquire you published an article on Mr. Rudolph Valentino, written by Dos Passos, in which he made the statement that Valentino would have been forgotten long ago except for some legal matters. Please call to Mr. Dos Passos' attention that due to the recent revival of "The Son of the Sheik," the Garrick Theatre broke all box office records for two weeks. This is only one theatre out of many from coast to coast. The film is first in a series of revivals of Valentino pictures. So far, the owner of this film has netted nearly $500,000 which puts Mr. Valentino as top box office attraction. My admiration for Valentino comes not from hero worship but I do admire a personality such as he had.

SON OF THE SHEIK

Better luck next time you criticize someone else, as only you people can. Surely one can hear the laughter of the gods.

Yours for a little more tact,
Chicago, Illinois Jack Stigall

A DIRTY STORY

I was surprised to see Mr. D. Franklin Bascour complaining loudly and furiously about the new loose-leaf Esquire binding. Surely he knows that the getter-uppers of the Magazine continually try to improve it, and that the latest binding is for the benefit of families and clubs. Now instead of everyone awaiting their turn to see the latest issue, each has a few pages which are exchanged as they are read. I'm sure this must be a God-send to millions.

But personally I do sympathise with Mr. Bascour, as I am a bachelor myself and dislike finding a page there and here, but I've found a simple remedy which I recommend. When I am about to read, I place my Esquire on a flat table (a card table as a matter of fact), arm myself with a pot of fine white glue, and sit down carefully. I read, and as I finish a page and before I turn the leaf, I run the brush, which I have previously dipped in the fine white glue, down the binding, and turn the page carefully. I do this right through the Magazine and find the result so excellent that when I close the back cover I find I have a solid book very like the ordinary ones on the newsstands.

It is very serviceable, may be nonchalantly thrown on to a table, or even lent to a friend to glance through, with the knowledge that the friend will not be ultimately buried under 210 loose pages. Of course, even this system is not infallible, for when I read in the April issue *Fashion Is A Fairy*, I was convulsed, and so shaken with appreciative laughter, that I found myself under the table (the card table) with the fine white glue all down *my* binding, while the air was thick with flying pages which drifted down and settled on me like dead leaves in an autumn breeze.

Auckland, New Zealand R. Bowie

THE APPLESAUCE OF ABSTRACT ART

At various times I have been tempted to voice my approval or otherwise of your Magazine but due to matters more pressing the general tendency has been to cool off and finally drop the matter.

This time however you have finally jarred me loose, for you have struck close home, in a manner which cannot be ignored in silence. Your double page cartoons by E. Simms Campbell, such as the one on the Big Apple in modern art, are by far the most daring, cleverest, and the best executed things I have ever had the pleasure of seeing between your covers.

I have painted and been interested in painting since childhood. For the last seven years I have been living here in the desert working in the summers in temperatures as high as a hundred and twenty in the shade. In these years spent in trying to capture the fickle beauty of this desert, there have been plenty of discouragements. Not the least of these have been the signs I see all about me of the ever increasing tendency of critics to worship at the artistic shrine of a group of sensationalists who seem to have left the word beauty out of their definition of Art.

Since the first this brand of Art has seemed bewildering and offensive to me but I was told that this attitude was merely a lack of education on my part and that with proper study I would learn to sigh over the hidden beauty beneath the canvas of a Matisse or go into raptures over the half expressed meaning tangled within the childish scrawls of a Van Gogh. Accordingly I set out to inform myself and spent no little energy reading books, seeing exhibits and otherwise attempting to get at the facts. I have finally come to the point where sensational art is no longer bewildering to me, merely offensive.

This attitude was reached with surprising ease once I put my mind to studying the probable motives of the painters in question. A very interesting fact presented itself. Namely that no matter how wild the painter or his paintings were they did him no good until he could start a controversy in the newspapers. Now the art critics (bless their souls) have to eat too and they are expected not only to fill a certain column space but to hold a definite reader interest. We all know that nothing will attract and hold interest like a good fight. The writers on art subjects could not be blamed for taking advantage of this fact. In the presence of a really fine painting a writer is more or less at a loss as to what to say, for most of the good phrases have been worn out long since. On the other hand a study of a "fur lined coffee cup" or some other such monstrosity is quite another thing. Here is something to talk about. The reader may hate the thing but he will always turn to the art page to see "what these crazy damned artists will do next."

Although I have no doubt that some of the early sensationalists were honestly trying to evolve new and better art forms, I cannot honestly believe that, of the present lot. One has only to watch how cleverly the publicity angle is being worked to realize that the majority of the "Istic" paintings are being made with tongue in cheek.

The real pity of the situation is to me, not the millions being diverted from honest art channels nor the acres of wall space being misused in museums and galleries. It is rather the fact that thousands of promising young artists among whom are probably the old masters of the future, have been seduced by this jargon of art conversation. All this smoke screen of spoken and written words has hidden to them the true aim of Art. The glamour of free publicity is leading them up artistic alleys.

This situation is not only a sin to these young painters and the art loving public. It is an offense against the unborn generations to come who have a right to expect something beautiful in the art of this age.

Here's to Mr. Campbell for firing the first shot of really clever ridicule and here's to Esquire for having the nerve to publish it. That "applestraction" could not have been worse had Picasso painted it himself and the wormy apple even smells like a Dali.

Your friend and booster,
Thermal, Calif. John W. Hilton

A RUSH OF ESQ. TO THE HEAD

When my copy of Esquire arrives each month I am reminded of the words of Fielding:

"Petition me no petitions, sir, today;
Let other hours be set apart for business
Today it is our pleasure to be drunk."

And drunk I am, drunk on the fiery beauty of Bundy and Petty, intoxicated by the ice-cold contempt of Nathan, my brain whirling with the rich mixture always so admirably concocted.

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have lived today."

And for all those happy drunken todays, I thank you.

London, E. C. 3 James Duncan

Continued on page 10

New light on whiskey, from two cigars in the dark

Black Tie: "Ah-h-h—a good cigar and a Four Roses highball—what a grand combination!"

White Tie: "And there's a very special reason why they go so well together, old man."

Black Tie: "Nothing mysterious about it, is there?"

White Tie: "No, it's perfectly obvious. You see, both Four Roses and these excellent cigars are, in themselves, a *combination* of virtues."

Black Tie: "That's true of cigars, of course. The best cigar is always a combination of *several* choice tobaccos. That's how it gets its fragrance, mildness, and flavor. But what's that got to do with Four Roses?"

White Tie: "Well, if a combination of tobaccos makes a better cigar, doesn't it stand to reason that a combination of *several* selected straight whiskies ought to be better than any one of them could be alone?"

Black Tie: "Say—that makes sense! By combining the best qualities of *several* straight whiskies, they get *one* whiskey that's got *every* fine quality!"

White Tie: "Right! And that's why Four Roses is just about the most glorious whiskey that ever gleamed in a glass!"

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

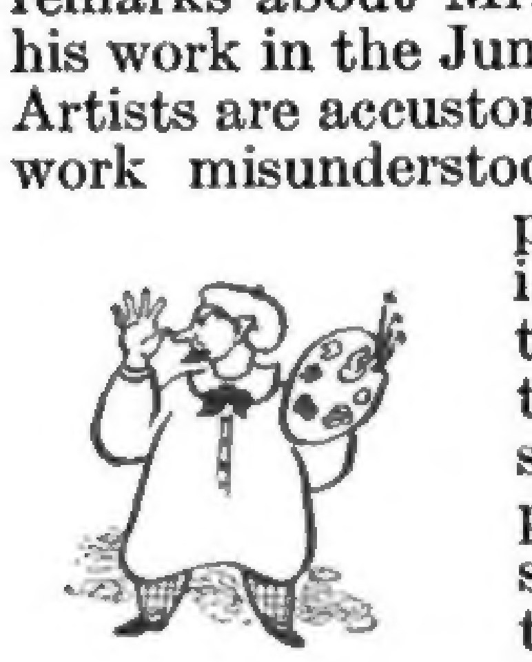
WISHBONES

Your March issue is just one more straw showing how the wind blows over American printing presses. What a marvelous way of keeping 125 million more or less human beings, in a state of thorough misinformation!! Hurrah for ESKY!! It also does its little bit along the wrong track. But... keep it up! Keep on wishing that what you call Spanish government and which is neither Spanish nor government "would beat the bedab out of General Franco before Easter." When your press was oozing ESKIES, Franco's troops were re-entering Teruel. When ESKY reached the stands, Franco's troops reached Alcañiz and Caspe, and crossing the Ebro river caught from the rear (oh! mama! That isn't fair!!) the whole red front between the Ebro and Huesca, and ran all the way to the gates of Tortosa, after taking Lerida, and finally, when ESKY reaches Spain, General Franco, precisely on Good Friday, just 2 days ahead of your Easter schedule, cuts the red Hell in two and Prieto and the families of most of the red leaders, take refuge in France!!!... Go on, ESKY! Please! Keep on wishing another beating for General Franco! I may even subscribe, if you do!

Yours,
VICENTE CASTANEDA
Salamanca, Spain (via Portugal)

AH LIFE SO SHORT AND ART SO LONG

I write to respectfully insist that you either print this letter in full or request Mr. Salpeter to retract his invidious remarks about Mr. Ernest Fiene and his work in the June issue of ESQUIRE. Artists are accustomed to having their work misunderstood by the general public and the critics, but it is seldom that a writer has the temerity, after a single meeting, to pen a derogatory snap judgment of the character of a man who had assented to a request for an interview, and to build up an attack on the quality of that man's work on the basis of that judgment. This Mr. Salpeter has done, and even if the article was not calculated to damage Mr. Fiene's reputation as artist and man it will unquestionably have that effect unless an equally public correction is made in the pages of your magazine.



Judging from the spiteful tone of his article Mr. Salpeter was piqued that Mr. Fiene did not give himself immediately and completely to the stranger who sought the interview. There being no confidences forthcoming, no eagerness to please, no amusing anecdotes told and no personalities discussed, Mr. Salpeter (whose flair for such snappy items is evident in back issues of ESQUIRE and elsewhere) was somewhat at a loss. Mr. Fiene was affable, but reserved. He didn't "open up" to the stranger who had thrust himself upon him for his own purposes. Mr. Fiene is not a man who can be known in an hour. But that didn't daunt Mr. Salpeter—or quite possibly it didn't occur to him. These impressions, decidedly ill-natured and wholly erroneous, demand immediate and emphatic correction and reproof.

Some of Mr. Salpeter's more ill-advised statements follow:

"He claims everything that he possibly can and has a good memory for his notices.... If he can't sell his pictures he will sell his pedagogical knowledge, or his illustrative talents.... He has a clear eye for what the art market wants.... It was not from anything he permitted to fall from his lips that this interviewer could have discovered that Paul Fiene, the sculptor, was a brother, and when I asked whether there was any other living American artist whom he greatly admired, one could almost hear the dead silence that followed the artist's unwillingness to share his publicity.... Orozco, a very safe choice, inasmuch as Orozco is not in competition with Ernest Fiene.... His bearing can be either impressive or gracious, but without any warmth.... He has almost no life outside his art.... He is on the whole a solitary person.... He does not seem to know how to laugh.... Ernest Fiene seems to me to be an ambitious and unresilient man... the struggle doesn't seem to have soured other artists no less worthy than he."

These statements are all either completely false or so implicit with malicious insinuations as to render them offensive and insulting. That Mr. Fiene should be self-confident is suspect in the eyes of Mr. Salpeter. Mr. Fiene's determination to make a living by his work is so expressed as to imply that he would prostitute his talents, that he would paint anything for the market. He is berated for not mentioning his sculptor brother, whereas anyone who knows the brothers is well aware that neither needs nor desires to be thrust forward by the other. The question: "whether there was any other American artist whom he greatly admired," that is, any other than himself, betrays the antagonism of the interviewer, which is pressed further in "dead silence" that followed this opportunity to give someone else a share in the publicity about to be dispensed by Mr. Salpeter. Mr. Fiene, an artist who has his own way of seeing and doing, who is no one's disciple, naturally found difficulty in naming anyone he greatly admired. And when he finally mentioned Orozco Mr. Salpeter jumped to the conclusion that the Mexican was named because he was not a competitor. Orozco is well known in New York. Some of his murals are in the New School for Social Research.

That Mr. Fiene showed none of the warmth and geniality of his character to Mr. Salpeter is proof only that Mr. Salpeter failed to interest him. Mr. Fiene is in fact one of the heartiest and most companionable of men. The statements that he is a solitary, and seems not to know how to laugh will be greeted with loud guffaws by the hundreds who know him; while the oblique assertion that his struggle has soured him will cause those hundreds to wonder what the devil is the matter with Mr. Salpeter.

But the thousands of readers who do not know Mr. Fiene will have been misled by this malicious and libelous portrait and by Mr. Salpeter's ignorant and prejudiced observations on his work. From Mr. Salpeter's viewpoint, such a cold, calculating, "ambitious and unresilient man" could produce only "thorough and pedestrian" work. Mr. Salpeter laments that "there is nothing of the twilight in his work, of the mysterious, of the incalculable." Since when have these intangibles been the *sine qua non* of art? But anyway, Mr. Fiene, having nothing of the mystic in his nature, according to Mr. Salpeter, must therefore be "the architect and engineer of art, the hard and deliberate worker, rather than the poet; the student and the scholar who builds on what has gone before rather than the inspired creator." I myself am quoted to uphold this view, but Mr. Salpeter completely mistakes my meaning. By: "He does not evoke, he builds" anyone at all familiar with art talk would understand: "He does not trust to any mystic welling up of feeling, he composes."

Mr. Fiene's research into and development of a motive so that he "paints not one picture but a row of them"—these enthusiastic and intensive variations are ignorantly assumed by Mr. Salpeter to be proof of the pedestrian and the unimaginative, whereas anyone with a smattering of artistic experience knows it is conclusive proof of exactly the opposite. However, the paintings and lithographs reproduced with Mr. Salpeter's article are ample rebuttal to his misrepresentations. And as to the cowardly: "It is agreed that Ernest Fiene has not evolved a style that he might call his own,"—by whom is it agreed? With whom has Mr. Salpeter conferred? Do they know what a style is? A style is a composite of an integrated viewpoint, of a definite approach, and of mastery of technique. Their interaction creates that balance and harmony which is the distinctive quality of art in any medium. Mr. Fiene possesses a style of his own, a style distinguished and set apart by a controlled warmth of approach, and by clarity, depth, and brilliance of execution.

Yours very truly,
Milford, Conn. WILLIAM MURRELL

AT LEAST THE VERSE IS FREE

My fury for today is the fact that your super magazine (I could save space by calling it a mag, but that's even worse than calling a fraternity a frat) ESQUIRE, which we impatiently await every month, arrived with the last forty-five pages out—and for the price of $5.00, which includes your stinking poetry, it seems to us that it ought to be all in one piece when it arrives.

You can pick up a dime novel in a tencent store bound the same way, and as for our Fishy friend Thompson in June *Sound & Fury* and his reference to the floods in California having caused Mr. Bascom's ESQUIRE to disintegrate, he's probably dumb enough to think ours came out from Chicago on the Pony Express and the Indians tore it apart before it got here.

Howsomever, since you number the pages, you at least infer that your readers have sense enough to put the last 45 pages back, so why the hell should you worry about it as long as you got our subscription money in advance?

Tie a string around our next copy before putting it in the mailing envelope; then it will at least *look* like a magazine when we get it.

Yours very truly,
MRS. STAN BARKER
Spokane, Washington

ADD HELPFUL HINTS

Being a habitual reader of ESQUIRE I take a great deal of pleasure in noticing some of the fine cartoons that you always have in your magazine.

While reading through the issue of June, 1938, on page 158 I noticed a cartoon that seemed quite funny to me and I stopped to notice it quite carefully and it seemed to me that it was wrong. It has to do with some doctors in an operating room. Now if the man hanging on the light by his feet were to stand his heels would be where his toes should be and vice versa.

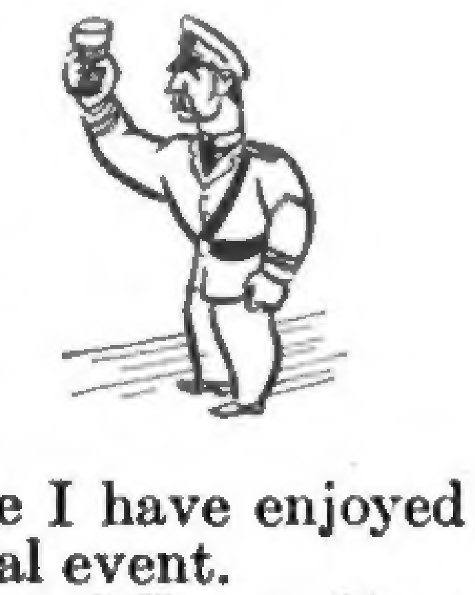
I hope when you read this letter you will not take this as a criticism, because I don't mean it as that but I only take this chance to write to you so that may advise you men to be a little more careful. Some person may see such a cartoon and think that the editor of the magazine must be very foolish to have such a thing happen, but I do not mean it as such or even think such a thing but I only hope to help.

Sincerely yours,
Ridgefield, Conn. JOHN MOORE

SO YOU DRINK CANADIAN

This afternoon I have enjoyed eight rye highballs and a pleasant but light dinner. It is now 8:30 P.M., and I have just read your article *I Drink American*, in the current issue of ESQUIRE.

Your article interested me very much. And it was from, I believe, a comprehensive viewpoint that I appreciated it.



I am 29 years of age, have served almost seven years as an officer of the Canadian Non-permanent Active Militia. During that time I have enjoyed many a pleasant social event.

There were frequent Officers' Mess teas at which no tea was served and one or two where tea actually was served, much to the amazement of all officers present.

But to get to the question of drinking, I picture the average New Englander (and I've lived in New Haven, New York, Boston, Bellows Falls, Vt., and Manchester, N. H.) as a two-handed drinker. A neat rye in one hand and a chaser in the other.

They seem to enjoy this method, but personally, I prefer a Dewar's Scotch and plain water (no ice). The merits of either method are subject to arbitration.

But, let me say this; I still admire the man who is "Ever a drinker, but never a souse." I've had my fill, but have never been off my feet. Been a bit thick once in a while, but I still prefer the man who doesn't get "plastered." And I believe every true American thinks likewise. A "Drunk" such as you have described, is to me, an obnoxious individual who is no good company to himself or anyone else. So, I maintain, why not drink like a gentleman in the true sense of the word. And if one feels he has had a few too many, is it not the gracious thing to do to politely retire, instead of wishing his questionable company on some disinterested person or persons? I, for one, think a man is wise to retire rather than make a dubious exhibition of himself.

Permit me to relate a story that exemplifies my contention. In my regiment were five officers, including myself, who frequently indulged copiously. One of us, (not me) a tall handsome blond chap of some 210 lbs. who could drink a lot, sometimes became obstreperous and as we said, went "Indian" on us. His name was "Doug." So is mine, for that matter.

We attended a three-day military camp and left Doug out of the party. He was in camp, but the remaining four of us hobnobbed together and Doug was just "out of it." He soon realized this and, since I was junior to him, he asked me the reason. I had no alternative but to tell him the reason. Naturally, he was cut to the quick and his ego was deeply affronted. To my amazement, he actually thanked me.

Believe it or not, Doug never went "Indian" on us again. He always maintained a degree of propriety that was admirable.

Is that not a lesson in drinking? I learned in the army that to drink was all right, but to get "Boiled" was an unforgivable sin, the reward for which was almost ostracism by one's own brother officers.

Therefore, I contend, if a man must drink, let him do so with dignity and propriety. Personally I do it frequently, and heaven forbid that I should ever be otherwise.

Never have I written to the author of an article in any publication. Your comments would be considered an honor by me and if you have time and the inclination, I shall appreciate a reply.

Yours very truly,
D. W. REYNOLDS, Lieut.
6th D. C. R. C. H.
Military District No. 4, Canada

Continued on page 185

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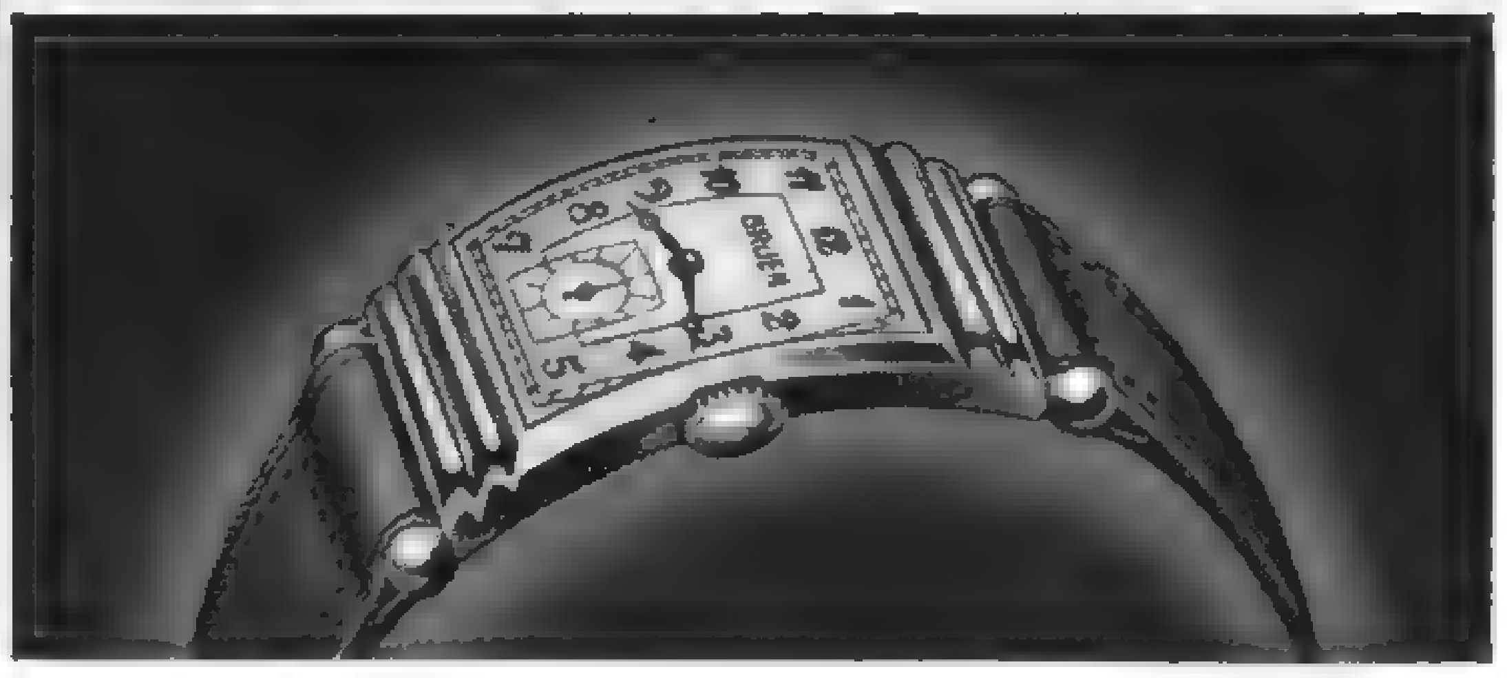

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UNDRESS UNIFORM. About this time, you are probably wondering what to give that Vassar attachment of yours, to take back to school. She's a cute kid, and prides herself on always appearing in the very latest garb. For her, by all means a new lounging pajama that is destined to be a campus uniform, or we miss our guess. Loose, casual slacks. Loose, casual smock-like top with tailored collar and long sleeves roomy enough for rolling-above-elbow purposes. Two ample patch pockets for lipsticks, smokes etc. In velveteen or corduroy for studying . . . in broadcloth and a nifty World's Fair print for sleeping. And this gift comes under five bucks.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL. This time we are not referring to the pulchritudinous "all-together" of some doll, but to the way your car will look if you have the body processed with a remarkable new finish. It is not a wax or any other kind of coating of the production finish of a car, but rather a chemical treatment of that finish, which creates a porcelain-hard, poreless, lustrous surface which is proof against dust, dirt, oil, tar, weathering and oxidation *for the life of the car*. We saw a truck, in the last stages of faded dilapidation . . . but under the ministrations of 3 strong-armed men applying considerable elbow grease, it gradually took on its original color and lustre. The place does a big business on private cars . . . even white hearses are restored to their virginal purity. For a few additional ducats, you can now buy brand new cars (from several big automobile manufacturers) complete with the new processing.

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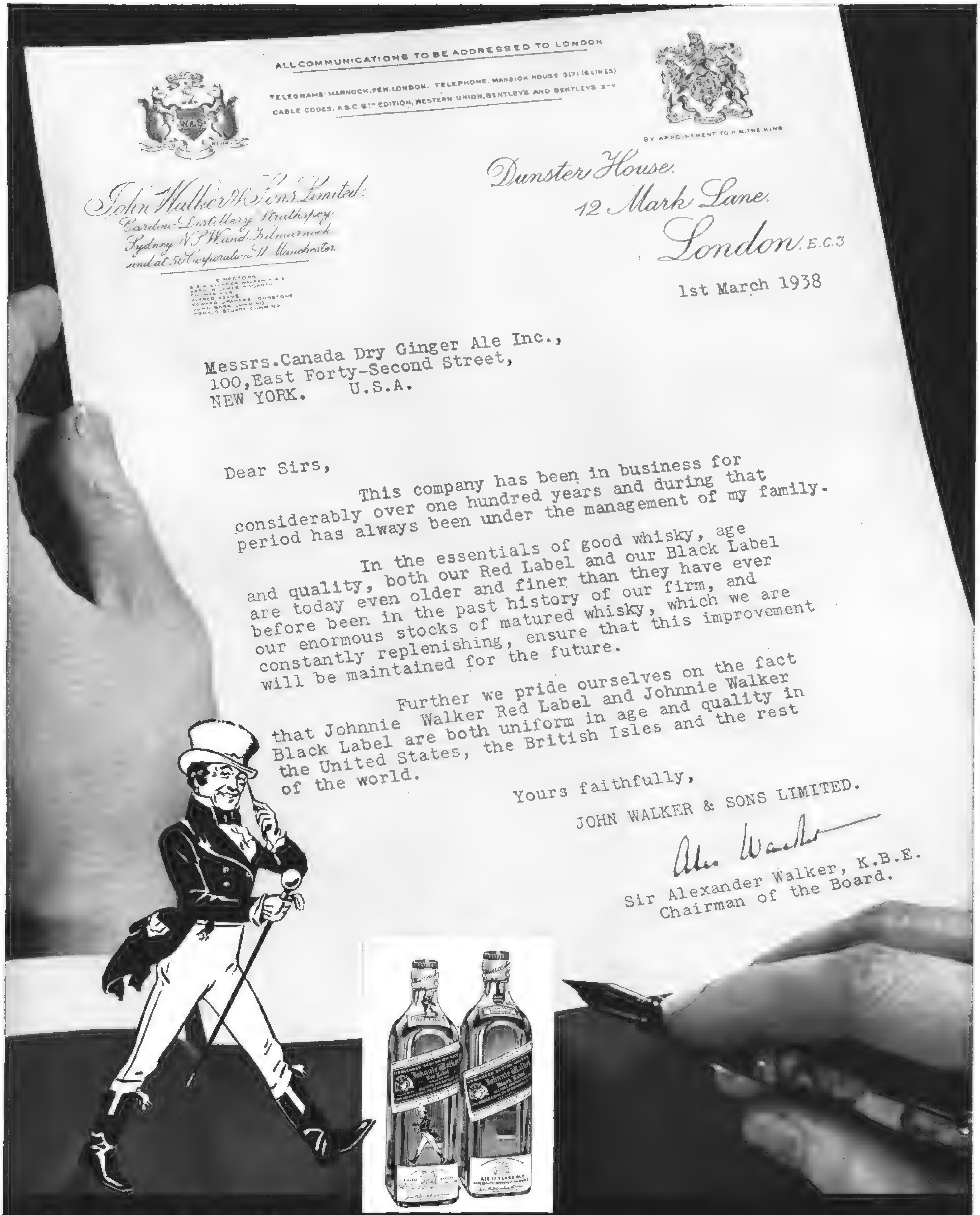

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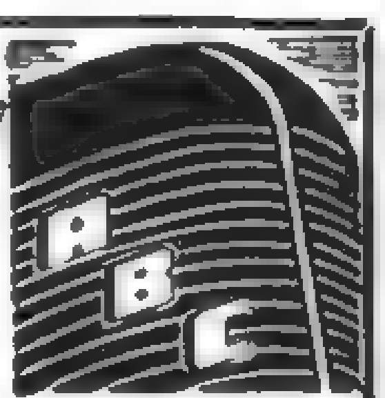

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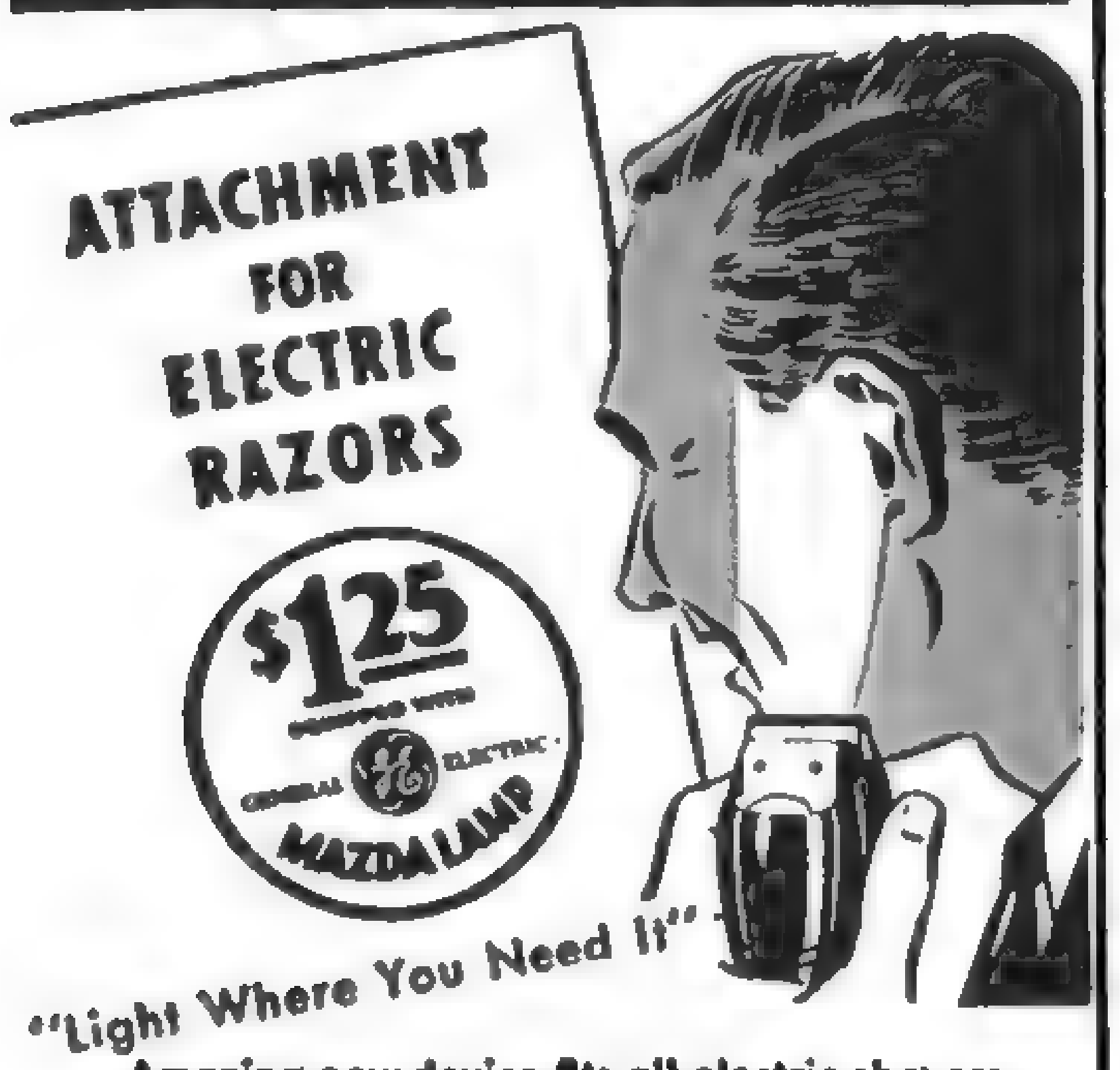

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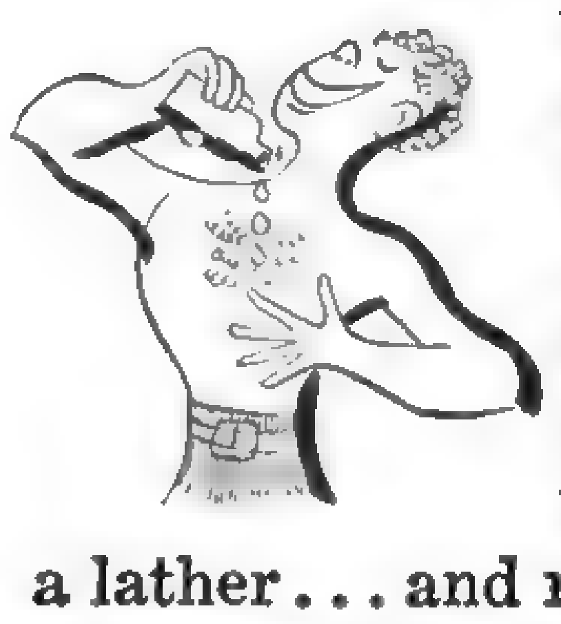
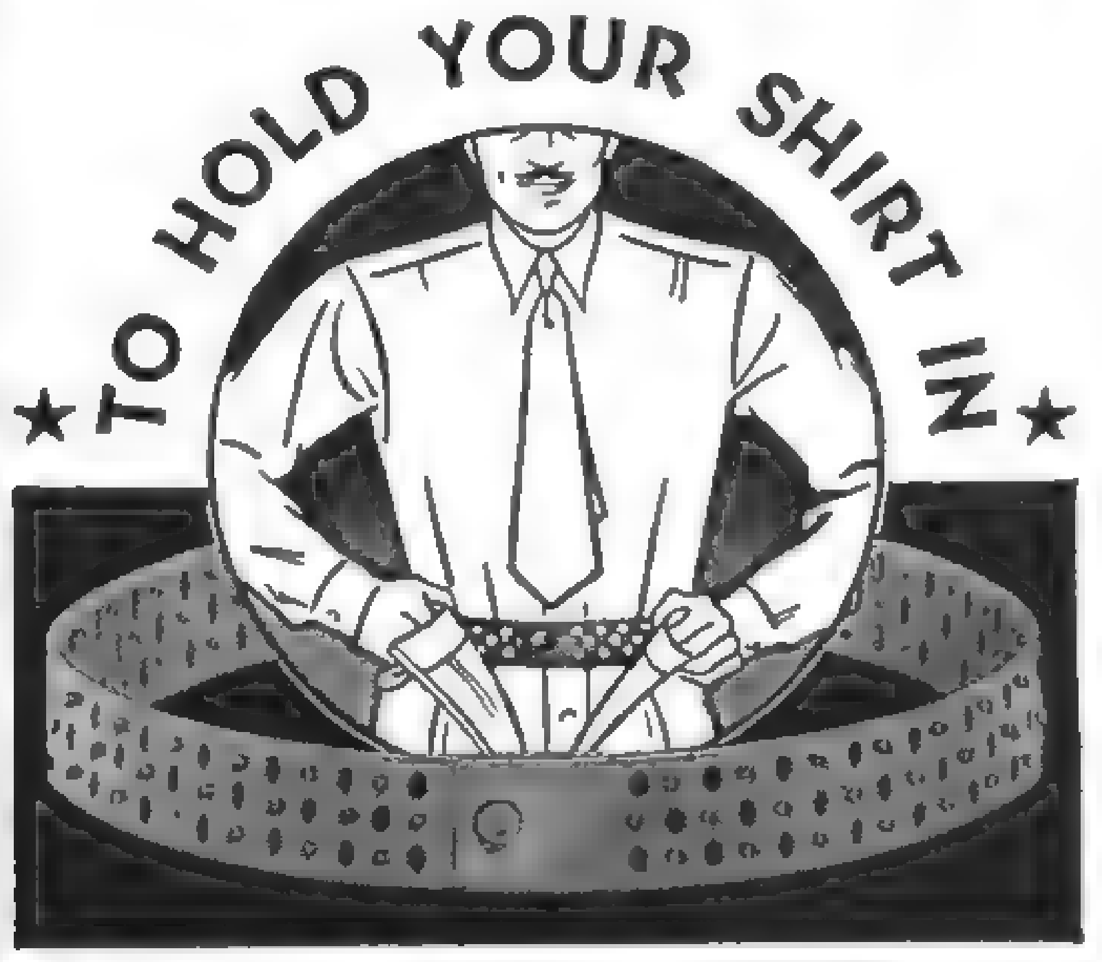
ON MATTERS MASCULINE. The percentage of he-men using deodorants is growing daily. Of course there are still a number of gentlemen who will have none of this particular branch of good grooming. They are the ones who think that a daily shower is sufficient, or, they claim that they don't perspire. However, if a man is healthy, any sort of physical activity on a sultry day is liable to work up a lather . . . and regarding the ensuing condition . . . "even your best friends won't tell you." The modern school are conscientious users of some form of deodorant, which they regard as much a part of daily ritual, as shaving. Best groups of users are the higher type of salesmen, doctors, dentists, college men and somewhat older executives—the man who has arrived at a station in life where appearance is important in his career.



DEODORANT DATA. A favorite with many men is the cream deodorant, slapped on in a jiffy, non-irritating to the skin and harmless to clothing. Of great importance also is the deodorant ice (also comes in liquid form) which acts as a definite *anti-perspirant* as well as a deodorant. Usually perspiration odor is troublesome only at the armpits, anywhere else on the body it has a chance to evaporate before it causes trouble. The ice works quickly, doesn't spill. Use it as you shave or while getting dressed . . . dab it on, rinse the arm and your shirts are safe from damage. It doesn't cut down total body perspiration, simply checks it at one point so that the perspiration is re-routed to other parts of the body where it can evaporate more readily. The ice, or liquid, leaves no odor of its own. Some men prefer powder. Dusted on 3 or 4 times a week, this checks perspiration for a time, and deodorizes as well. Excellent when dusted on the neck to keep collars from wilting, or on the hands to prevent golf clubs or tennis racquets from slipping. There is also a deodorant powder for the feet. This, used in conjunction with a special lotion, helps remove layers of scarf skin or foot callouses and at the same time rests your feet after a day of pounding the pavements or a round on the links.

DEODORANT FRESHENER. Any number of well groomed men are great users of colognes . . . these they dash on their faces after shaving, or use them for brisk rub-downs after a shower. Statistics show that frank, masculine odors such as woodsy fragrances, lavender or lilac or the whiff of Russian leather, are very popular. A new liquid deodorant has made its appearance recently . . . a combination of toilet water and deodorant. This fluid, in addition to lessening perspiration for a few hours, gives forth a pleasantly mild, masculine odor, an ideal bracer and freshener. There are several new scents, a cleancut, grassy odor is a favorite, we find, on the coast with such men as Darryl Zanuck, et al. Another, a tumbleweed scent, is a favorite with one of our leading exponents of fisticuffs . . . he and his boys use it for rubdowns and after work-outs.

BANISH THE BLEMISH. If you're bothered with a noticeable birthmark, mole or some other blemish, you can buy a water-proof cream substance, which, if applied carefully, will obliterate for a time, any disfiguring marks. It is also excellent to apply on your nose, to prevent sunburn, as the sun's rays find difficulty in penetrating through the cream. You can buy it in any one of 3 shades to blend in with your particular skin tone. If you have superfluous hair in your nostrils, there's a specially designed clipper of chrome plated surgical steel for the purpose.


TO HOLD YOUR SHIRT IN

★ At last!—the belt men have been wanting. "Tidy," the new Latex adjustable belt that keeps the shirt where it belongs. No more tucking in—no more unsightly bulges. "Tidy" is easy to put on, and unnoticed by wearer or observer. Light in weight and color, it is indispensable for perfect grooming during active summer sports—or for perfection in ordinary dress clothes. If your dealer cannot supply you with "Tidy" send $1, with waist measure, to the Cooper-Brenner Co., 3931 Market Street, Youngstown, Ohio. $1

"TIDY" Belt
THE LATEX STYLE

WRITE TOP-NOTCH GAGS

Learn to write superior gag-lines for cartoons thru studying our sensational course, "How to be Funny". What a profession! Short hours—big-pay—fame—prestige—power! Amuse and attract people with a highly developed humor-personality! For particulars, write to:

SIEGEL-SHUSTER SCHOOL OF HUMOR
10622 Kimberley Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

if you could only cook . . .

Don't ask us how many lessons it will take, but you can curl up with ESQUIRE'S 56 page, plastic bound, stiff cover book and learn not only about crepes suzettes, but about scrambled eggs and drip coffee and even hamburgers—among many other pastimes. Then there's a section devoted to carving, all complete with the sort of graphic illustrations that will make you skillful as a Johns Hopkins' surgeon in and about the second joint. This is the book you've known all along that you've been waiting for. From now on, it's up to you.

50 *cents in stamps brings you esquire's authentic "culinary counsel for men"*

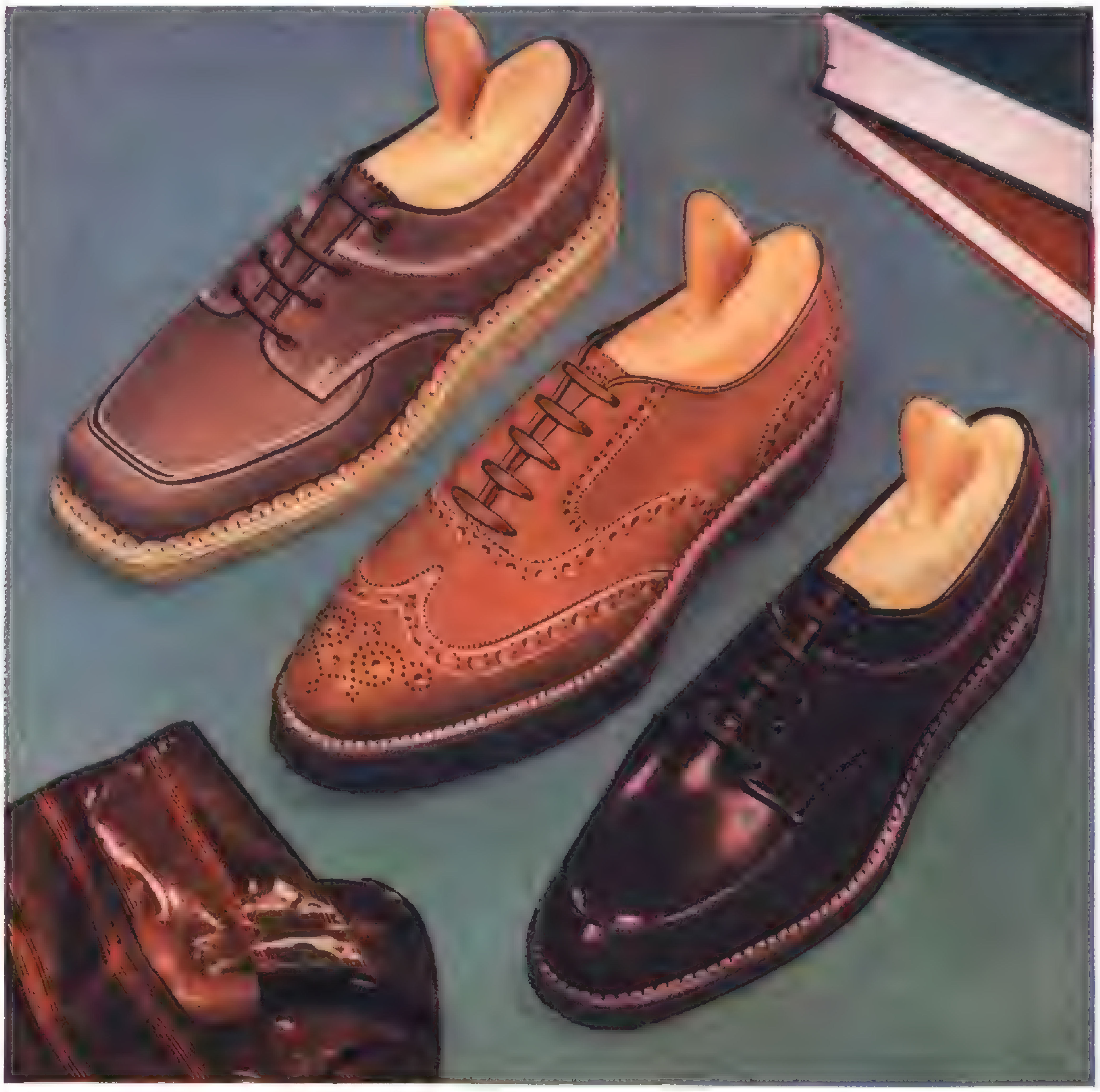
Esquire
366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

15th of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

For This Year's Classmen

TIGER, COMMODORE OR TROJAN—whatever you are—wherever you go—*here is last minute style news.* Authorities agree that crepe soles will be this season's top-fashion for campus and country wear. Jarman presents the crepe-soled BLIMPS in a variety of casual sport models, to help you earn your credits in Style. Handsomeness is just one point in their favor. Clean fit and comfort are others. Genuine crepe soles give every step that "lighter-than-air" feeling . . . make every walk a pleasant one. See the BLIMPS at any Jarman store. Feel their rich and mellow leathers. Try the lively crepe-sole "spring." You'll say they're the sort of shoes you've always wanted — at prices you wanted to pay, $5 to $7.50.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Div. of General Shoe Corp., Nashville, Tenn.



THE BLIMPS...with Genuine Crepe Soles. Left to Right: ◖No. 1746, **The Skipper**—A winner in the sportswear field. Note the Nordic blond leather...the natural harness stitching...the clog heel, an authentic Jarman style treatment—a Jarman Friendly Shoe. ◖No. 4776, **The Regent**—A full British Brogue, in mellow calfskin, smart in appearance with all sports attire—a Jarman Custom Grade. ◖No. 1126, **The Parkwood**—The rich shade of Gunstock Brown Calfskin aids in achieving an extra measure of good looks for this shoe, for campus or for country wear—a Jarman Friendly Shoe.

TREAD-TESTED

Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN
$5 TO $7.50 MOST STYLES

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

THE SANDAL
That Made Mexico Famous

Every conceivable type of sandal is now called a "Huarache", but this sturdy steerhide sandal from Oaxaca is the real Huarache. The kind that Indians weave for Indians. No one can ever duplicate them for no two pairs are ever woven alike. They are our prescription for smart foot comfort.

In natural beige leather for late summer and autumn wear. All sizes for men and women.

$3.75 PER PAIR
Delivered Immediately, neatly boxed, postpaid

To order, send an outline of the foot and mention shoe size. Specify STEERHIDE

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FÉ — NEW MEXICO

Shoot BENJAMIN Genuine Compressed AIR PISTOLS WITH SAFETY $7.50

For Target & Small Game Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force-Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal. 177 or 22 or BB Price $7.50. Holster $2.00. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 899 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

KAN-U-GO

New! Original! CROSS WORD CARD GAME

Exciting . . . Absorbing . . . Sweeping the Country! 2 to 7 players, or solitaire. 60 card deck...secret of KAN-U-GO'S fascination.

50¢

4-Color Gift Box . . . At Stores Everywhere

Sole Dist. U. S. A.—
A. A. BURNSTINE SALES ORGANIZATION
200 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Don't Drive WRONG ROADS!

How often have you found yourself on the wrong road? You know how annoying it is to retrace your way when you are in a hurry. The Hull Auto Compass always shows the direction of travel, saving you miles, money, worries and delays. Only $2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular. Hull Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 246-G5, Warren, O.

MINICAM ENTHUSIASTS

ALL THIS FOR ONLY $2.00

Your 35 mm negatives developed in Champlin's #15 formula . . 3½ x 5 enlargements of entire 36 exposure roll . . your cartridge refilled with new loading, all for $2.
Send FILM or write for free mailing bag
Dept. 103, 147 W. 40th St., New York City

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I WANT YOU
Work for "Uncle Sam"
Start $1260 to $2100 a year

MEN—WOMEN. Common Education generally sufficient. Short hours. Write today sure for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to qualify for them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. W182, Rochester, N. Y.

PIPE PARTICULARS. Ah, the pipe . . . solace in times of stress, comfort in solitude. A neat campus companion is the pipe kit, which consists of a rubber-lined Mogador silk case about 6 x 8 inches. Into this is packed a tobacco pouch to match the case, a pipe with built-in dry well, a trial pack of slow burning, cool mixture tobacco, a pack of heavy duty pipe cleaners, combination pipe reamer, stem cleaner and tamper, pipe brushes for cleaning stem and shank. And as a final touch, even a windshield for gusty afternoons in a bleak stadium. The works for a two spot. We faintly remember that Grand Pappy occasionally used to put a collar button in the bottom of the bowl of his pipe. This, supposedly insured an even and thorough combustion and minimized wet heel sogginess. Now there's a pipe made with a perforated tray immovably fixed in the bottom of the bowl . . . all of which works toward the same result . . . a cool, dry smoke.

NICOTINE BE GONE! Not enough nowadays that a pipe be just a pipe . . . all these new fangled improvements make a smoke a scientific triumph. The purity league or the indoor cleanliness association has been at work of late . . . and as a result we have been treated to de-nicotinized cigarette holders, and now, a de-nicotinized pipe. The pipe has a conditioning chamber where the smoke condenses and the moisture-laden nicotine is trapped. After this, it passes into a so-called dry-cooling chamber in the actual stem of the pipe where more condensation takes place.

COLLEGE CUT-UPS. You gentlemen with a yen for "whittling" can carve your own pipe. You buy a completely finished block pipe of imported briar, with the bowl already cut out so that it can be smoked as is, or, you can go to work on it with the Swedish steel carving knife which comes with the set. Directions for cutting are included along with a piece of sandpaper, wax for finishing, and a carborundum for sharpening your tool. If you feel a destructive moment coming on, spare the table tops in your favorite tavern, and carve your initials on your pipe instead.

ON THE RIGHT SCENT. Each month this column runs a little squib, designed to be of aid to men in choosing the right perfume for the right type of woman. In September, legions of gals will be going back to school . . . laden with a parting gift of perfume, selected, with the aid of Esquire, by legions of males.

"LITTLE" GALS. From 16 to 60 these lap-size petites are invariably branded "cute." They are usually "5 foot two, eyes of blue, pert, pretty and cuddly, too"; or, flashing brunettes, fleet of mind and foot. Though they look tiny and fragile, this species is unusually hardy, often beyond man's endurance.

THEIR PERFUMES SHOULD BE: *Lenthéric's* A Bientôt, an impish, light hearted fragrance; *Caron's* Fleurs de Rocaille, spice mingled with sweetness; *Lanvin's* My Sin, *Matchabelli's* naughty Katherine the Great or *Weil's* fatal Zibeline. *L'Orlé's* Marquise de Chatelet has a certain joie de vivre; *Charbert's* Of Thee I Sing, a swift pace. *Marin's* Sables and Pearls, sweet sophistication, like *Chanel's* Gardenia. Dainty florals for little gals include *Hudnut's* Le Debut Blanc, *Molinard's* Fleurettes, *Corday's* Sweet Pea, *Coty's* Muguet, *Houbigant's* Lilac Time and *Dorsay's* Mimosa or Lilas.

Ranger

dri Shave Set
For quicker, closer shaving with an electric razor

Economy Size 75¢
Trial Size 25¢

at dealers everywhere

For Cool Summer Shaving
•
Leaves face fresh and invigorated

Abbey Products Corp., Port Chester, N. Y.

ROLL DEVELOPED

Eight Guaranteed Prints, Two Beautiful Professional Enlargements 25c
Very quick Service • Expert workmanship
PERFECT FILM SERVICE
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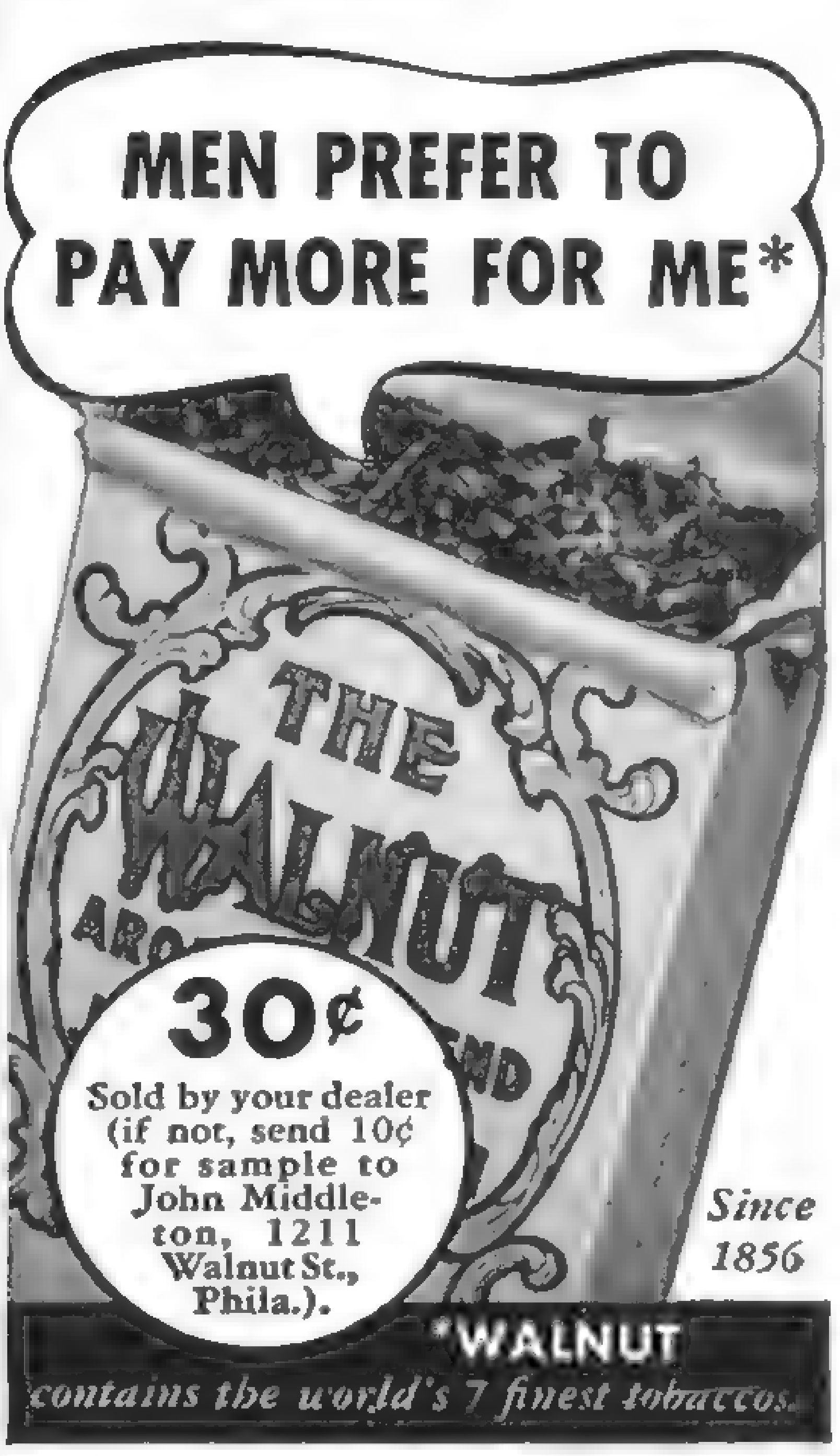
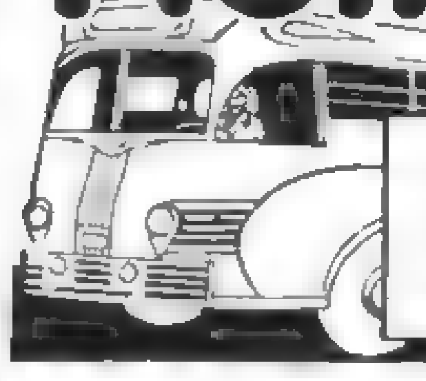


30¢
Sold by your dealer (if not, send 10¢ for sample to John Middleton, 1211 Walnut St., Phila.).

Since 1856

*WALNUT
contains the world's 7 finest tobaccos.



Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

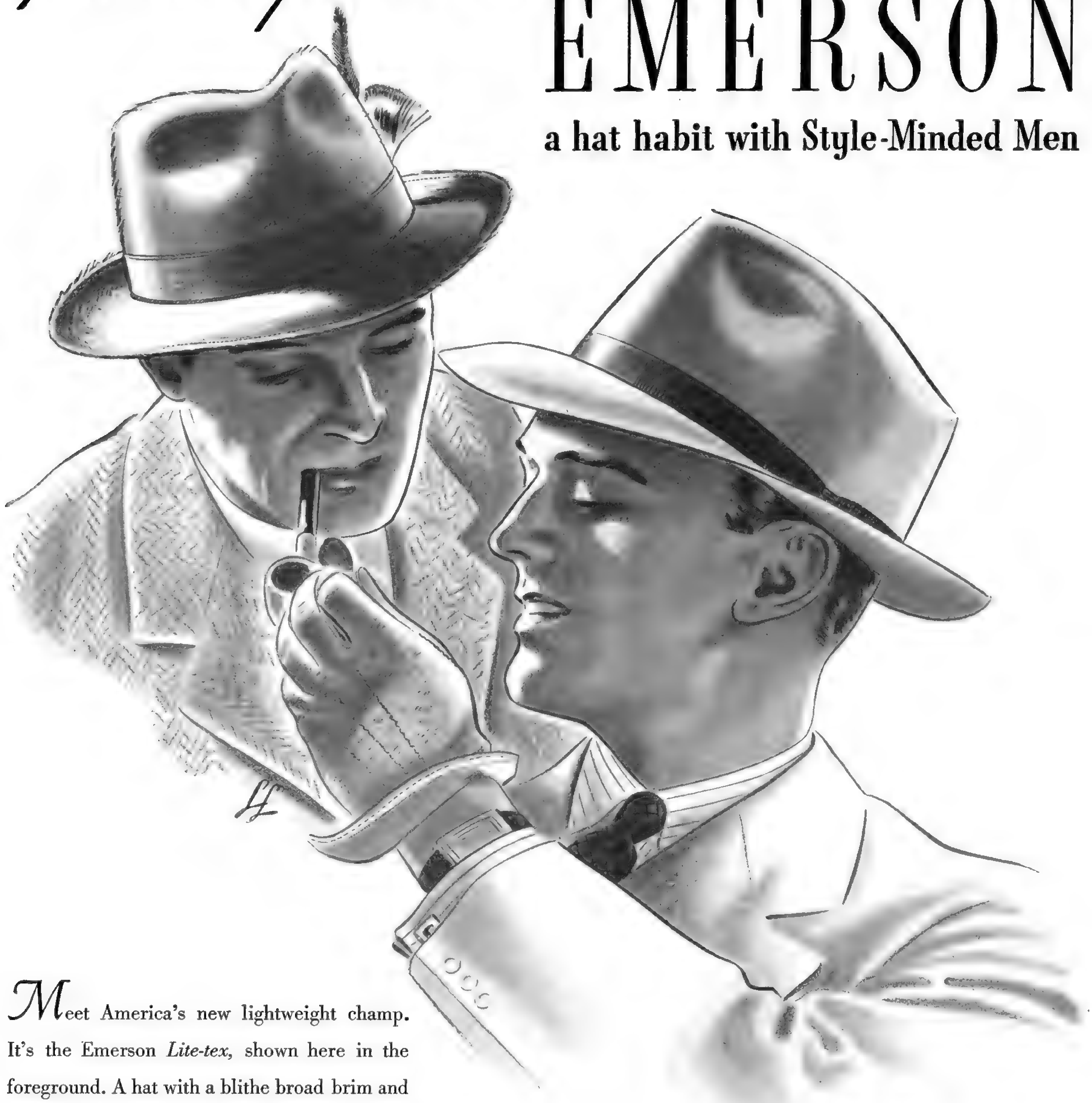
Prevents nausea when bus traveling. Recommended for adults and children.

FOR THE RELIEF OF
PIMPLES · ACNE

. . . apply "LISTERS SKIN-CLEANING LOTION + OINTMENT!" Effective even in stubborn cases! Users delighted! Complete satisfaction assured, or money back! "Combination" (double action) package only $1—at LIGGETT'S & other Drug Stores. If you wish to order direct, send $1 to
LISTER BROS., 47 E. 42' ST. N.Y.C.

Putting on the EMERSON

a hat habit with Style-Minded Men



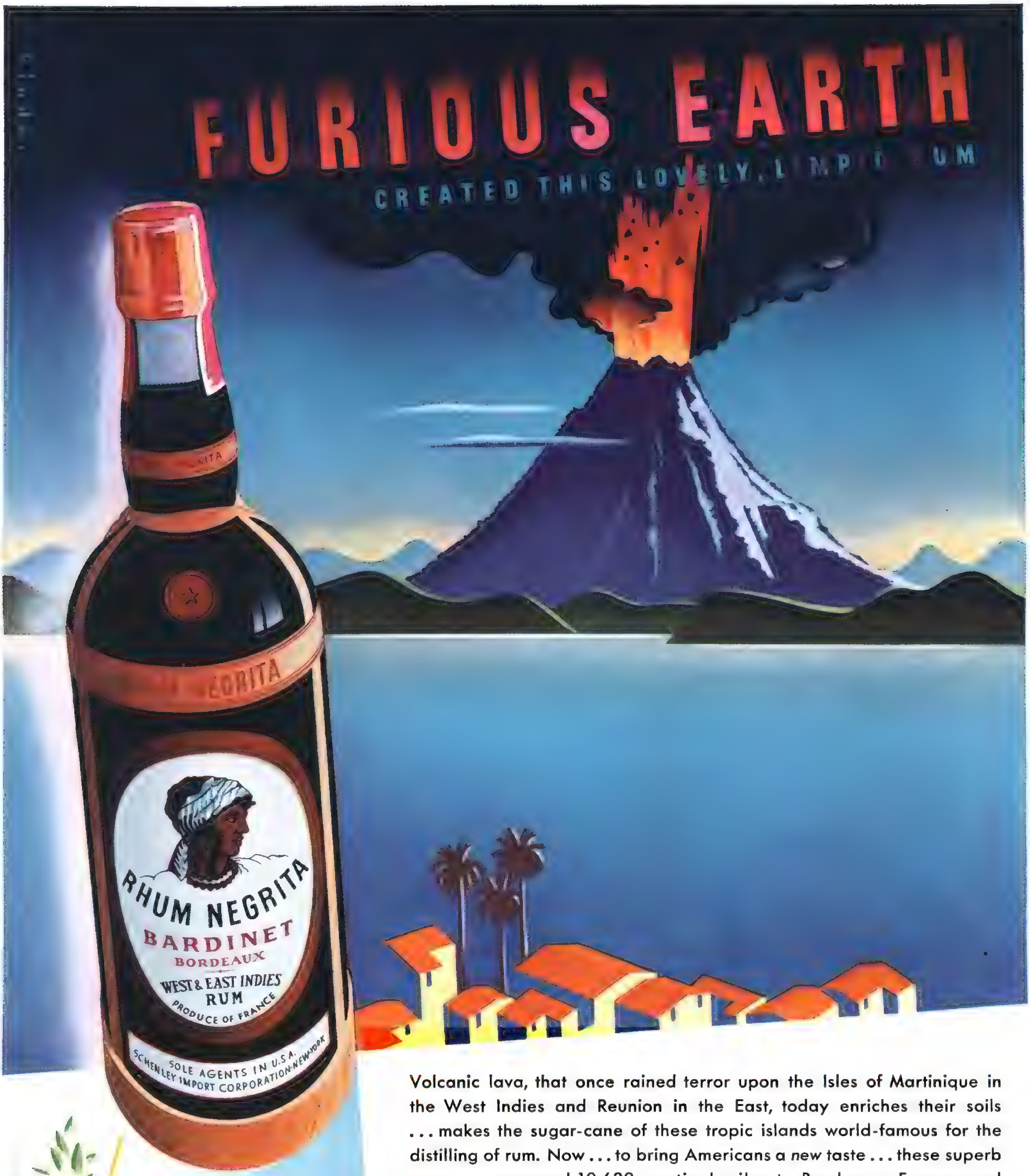
Meet America's new lightweight champ. It's the Emerson *Lite-tex,* shown here in the foreground. A hat with a blithe broad brim and jaunty low crown. A *versatile* hat that will mix companionably with almost anything else you may wear, wherever you go. The supplest, easiest-fitting hat you ever slipped your head into. In the soft new colors. $4

The baronial-looking hat in the background is one of Emerson's new *Tyroleans.* Emerson dealers are now showing an array of Tyroleans in color blends, decorations and finishes of notable distinction. . . . . $4 *and* $5

Emerson has these Style-Retaining Features:

1. Shower-proof Protection by the Emerson "Dryette" Process;
2. Sweatproof Protection by the Patented "Emerway" Leather.

THE EMERSON HAT COMPANY, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY


FURIOUS EARTH
CREATED THIS LOVELY, LIMPID RUM
NEGRITA
RHUM NEGRITA
BARDINET
BORDEAUX
WEST & EAST INDIES RUM
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION·NEW-YORK

At your favorite bar . . . TRY a

NEGRITA PLANTERS PUNCH

Mix large jigger of RHUM NEGRITA, juice of lemon or lime, two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Shake, strain into glass filled with cracked ice. Decorate with orange or pineapple, sprig of mint, and cherry.

Volcanic lava, that once rained terror upon the Isles of Martinique in the West Indies and Reunion in the East, today enriches their soils . . . makes the sugar-cane of these tropic islands world-famous for the distilling of rum. Now . . . to bring Americans a *new taste* . . . these superb rums are voyaged 10,630 nautical miles to Bordeaux, France, and blended. The rich full-bodied rum of the West Indies unites with the fragrant, aromatic rum of the East to create a softer, *smoother* rum . . . a rum that is unique, *distinctive* . . . the incomparable RHUM NEGRITA.

RHUM NEGRITA

DISTILLED ONLY FROM FRESH SUGAR-CANE JUICES AND BLENDED BY BARDINET IN BORDEAUX, FRANCE · 88 PROOF · COPYRIGHT 1938, SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A Schenley IMPORT

ANNOUNCEMENT

ESTABLISHED 1818

We have recently opened a new department selling clothes for College Undergraduates and older Schoolboys at prices considerably less than heretofore. Suits at $40.00 to $47.00, sizes 36 to 44—dress clothes, overcoats, and a complete line of furnishings at sizes and prices to correspond. The clothes are cut by us from materials characteristic of Brooks Brothers, but they are not made by the same expensive methods as our other clothes—and some hand workmanship and other refinements of finish have been eliminated. They are not as good as Brooks Brothers' regular clothes at higher prices; but, we believe they are better than other ready-made suits selling at similar prices elsewhere.

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST • NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK

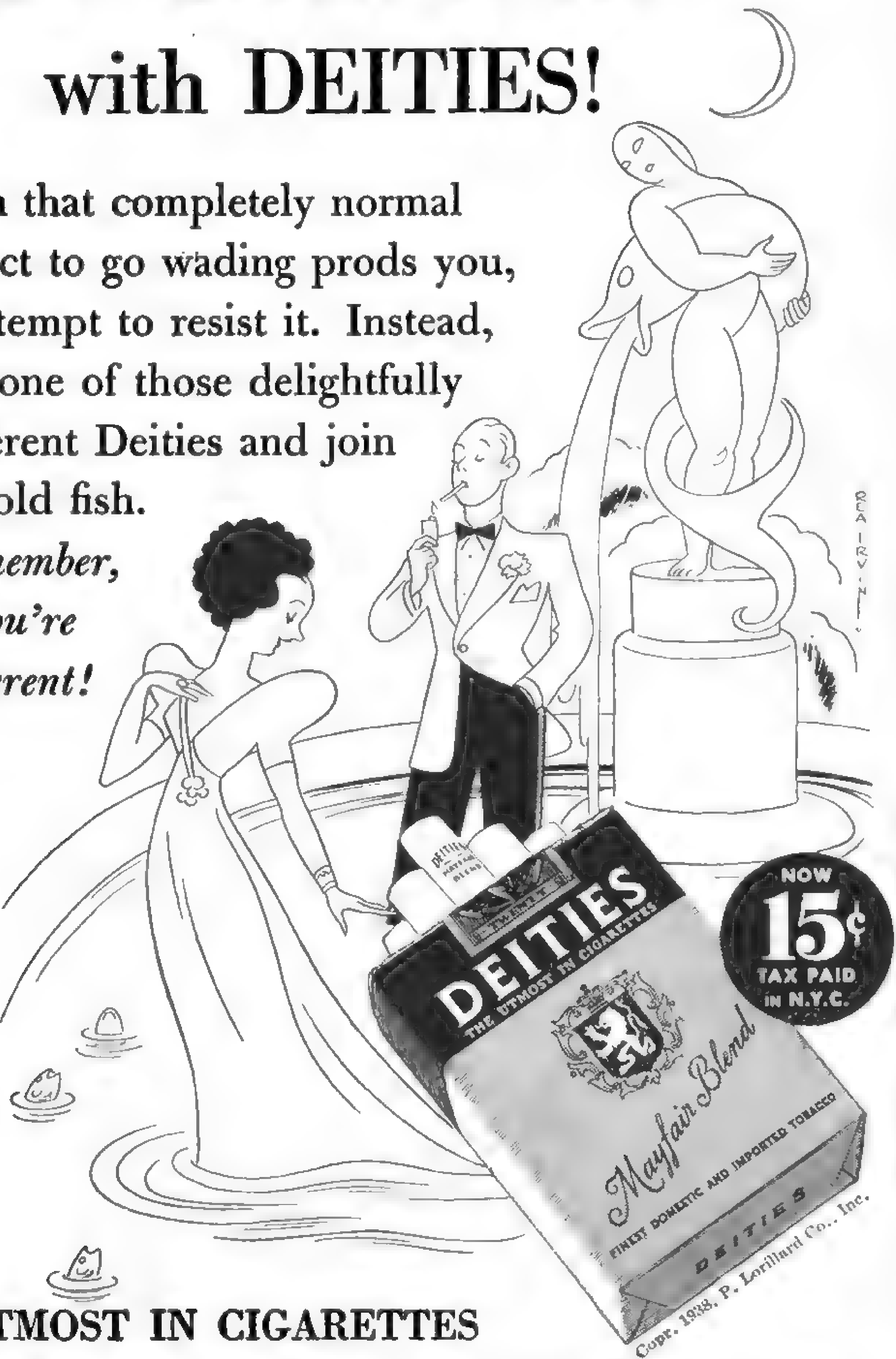
Smart town homes by famous decorators ...private under-cover driveway... specialized service and catering staff... no investment cares to you...and freedom from all domestic burdens.

The Towers OF THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA
100 East 50th Street • New York

Be Different
with DEITIES!

When that completely normal instinct to go wading prods you, don't attempt to resist it. Instead, light one of those delightfully different Deities and join the gold fish.

Remember, you're different!


REA IRVIN
DEITIES
THE UTMOST IN CIGARETTES
Mayfair Blend
FINEST DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED TOBACCO
NOW 15¢ TAX PAID IN N.Y.C.
Copr. 1938, P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

THE UTMOST IN CIGARETTES
now priced for ALL-DAY smoking

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

"MARIE ANTOINETTE" GIVES WORK TO 100,000 PEOPLE

MGM estimates that because Norma Shearer resumed her motion picture career in "Marie," 100,000 men and women went to work, international trade was given impetus and the people of many lands profited. The Paris antique dealer who sold MGM the Louis XV furnishings used in the reproduction of the Palace at Versailles, expert bead workers of Guadalajara, whose nimble fingers decorated spangled gowns, Italian mill workers who loomed the rich brocades for costumes, Swedish girls who clipped their long tresses for the 18th century wigs. 5,000 wigs were required, each wig contained 150,000 individual hairs. Miss Shearer wears 18 wigs, some of them more than two feet tall. Prop list included some 20,000 pairs of men's silk stockings, 1,250 pairs of silk breeches, 10,000 18th century farm implements and weapons. Most lavish and costly garment worn in the picture was designed, not for a woman, but for a man. It's a fur cape of 2,500 ermine skins, the equivalent of twenty modern women's fur coats. Robert Morley wears this duplicate of the one owned by Louis XVI in the scene showing the marriage of Louis and Antoinette. Miss Shearer's costumes, 34 in number, aggregate some 1,768 lbs.

SCORE BOOKS FOR BASKETBALL AND BASEBALL FANS

An athletic goods manufacturer has just issued a series of spiral-bound score books designed for coaches and spectators. The books include forms for scoring as many as 60 games, completely and accurately. The spiral binding permits the books to open flat, and stay open at any page.

DROWNING MADE DIFFICULT

A new, scientific protection against drowning is the self-inflating lifeguard belt. It inflates itself instantaneously and keeps you afloat for 12 hours. Its safety features are pretty well camouflaged, for it looks like an attractive belt worn with your swim suit.

MAYBE YOU NEED SPIKES

Those fairway hooks and slices may be due, in part, to foot slipping. Have you seen those 2-piece spikes? A steel socket is riveted into the shoe sole and the spike itself, the extended end of which is screwed up to the end of the socket where it remains securely locked. The simple construction makes replacements easy, a few turns of the key and a new spike can be set in.

DOWNEY, FATHER, FARMER AND, OF COURSE, TENOR!

Some time ago, we reported upon various radio and cafe entertainers who were parents. At the time, we failed to mention Morton Downey, who, like Crosby and Cantor, is in the big league in this matter of quantity production. We had dinner with Mort the other night. "How many kids have you now, Mort?" we said. "Four and one in the oven," was the brisk Downey rejoinder. Youngest is 1½, oldest 7, but Mort reports that as yet, none of them shows signs of any musical talent. Mort himself, made his debut at a fireman's minstrel show, at the age of 4, where he had 'em in the aisles with his tasty interpretation of a song entitled "My Pretty Redwing."

Mort and his wife, the lovely Barbara Bennett and their tribe, are comfortably settled in a place of ample proportions outside Greenwich. Here, between radio engagements and wowing the visiting firemen with Irish ballads at Mr. Rose's emporium, Mort messes around with tractors, fence building, raising chickens, cows . . and, of course, offspring.

If you visit Mort's farm you are liable to get his favorite concoction which goes as follows: remove shells from 6 hard boiled eggs and cover with hamburg steak (about 1½ pounds will do). Mold in palm of hand to conform to egg shape. Roll in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat until brown. Cut in half across egg and decorate with onion rings. Serve with beer.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

IS YOUR HAIR LEAVING YOU?

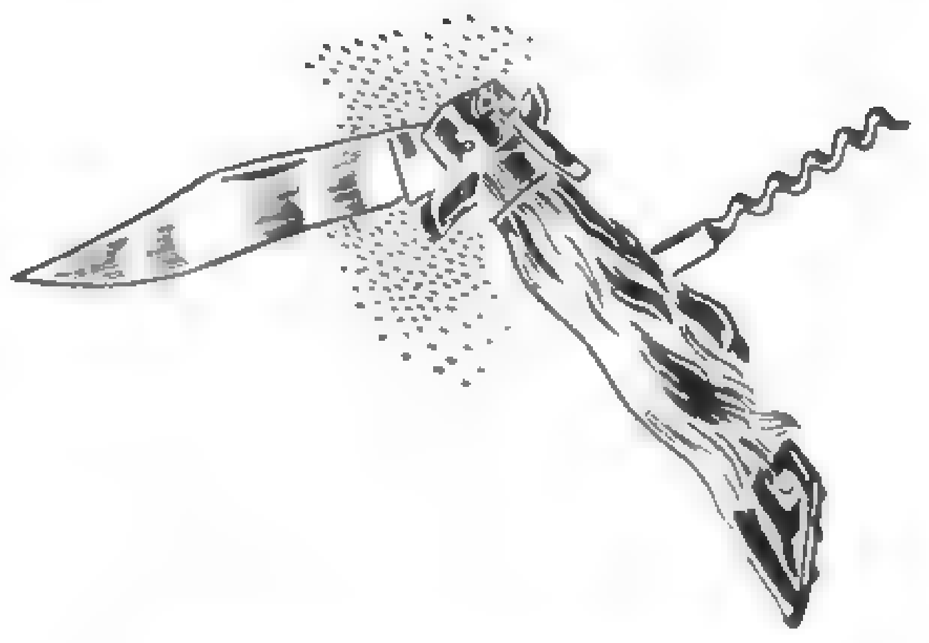
Don't just sit by, my friends, and watch your thinning locks disappear. You might get yourself a new shampoo and scalp tonic combination, made by a leading dermatologist who is connected with some of our leading hospitals. The finest oils are blended into this fluid. The shampoo cleanses the hair, removes gummy film (watch out for salt water) and washes out dandruff flakes. The tonic, non-alcoholic, does a good job on itching scalps, and in arresting falling hirsute.

SUBURBAN DRUGSTORES DISPENSE MANHATTAN THEATRE TICKETS

Not enough that the modern drugstore stands for Biologicals, Books and Breakfast. Some of them now act as ticket brokers. There's a group of ticket distributors at large, who have established a service whereby choice seats for certain Broadway productions can be secured, at *box office prices* and through neighborhood outlets. People living anywhere within a 50-mile radius of Times Square, can get seats up to as late as 7 P.M. the evening of the performance. In addition to the drugstores—department stores, travel bureaus and similar outlets are the spots through which distribution is being affected. There are about 50 suburban towns lined up so far.

DRAMATIC SCHOOL FOR STAND-INS

We are always glad to have young hopefuls get a break. Newest thing is Dave Selznick's School for Stand-ins. The director of "The Young in Heart," now in production and co-starring Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Paulette Goddard, has ordered all the stand-ins for this production to learn the lines of their principals, and to rehearse before the camera. This permits the principals to watch action from the director's point-of-view, and helps make action smoother when the camera is turning. The stand-ins receive invaluable dramatic training, coached by a leading director, and given the opportunity of seeing big stars go through the action with proper technique. An idea like this should certainly be taken up by other studios, giving, as it does, the stand-in a new lease on life. Incidently, in the same picture, for the first time, *murals* especially created for motion picture backgrounds, will be used. Dan Groesbeck, internationally noted artist, is painting the murals on paper, 23x13 inches in size and the originals will then be photographed and re-photographed until they are 32x32 feet in size, losing none of their artistic value in the process.



FOOT OF A FAWN

We don't know whether a fawn's foot carries the same good luck superstition that a rabbit's foot does . . . but anyway, here's a brutal hunting knife and cork screw combination with actual fawn foot handle. Knife locks into position when opened.

DOUBLE COMPARTMENT FLASK

When the Govnur sets forth on one of his numerous expeditions, he'll be well heeled if you give him one of the new metal flasks, flat and broad, divided in the center on the inside, each side holding a fifth. Whole thing comes in a suede case.

IT'S YOUR FACE, AND YOU'RE STUCK WITH IT

From time to time, inquiries come wafting in to us as to what a gentleman can do about that unfortunate condition called *acne* .. better known as pimpled pan. There are several places in town that deal with this situation. One of the most exclusive, with a social register male clientele, is tucked away in an office building, whither a man can go unobserved by members of the frailer sex.

If you are pressed for time, you lounge in a comfortable easy chair, in a private sanctum and dictate to your secretary (the place supplies typewriters for this purpose) while skillful operators go to work on your skin or scalp.

They give you what they aptly call the "shelling" process for skin troubles. Mineral salts are applied and the outer layer of skin seems to peel off, leaving you with a clean, well groomed exterior. Blackheads and other eruptions do a disappearing act after a series of treatments. You also get steam mask applications via an affair which looks like an ether mask, sending steam over the face. Steaming is done with camphor-ice and there are vitamin masks, hot masks, liquid masks, even hormone masks. You may look like a Pagliacci during the treatment, but you'll feel like a Casanova when you emerge.

MARTINI COCKTAILS
taste better with
NOILLY
PRAT
THE *Aristocrat* OF
DRY FRENCH VERMOUTHS

ALCOHOL 19% BY VOLUME • COPYRIGHT
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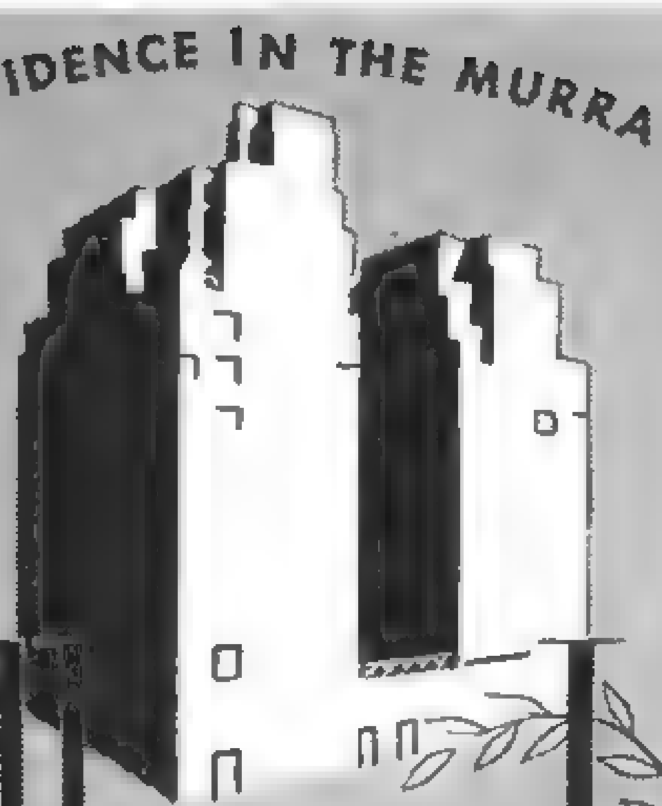
An address that
pays tribute to your
preferences in finer living

ONE TO FOUR ROOMS, FURNISHED OR
UNFURNISHED, SOME WITH SERVING
PANTRIES. LEASE OR SHORT TERM.

The
Madison
FIFTEEN EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET
New-York
TELEPHONE VOLUNTEER 5-5000

A DISTINGUISHED RESIDENCE IN THE MURRAY HILL TRADITION



Goodhue House

NEARING COMPLETION
MADISON AVENUE AT 35TH STREET
SEPTEMBER OCCUPANCY
TYPICAL FLOORS OPEN FOR INSPECTION

ELEVATOR NOW RUNNING

Arrangements of 1½ to 6 Rooms

DUPLEX APARTMENTS • TERRACES • WOODBURNING FIREPLACES

This fifteen story apartment residence is situated in Murray Hill, directly opposite the Church of the Incarnation, and only one block from the Morgan residence and library. It is part of an exclusive community which has been restricted by covenant to residential use since 1847. Yet, but a few minutes from offices, shopping centers and theatres. *Switchboard, desk and optional maid service.*

Renting Office on Premises—AShland 4-7356

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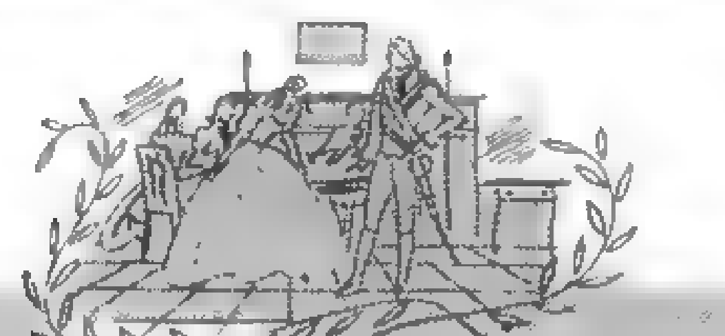
CONSTRUCTION CORP.
BUILDERS

N. K. **WINSTON** & CO.
MANAGEMENT



General Howe at Murray Hill

In 1776 Mary Murray entertained General Howe and his staff at the Murray residence, while General Putnam and the revolutionary forces made their escape up the Post Road after the defeat of Brooklyn Heights.

ABE COHEN'S EXCHANGE
ABE COHEN'S EXCHANGE
KODAKS

Camera Fans

HERE IT IS!

ONE OF THE LARGEST, MOST MODERN AND MOST COMPLETE
CAMERA
CENTERS IN THE WORLD

will open 1st week in September

From basement to roof this ample building at 142 Fulton St., New York, is adapted to meet every conceivable requirement of camera fans. Here one may inspect and select at leisure and in comfort, or if one is in haste his purchase may be obtained in a minimum of time. Complete air conditioning makes shopping a pleasure.

The New Home of ABE COHEN'S EXCHANGE provides a profusion of distinctive features, including an exhibition gallery; large projection room; special dark room for demonstrating enlargers, unique display of lighting equipment.

Large warehouse facilities will permit us to purchase on a huge scale at great savings. These savings we pass on to you.
WE'LL CONTINUE TO MEET ALL COMPETITION

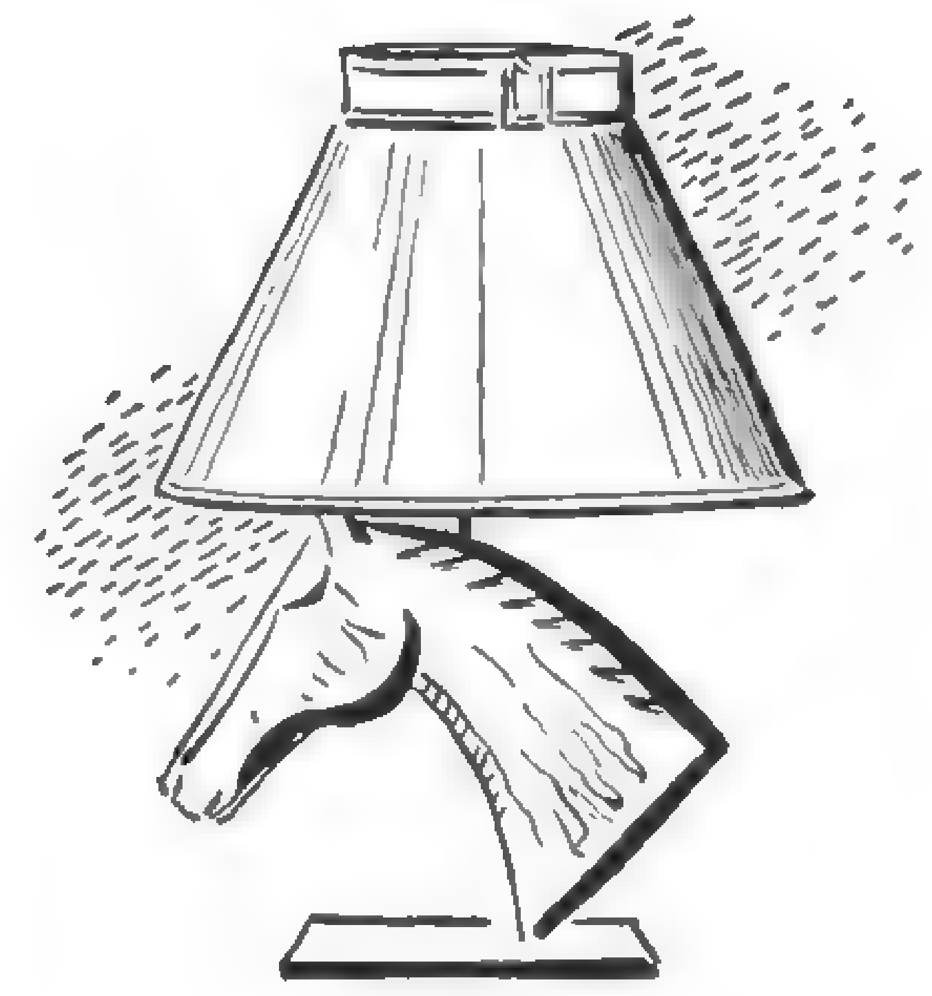
All Merchandise Sold on Our Usual 10-Day Trial Basis

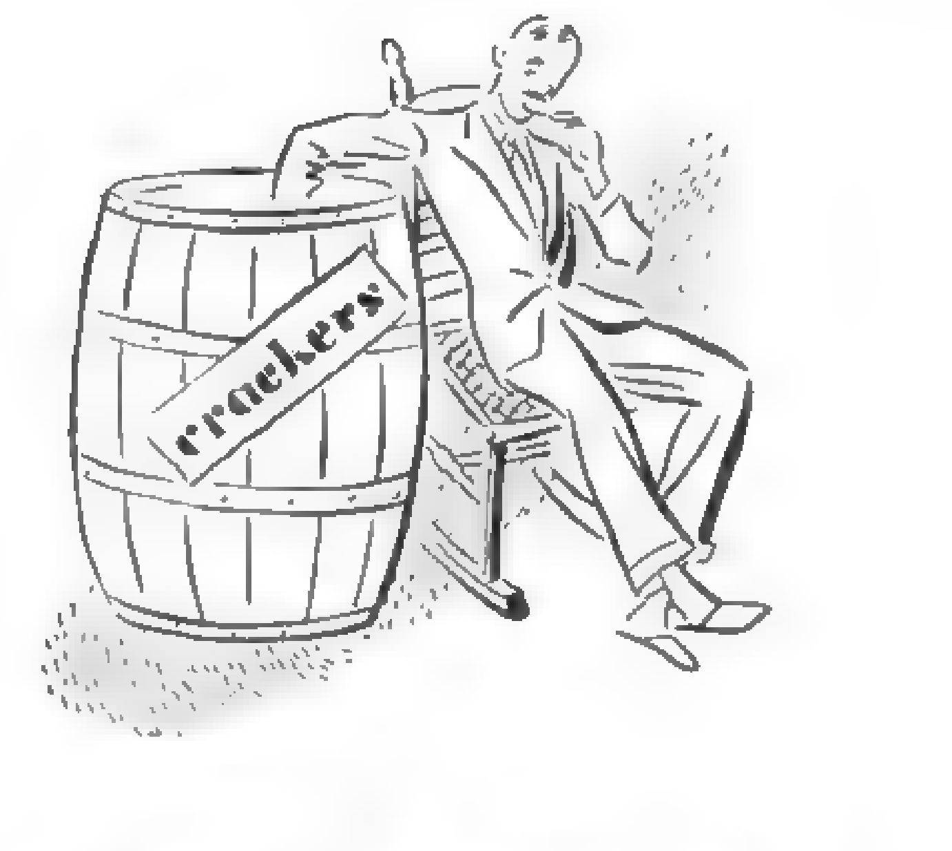
NOW IS THE TIME
to take stock of your needs and take advantage of the
EXTRA SPECIAL VALUES
which we are now offering and may not be able to duplicate later.

LIBERAL ALLOWANCE ON YOUR OLD EQUIPMENT

Abe Cohen's Exchange
The House of Photographic Values
Now at 120 FULTON ST. After Sept. 6th. at 142 Fulton St. **NEW YORK**

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP





HORSE'S NECK

If he's fond of horse flesh, he might be intrigued by this lamp. The base (a noble steed) is of carved walnut, the shade, shaped like a stirrup, with leather band and horsy buckle on the top.

MAP MANIACS

With some it's horses, with others, women, but some guys go for maps. There's a Map Store in town, which is a pretty interesting place. They serve students, business men, explorers, astronomers and everybody who needs maps, globes, atlases, etc. Everything from the detailed maps of 450 cities of the U. S. to the simple contour maps that your son likes to make. They have road maps, from the earliest quaint examples with careful photographs showing each half-mile landmark, to charts of every usable highway in the nation. They have blue globes which show the white stars and constellations for the delight of star-gazers; revolving globes which light up from the inside.

CARPET BOWLS

Good way to keep the boys quiet on rainy days . . . this sterling game of bowls to be played on your cherished Sarouk. Game comes with 8 composition balls and a Jack. Not heavy enough to damage the Chippendales.

ALL THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH

When the Big Bad Wolf said that to Miss R. R. Hood, he was not referring to binoculars . . . but we are. Now *there's* a present guaranteed to bring a satisfied beam to the countenance of any man, whether he be traveler, hunter, seaman, or a follower of the hosses. The new featherweight binocs are worth investigating. A reduction of from 30% to 40% in weight has been effected by using a light-weight, yet strong metal. You can get 'em with central or independent focusing, with field of view ranging from 128 yds. at 1000 yds. to 198 yds. at 1000 yds. You can get vest-pocket size binoculars, or miniature telescopes, pocket scope and magnifier in one; or monocular prism telescope, less than 3 in. long, and weighing little over 3 ozs.

"SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX"

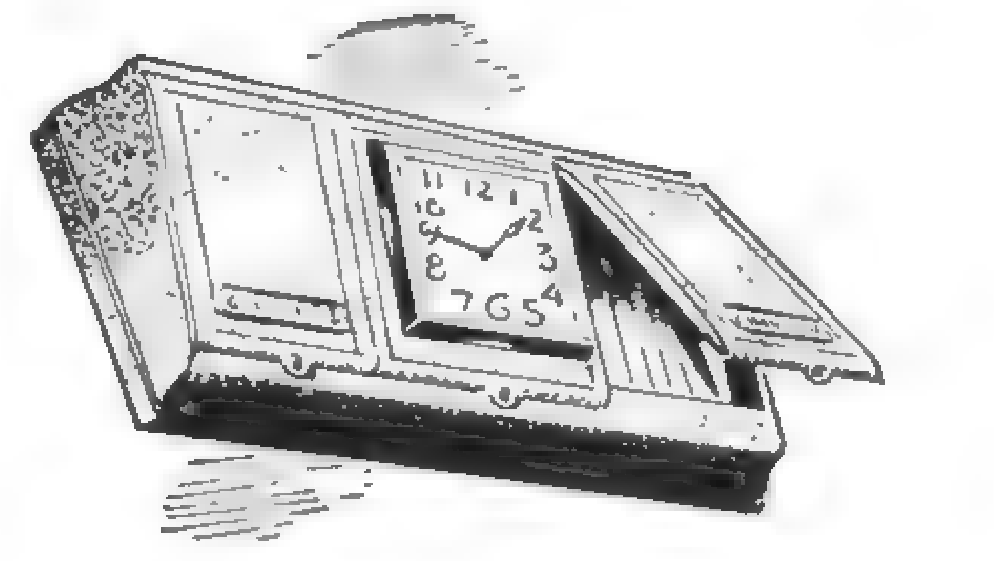
Right in the midst of sky scrapers and big business stands the Country Store, as near like the good old general store in your home town or ours, as clever carpenters have been able to make it. We experienced a pleasant nostalgia for our boyhood days as we wandered about among the cracker barrels, while we went to work on an old fashioned licorice stick. The store sells home-made preserves, cakes, bread, candy, pottery, clothes, cigarettes, hats and all manner of original things for gift-giving. If you go in the afternoon, you can settle down in a rocking chair with your knitting or your corn-cob, and bask awhile in serenity while Manhattan's hurly burly rushes on beyond the portal.

BIG SHOTS UNDER GLASS

Went down to see a glass desk which had been ordered to grace the private sanctum of a big exec. here in town. Top of the desk was made of ¾ inch plate glass, a slab weighing some 175 pounds. There were 5 drawers, of blond aspen wood and ivory colored leather. Each drawer rested on a shelf of glass which protruded beyond the drawer forming a convenient shelf for odds and ends. A substantial, striking piece of modernism if we ever saw one.

LEATHER DESK CLOCK

A smartly designed combination of clock, compartment underneath for stamps, clips, etc., and at either side, two compartments for cigarettes. Each compartment has a metal slot into which you slide the brand names of your particular cigarettes. In leather tooled in gold.



Ranger

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ALMA MATER ON A SIPHON

Loyal sons of good old K.M.H. will be glad to know that an up and coming company is now embellishing their splendid streamline, chromium siphons with various authentic college seals. Makes a nice thing of it when a bunch of the fellows drop in for a nice glass of soda water. The siphon makes its own fizz water for less than 8¢ a quart. And, by the way, by using a prepared syrup, you can make your own ginger ale and root beer, just add water and chuck the whole thing into the siphon.

A GENTLEMAN FOR THE EVENING

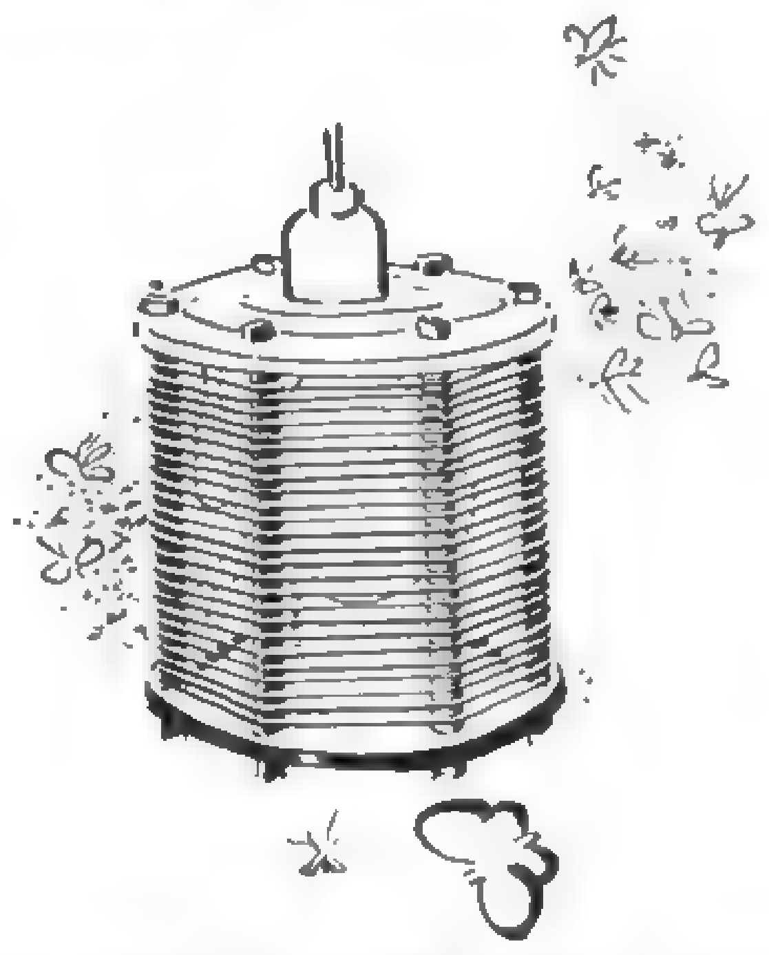
. . . and always a gentleman. We feel that it is up to us to assuage any qualms you men may have on the subject of Escort Bureaus and their "men for hire." We have looked into the matter, and feel that it is far better, if your little woman wants to do the town, to let her go with a paid escort who *has* to be reliable, than to let her loose with some of *your* so-called pal-sy walsies. There's an elegant Bureau on the Avenue which is the last word in everything. Most of the gentlemen are college graduates, many of them are listed in the Social Register. We broke down and allowed our best girl to go out with one, and she reported very favorably. Her escort was, quote: "tall, handsome, danced divinely, was super-intelligent, had a divine English accent, only had two drinks in 5 hours, carried the conversational ball back and forth with ease but never made a forward pass . . . even in the cab." Unquote. So there you have it.

QUICK DEMISE FOR BUGS

Out on the coast, they've discovered that by taking an ordinary heat tablet, (non-explosive heat), mixing it with bran and putting it into the earth, thousands of snails and bugs will meet a sudden and final death. Claude Rains (you probably saw him in Warner's "White Banners") has evolved a peculiar chemical formula of his own which he has found to be successful in exterminating Japanese beetles which infest so many farm lands.

ADULT GAME DEPT.

Here we go again . . . getting into the subject of more new games. This time it is a checker game played with marbles. Any number of people from 2 to 6 can play. Ten marbles of one color are placed in a star point (the board consists of a huge star made up of round slots into which the marbles are fitted). Object of game is to move or jump your ten marbles across the board into the opposite star point. Person who gets all across first, wins. If you get tired of playing the game, you can just shoot the big glass marbles the way you used to do when you were a lad. Then there's a new racing game played with handicapped lanes to obtain different odds. Horses are placed on a post circle at the start and advanced around the track through the use of a deck of color-combination cards. A neat betting game.



MOSQUITO GETS THE CHAIR

Modern way of doing away with mosquitoes, gnats and other insects, is via the death lantern. You fit the lantern into any standard socket. Parallel running wires are of opposite polarity, and in series with the candelabra base bulb which is used as a safety valve. Insects, attracted by the light, cross two wires and become electrocuted. The gadget is safe and harmless to the human hand.

FOR YOUR HOST BY THE SEA

Next time you spend a week-end at the shore, take friend Host a set of bottles for his cabaña. One bottle holds a liquid sea water soap (and a fine thing too, after a dip in the briny) the other bottle, a refreshing cologne that is really invigorating. The bottles are stuck inside of unique little bag-like covers made of a sea-worthy unbleached cotton, with the name of the fluids embroidered in marine blue and red. If it's something different you're after . . . this is the ticket.

MARINE LIQUID COMPASS

Nice week-end gift is a round, very light compass with the liquid sealed inside the capsule which has an unbreakable dial. The top of the capsule may be adjusted to the needle and the accuracy of the compass is guaranteed.

The Air-Conditioned

ST. REGIS ROOF

offers

JOSEPH RINES
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

PIERCE AND HARRIS
Dances Comique

JULES LANDÉ with Ensemble during Luncheon
Luncheon $2.00 . . . Special Summer Dinner $3.50

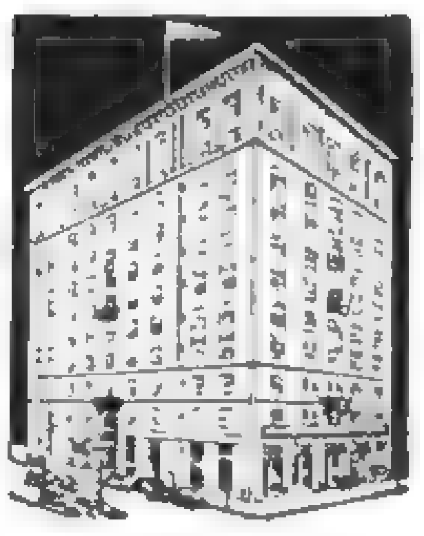
Call Lawrence at Plaza 3-4500 for reservations

HOTEL
LENOX

Numbered among the finer traditions of Old Boston is the Hotel Lenox. Here you will find amidst homey accommodations, food and drink at their best. Efficient, personal service which is so welcome when away from home. Conveniently located at Boylston and Exeter Streets within easy walking distance of the shopping and theatre districts. When next in Boston, let the Hotel Lenox make your stay more pleasant.

● ROOMS FROM $2.50

IN
BOSTON



TWO MINUTES FROM
BACK BAY STATION

Putnam's New York State

GOLDEN AGE
BRAND
CHAMPAGNE

● A famous French vintner has found that the grapes grown from the soil of the renowned Finger Lakes District of New York, which produces Golden Age Champagne, are of a quality second to none in the world.

Made only from these fine grapes, Golden Age's zest, sparkle and all-around excellence make this champagne the choice of discriminating people.

Produced and aged at historic Hammondsport, Golden Age is the festive favorite the country over.

D. W. PUTNAM COMPANY
HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.
New York Office: Suite 1114, 110 E. 42nd St.
Telephone: Caledonia 5-8220

Obtainable at all fine liquor stores, Hotels and Restaurants

Golden Age
Golden Age Wine
Putnam's
Champagne
D. W. Putnam Co.

Eton
QUALITAS
MAXIMA
Pipe Tobacco
IMPORT AND EXPORT

There can be nothing finer than ETON

•

25¢ *the packet*

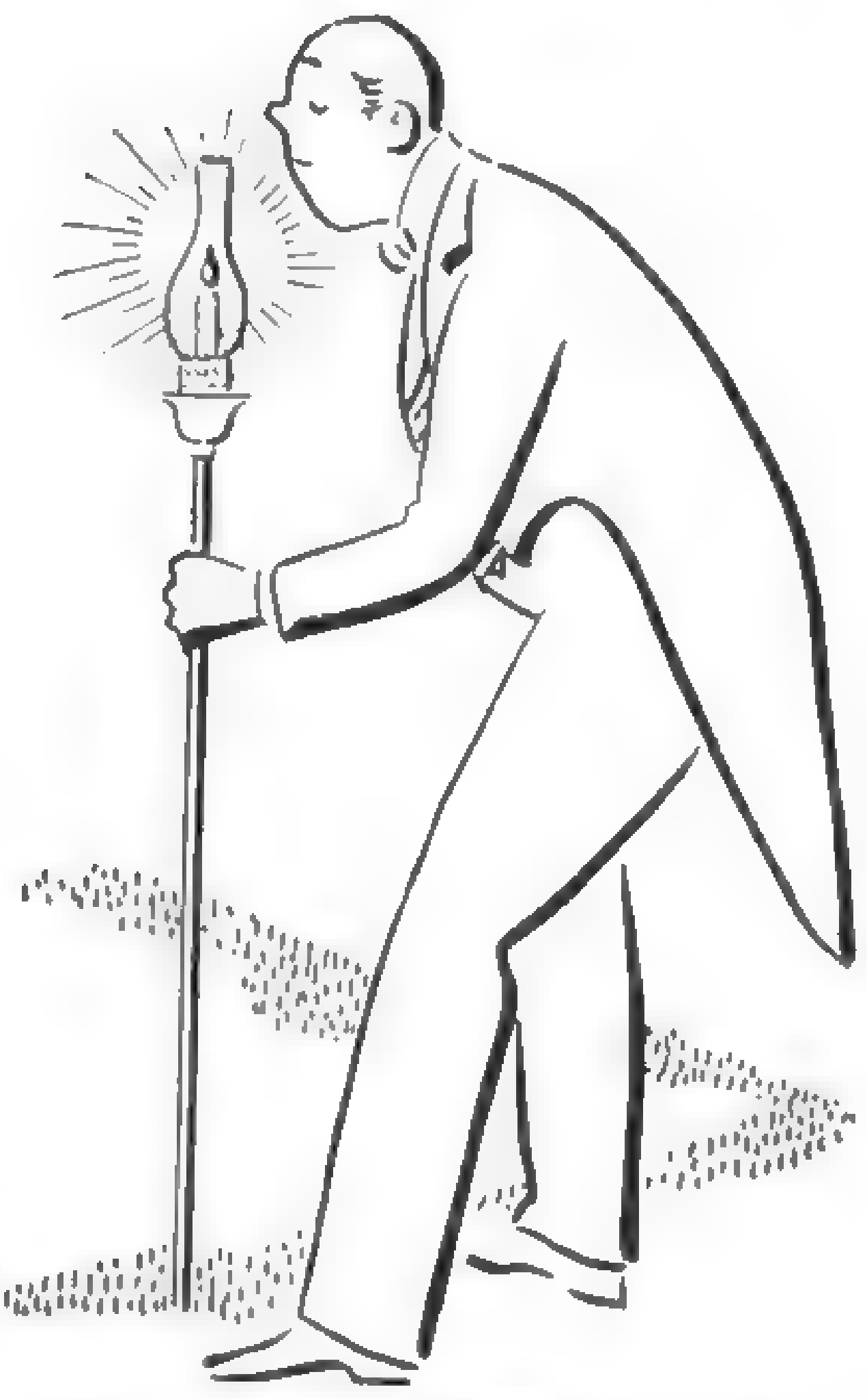
Custom-made entirely of the top grades of the finest tobaccos that the world's soils will grow.

Blended in the British manner

AT THE BETTER CLUBS, HOTELS AND TOBACCONISTS

If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from Riggio Tobacco Corp., 251 Pearl St., New York City, giving dealer's name if convenient.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

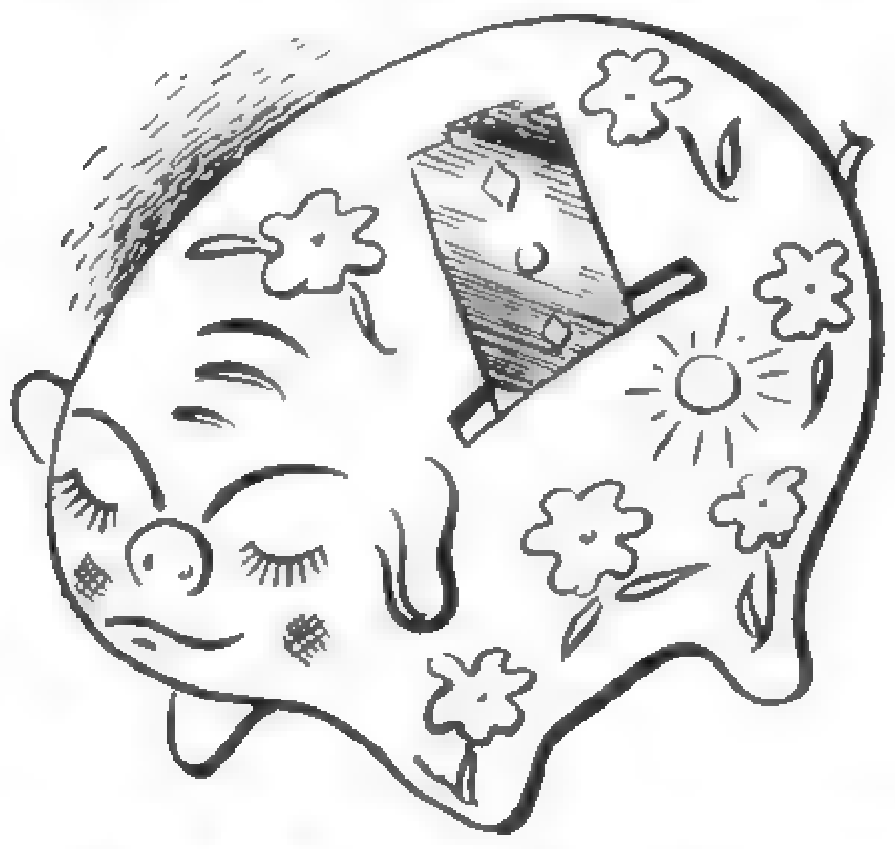


DON'T APPEAR WITHOUT A PRESENT

Our 'phone keeps pretty busy these days with men (and women) calling up to ask us what we would suggest in the way of a novel gift for a week-end host or hostess. Here are a few things, most of which can be captured for a fiver or less.

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER

A portable hurricane lamp will be greeted with pleasure. Consists of a candle holder protected by a glass lamp chimney perched on top of a 51-inch iron spike which can be stuck in the ground at random. The lamps are sold in pairs and can be used to mark a driveway, light a path or give a romantic glow to the terrace.



WHAT TO DO WITH OLD RAZOR BLADES

Now convincingly settled by a gift in the shape of a small Mexican painted pottery pig—the same painted pig which was immortalized in Mrs. Dwight Morrow's book, charmingly illustrated by Rene d'Harnoncourt. The pigs have a slit in their rotund backs . . . and into the slit go razor blades. A neat decorative disguise for a mundane problem.

SPARKLING COFFEE

Coffee with a fizz in it . . that's the newest. Freshly brewed coffee, blended with a pure, natural spring water and topped off with considerable sparkle. Comes in bottles. Just take it off the ice and serve it straight, or with cream, whipped, plain or ice cream. And for an added wallop, throw a jigger of your best brandy into an 8 oz. glass of chilled sparkling coffee.

IRRIDESCENT METAL

Picture ash trays, hors d'oeuvres trays, cocktail shakers, picture frames and the like in an interesting new alloy whose soft, satiny sheen sends forth a rainbow like irridescence. The metal is untarnishable, immune to finger prints and requires no polishing. A fine set-up for sea shore abodes where dampness reigns supreme.

FRESH FROM FINLAND

We have always had great respect for this little debt-paying country, and more so since we have seen what comes out of it in the way of handicraft. Their linens, table sets, mats, runners, etc., are characterized by a striking simplicity of design coupled with great subtlety of color . . . dull coppers, greys, naturals and lichen greens. Finnish families have been blending their own colors for generations, yet the fabrics are modern to an extreme. Their pottery grotesques, horses, giraffes, donkeys and fantastic animals, are ideal gifts for people who go in for such whimsies. And their wooden nut bowls, cigarette boxes, vases and such, are quite unusual. A bathroom set for a man has bottles carved in pahka wood (we'll bet that's a new one on you). Pahka is a blond wood that grows near the Arctic zone in Lapland. Then there's blond Lapland birch, plain or curly, a wood of great beauty. Seems that the official grave digger in Helsinki does considerable wood turning in his spare time. Judging from the quality and quantity of his output, the Finns must be blessed with longevity.

AVOCATION LINENS

You probably number the "great outdoor type" among your weekend hosts and hostesses. For them we suggest what are somewhat formally called "avocation" linens. Said linens consist of table mats and napkins of great originality. For golfing households there's a design from a golf architect's map of a famous golf course . . . blue numerals on a white linen ground, studded with green trees and the bright red roofs of the clubhouse. Tennis players get a white linen cloth with court, nets, judge's stand, etc. For yachtsmen, a navy blue raffia set carrying the amusing saga of a sailor. For your "Longuyland" friends there are polo players embroidered on ecru linen, a hunting set with brilliant pink coated hunters and charging steeds. And for fishermen, a good marlin fight, dished up on green linen.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FLYING FISHERMAN CLUB . . MEMBERSHIP DUES . . ONE FISH

Fishermen realize, that the waters off the coast of Florida offer some of the finest deep sea fishing to be found. Eastern Airlines have inaugurated a Flying Fisherman Club. You don't pay to join, in fact money won't buy your way in, the only stipulations are that you must fly to and from Miami via Eastern . . . and you must fish while you are there, actually producing a tarpon, marlin or sailfish caught with your own little hands. To insure its legitimacy, the fish is measured, weighed and certified by a guide authorized by Eastern. He records everything, date and weight on an application form. After your flight and catch have been duly checked, you're in. And in recognition, you get a handsome certificate to hang in your study along with diploma, and picture of you snapped in action . . . "Tycoon with Tarpon," etc. Every year, May first, all catches registered by club members during the 12 months, are compared for weight. The 3 members who catch the largest fish, get a complimentary round trip to Florida, on Eddie Rickenbacker's Silver Fleet. Biggest sailfish ever caught was 119 pounds, pulled in off Key West by that veteran angler Ernest Hemingway. Biggest marlin, 636 pounds, caught off Bimini. With Miami less than 8 hours away, you can leave New York Friday, spend two days with rod and reel, and show up at Business Monday.

CULTURE IN THE OPEN

The Silvermine Guild of Artists is putting on a Music Festival from August 18th to 21st, in the wooded dell of their grounds. Three "starlight" concerts by the New York Philharmonic, two conducted by Eugene Ormandy, and one by Iturbi; two morning "sunshine" concerts of chamber music on the lawn and a Saturday morning children's concert. On the final night, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will be presented with a chorus of 450 voices chosen from choirs all over Connecticut, which will supplement the unexcelled efforts of Schola Cantorum of 150 voices from N. Y. Very pleasant to have good music brought to you as you sit in a woodland retreat, over-looking the water. Enterprising bunch, the Silver-miners.

NOVEL COASTERS

A lot of people seem to be using highball coasters made of a heavy moulded waxed board. Light as a feather, waterproof and, of course, unbreakable. Coasters are decorated with such inspiring things as the eternal Scottie dogs in a brace, sailboats, high hat with cane, etc. So inexpensive that for once you can have enough to go around.

COAT INTO KIT

If you are planning a couple of weeks with rod and reel, you should know about a sports jacket that does a disappearing act, turns itself into a carrying kit. A fly-front jacket in water-repellent, wind-proof fabric . . . and the whole thing folds into a special pocket that is actually part of the garment. All you do is zip her shut, and you have a small kit for carrying. An idea.

ACROSS THE SOUND

We've found that when Long Islanders want to drive to New England, they save themselves a lot of traffic trouble by taking to the quiet water of Long Island Sound. There's a brisk ferry schedule between Orient Point or Montauk and New London. You can inhale the salty breezes of the Sound, step into a pine-paneled grill for a snack or a beverage, and be cheered by the music of a snappy little band. Seems that New Englanders are leaving their native heath and coming to Long Island for a bit of bicycling along excellent roads swept by ocean breezes.

CAMERA MAN'S COAT

Amateur photographers will greet this coat with huzzas. Its a regular sports jacket of a lightweight, water-repellent poplin, built to take care of a camera man's paraphernalia. Has an épaulet on the shoulder to hold down the camera strap; camera fits into lower pocket; a flap towards the back over the hip holds the tripod; a cartridge belt holds rolls of film, and the upper right pocket has a space in which fits the cable release, the filter goes in the remainder of this pocket.

What's in a Name?

There's significance and enduring charm in the name "DELMONICO'S". Though meeting every trend of fashion and custom, this famous establishment has stood true to its century-old standards as a representative home background of representative Americans.

SUITES OF ONE TO FIVE ROOMS, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, IN A WIDE VARIETY OF ARRANGEMENTS, WITH SERVING PANTRIES, SOME WITH TERRACES. YEARLY LEASE OR TRANSIENT.

HOTEL
Delmonico
PARK AVENUE AT 59th STREET · VOLUNTEER 5-2500
REGISTER SOCIALLY

THE PLANE TRUTH IS—OSHKOSH IS LIGHTER

THE
NIGHT-FLIGHT CASE...
by Oshkosh

Pounds lighter than the usual "two-suiter," **Night-Flight** was developed especially for air travel. No cumbersome machinery . . its plywood hangers weigh a bare 8 ounces each. Business men will find they carry two suits without a wrinkle. Fly-weight Duck, shown open, $35. In Oshkosh Chief (closed) $50. Saddle tan cowhide, $70.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS, INC.
10 EAST 34th STREET NEW YORK
Write for our new booklet "Luggage Prescriptions"

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Resplendent in its park setting, The Plaza, New York City's leading hotel, possesses the distinction of being the rendezvous of the social world, the acknowledged standard of excellence in service both here and abroad.

Henry A. Rost
President and Managing Director

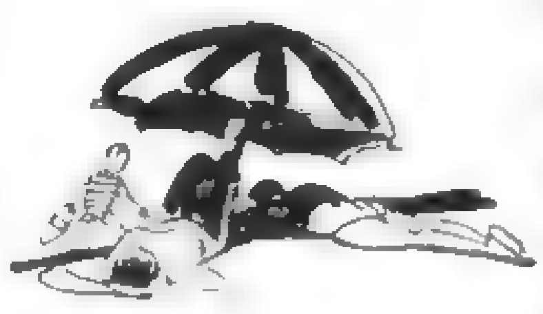
The PLAZA New York
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET

Mili Monti
DISEUSE CONTINENTALE
AFTER THE THEATRE in the
AIR-CONDITIONED
Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

EMILE PETTI
and his Cosmopolitans
THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DANCING Daily & Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily & Sunday

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th Streets, NEW YORK

Leone's goes back to the good old days when the hurried Ziegfeld girls and the rest of the theatrical world didn't have time to travel far for their food. Next door now, at 239 West Forty-Eighth Street, the brothers have a sumptuous garden, fountains, fig trees and food. It is the Italian table d'hote de luxe and what the Montclair matron dreams of all week: her matinee and dinner at Leone's.



Every year we try to do a little good citizen work by dragging folks out to Jones Beach, to show just what can be done by a great State for its people. There is nothing like it in the world, this side of Russia. Not only the high standard maintained in all the matters of cleanliness, but the efforts put forth to make the proletariat happy and gay. The season of opera on the lagoon promises to be as attractive as ever and there is, of course, the long, long stretch of perfect bathing beach. With a half million on the sands, it doesn't seem crowded.

Victor Murdock, who has made a gourmet trail around the world, complains that New York is sadly lacking in one thing—tripe à la mode. Stung to the quick, we made an investigation and found him right. At last we located the dish at the Chambord, 803 Third Avenue. As it takes nineteen hours to prepare the dish properly, it is not on the menus of the average or the eat-and-run emporiums.

We were glad to see that customers come half-way across town to have the staff of Al Long mix their drinks for them at the George Washington Café, at Lexington and Twenty-Third Street. We are settling down to our drinks in earnest when we will not trust just any mixer or any brand. First, insist on your favorite brand and next, insist that your man mix it properly. Or always go to a place where the worry has been removed by intelligent foresight.

If you are a native and look upon the facade of New York as so much scenery from the old-time "opry" house, you often find yourself in a spot merely because it is quaint, and off the norm. Such a place is Lynch's at 50 Commerce Street, right at the elbow of the crookedest street in town. In the dusk you can easily imagine yourself in Soho or Chelsea, London. Lynch serves excellent men's food, chops, steaks, etc., with the menu on a slate on the wall.

The season is on at our national turf Park and if you get up before the first of September, you can mix with the Whitneys and the Woodwards and Bulls at Saratoga. It is one of the hallowed spots of a vanishing, gentler civilization. Unfortunately, unless you have a trailer, you will have to camp at one of the old relics, The United States or The Grand Union. They should have burned down after the Civil War but didn't, perhaps because so many of the slaves took refuge there. Rumor has it that they are still employed as waiters. Arrow Head, Ben Riley's and Piping Rock, take care of the night life at fancy rates. Ask any citizen to direct you to the games of chance where you can wager a nickel to a million. The bets ride with the course of the sun, low when it's high and vice versa.

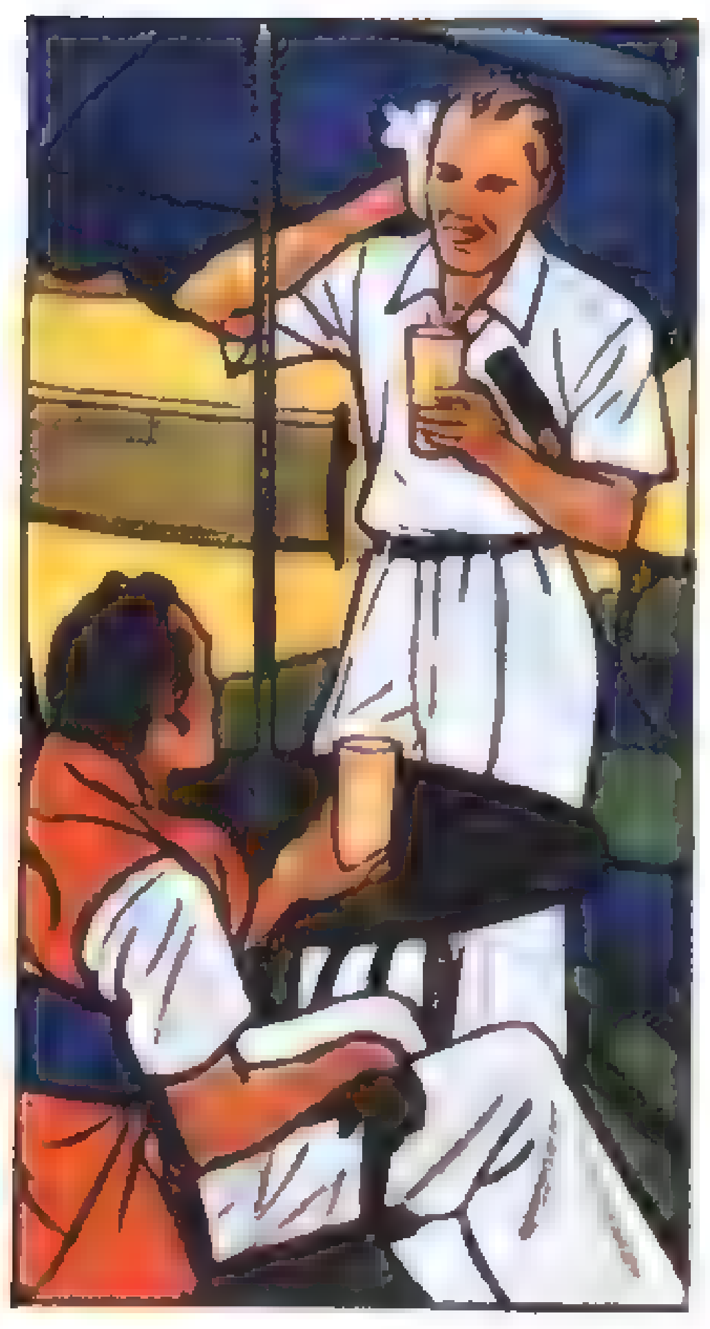
The social center of Greenwich Village shifts from year to year. Just now it seems to be in Nick's steak place at Seventh Avenue and Fourth Street. Nick has moved over from the other street and enlarged the place to suit his new trend. Swing has reared its wobbly head, among other things, to compete with the steaks. Then there is Nick himself, of a noble family, who can play almost any instrument in the band, and is happiest when he is at the piano. At the head of the establishment is suave Roger, once of the swank Colony, who is a sort of ambassador of the correct fork to the artist folk below Fourteenth Street. Nick's has gone in for jam sessions—Sunday, five to seven being the time of the sacred concerts. This schedule fits in with Hickory House so that the devout can move from place to place without loss of a hot note.

CORONET'S
All-Star Cast
AUTHORS:
Emil Ludwig
André Maurois
Arnold Zweig
Oliver La Farge
Louis Zara
Walter Duranty
Fred C. Kelly
Ernest Poole
Parke Cummings
Robert P. Tristram Coffin
PHOTOGRAPHERS:
Brassaï
André Kertész
Erwin Blumenfeld
Don Wallace
Stephen Deutch
Nell Dorr
Ernö Vadas
André Steiner
Eli Lotar
ARTISTS:
Fernand Léger
Hugo van der Goes
Juan of Flanders
Will Dyson
Dioskorides
Denys Wortman
Oskar J. W. Hansen
IN THE AUGUST ISSUE
Now on Sale at
Your Newsstand

Whatever Your Sales Story
USE DON WALLACE PHOTOGRAPHY
for reproduction quality
for class appeal
for black and white
for color
DON WALLACE PHOTOGRAPHY
New York Agent: Black Star 420 Lexington Ave.
Chicago Studio: 846 Rush St.

The Puffin laughs because he knows
He can't get hot in arctic snows;
You, too, can laugh at summer heat
If you will try this tasty treat—
COOL OFF WITH A CALVERT COLLINS!

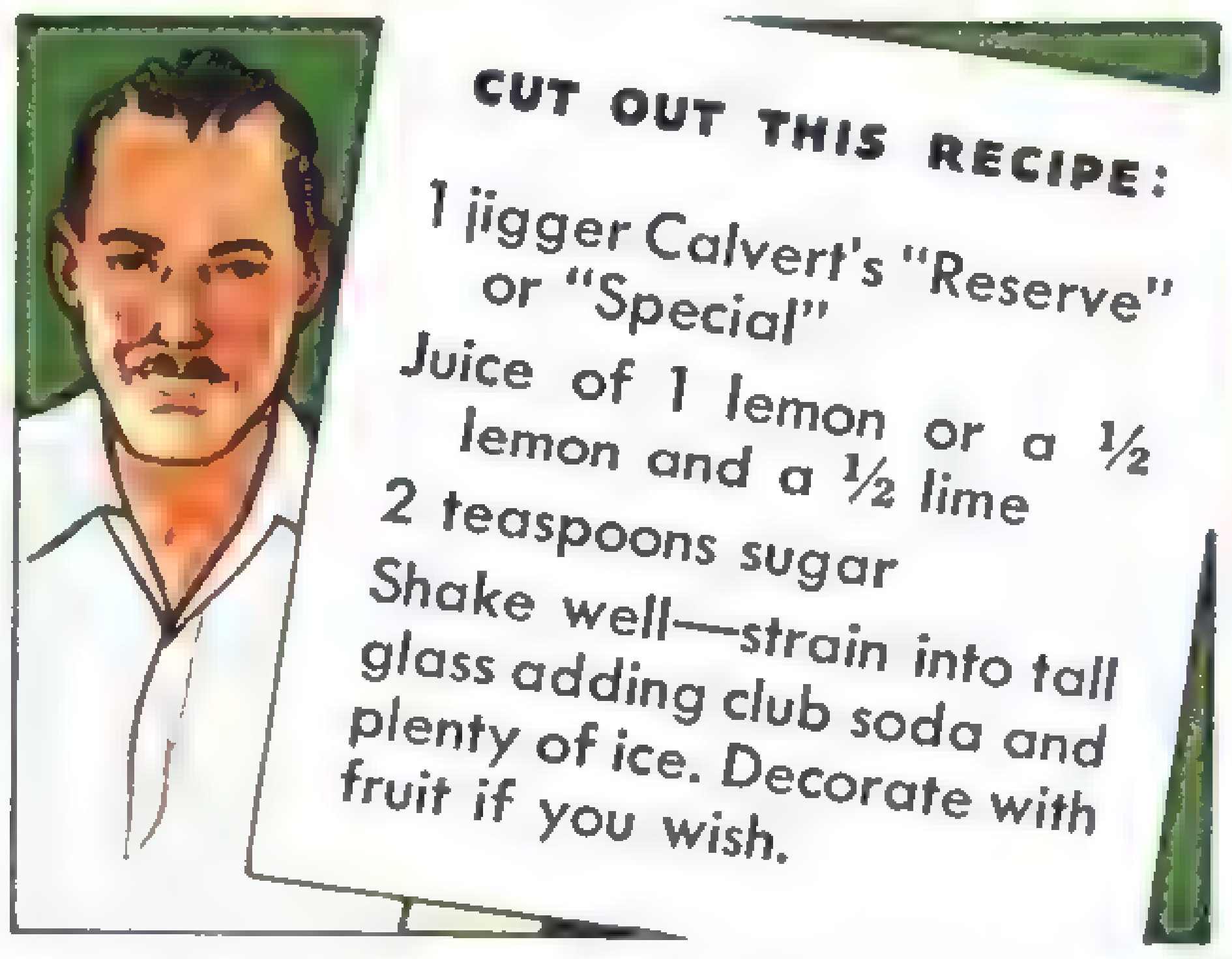
"Here's a trick to beat the heat, Dick!"



DICK: "A *whiskey* Collins, eh? That's a new one on me! And say, it sure tastes good on a hot day!"

DON: "You bet! *I* like a Collins made with whiskey. And if you ask me, a tall, cool Calvert Collins is a summer drink that hits the spot!"

WHEN YOU MAKE YOURS (see recipe at right), be sure to use Calvert—the whiskey that's blended for better taste. Remember, it takes *expert blending* to assure a whiskey as smooth and fine-flavored as Calvert. It's wise to trust your taste—and buy better whiskey.



CUT OUT THIS RECIPE:

1 jigger Calvert's "Reserve" or "Special"
Juice of 1 lemon or a ½ lemon and a ½ lime
2 teaspoons sugar
Shake well—strain into tall glass adding club soda and plenty of ice. Decorate with fruit if you wish.

BLENDED FOR BETTER TASTE

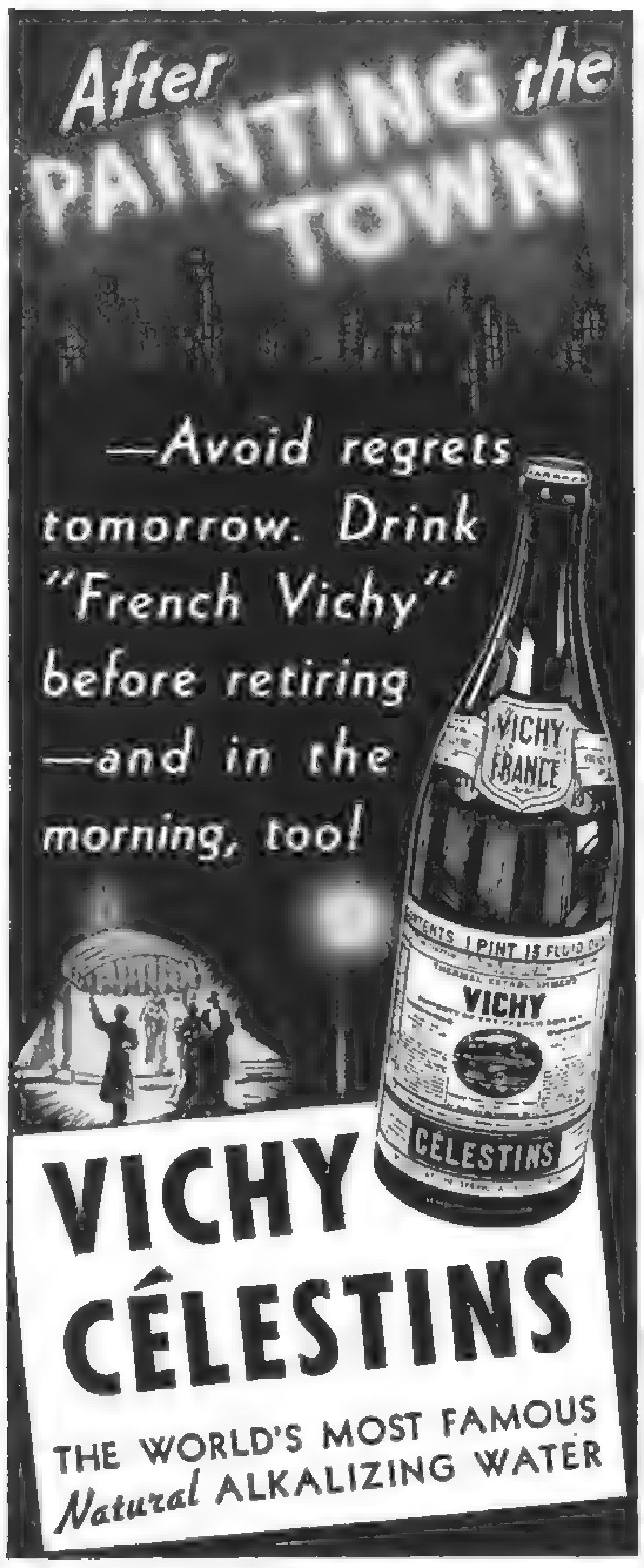
Calvert
Calvert's
"Reserve"

TRY CALVERT DISTILLED GIN
. . . for a marvelous Martini, a smoother rickey or Tom Collins!

Call for Calvert *The Whiskey of Good Taste*

Copr. 1938 Calvert Distillers Corp., Distilleries: Baltimore, Md., and Louisville, Ky., Executive Offices: Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distilled Gin—90 Proof—Distilled from Grain Neutral Spirits.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE


After PAINTING the TOWN
—Avoid regrets tomorrow. Drink "French Vichy" before retiring —and in the morning, too!
VICHY CÉLESTINS
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS Natural ALKALIZING WATER

● Wide Open For You, My Friends . . .
● STILL GOING STRONG!
● EDDIE DAVIS
● at world-famous—1 & ONLY
● LEON & EDDIE'S
● 52 ST., N.Y.C.
● Dinner—Supper—Cocktails

DINE·DANCE
ROMANCE
Hawaiian Room
AIR-CONDITIONED
HOTEL LEXINGTON
Lexington Avenue and 48th Street
NEW YORK
Charles E. Rochester, Managing Director

New Yorkers' Drink of the Month
PLANTER'S PUNCH
As served at Angostura Bar in Trinidad
Pour into mixing glass:—1 oz. fresh lime juice, 2 ozs. sugar syrup—3 ozs. Dark Rum, and 1 teaspoonful Angostura Bitters. Add cracked Ice, shake well, pour unstrained into Collins glass. Garnish with a slice of lemon and dust with nutmeg. Serve with straws.

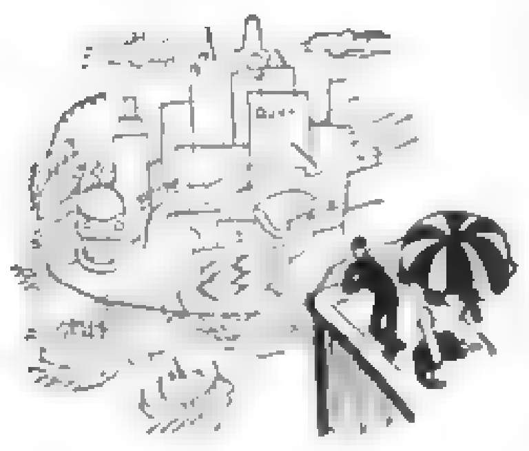
GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
BILLY BAXTER
QUININE SODA
AT FINE CLUBS, HOTELS, FANCY DEALERS —OR ORDER DIRECT FROM THE SPRINGS
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA.

We would hate to confess how many years ago we first saw the Cascades atop the Biltmore Hotel, for that would disclose our age. Now, we are glad to report, the staid institution has moved along and joined the popular Hawaiian trend. A handsome job has been done on the room by the bamboo and breech-clout boys. A blue sea surges against the far shore, fleecy clouds flit across the blue ceil while coconut palms and banana trees wave their assorted fruits and fronds. All of this is a background for the one and only Harry Owens, who has been imported directly, via Hollywood, with his band from Hawaii. Owens has composed some of the best of the mournful tunes dedicated to the isle and his organization enjoys that wave of hysteria that befits all good dance bands. The indications are that the Biltmore has something pretty big in the way of dining and dancing.

Jean, who has the Au Canari D'Or at 132 East Sixty-First Street, has been around the town from the old Casino in the Park to the new Waldorf. So Jean has learned just what the American will take under the name of French food. He has found a happy medium, and with one of the excellent French chefs of the town in his kitchen, has worked himself to a place among the town's best eating places. The showmanship is not as thick as in some similar places without menus and you can trust Jean to tip you off to the maison specialties. Don't miss the hot hors d'oeuvres, not found elsewhere, and eat plenty of perfect French bread with sweet butter. For the course we can recommend either duck bisarade or the coq au vin, a delicious dish. The wine list is adequate and with the coffee we call your attention to that old French favorite Marc de Burgoyne.

The Castleholm might be just another excellent place to get your smörgasbord, except that they sat themselves down in the Parc Vendome, at 344 West Fifty-Seventh Street, which has the largest indoor garden hereabouts. The restaurant, then, looks east and west over grass and flowers and it is a cheering site for city dwellers. They all claim to have the most items on the smas—oh, you spell it—table; anyway, the Castleholm has several dozen more items than you can eat.

We imagine that those who invent the trick drinks should approach the thing from the bartender's rather than the customer's eyes. If the thing is too difficult, the busy bartender doesn't want to be bothered. And why should he?; drinks are for the palate and the soul, not the eyes. So we can report that the Dagger Rum Special, as served at the Lexington Paul Revere Bar, is a swell drink but would be just as good without the pillar of ice.



You don't have to be an immigrant to be thrilled by the New York Skyline. We make a pilgrimage every year to the Marine Roof of the Bossert, in Brooklyn. There, as the sun goes down as a flaming disc, we watch the sky change from cerulean to shell pink, then mauve and indigo, crossed now and then by home-going planes or wedges of army fliers. The crazy harbor traffic chugs around the never-sleeping piers and mysterious freighters await cargoes for far-off ports. It stirs us no end, and after being filled with good food and wine, the time is ripe for wishing you were eighteen and running away to sea.

The side-walk cafe of the Forest Hills Inn gives up its somewhat melancholy function of preparing the commuters' wives for the coming of their mates on the 5:15, and now turns to the tennis matches. It must be a welcome change for the Inn. For the coming weeks the place will have an international flavor before and after the matches.

AH-H-H, HE SMOKES LONDON DOCK
C.S.

Ashore or afloat, a smoke of note is London Dock. It's an aromatic tobacco that men enjoy and women appreciate. Get your hands on a golden foil package of this distinctively fragrant and completely satisfying blend. Your pipe will register approval. If you want to try a sample send 10 cents to...
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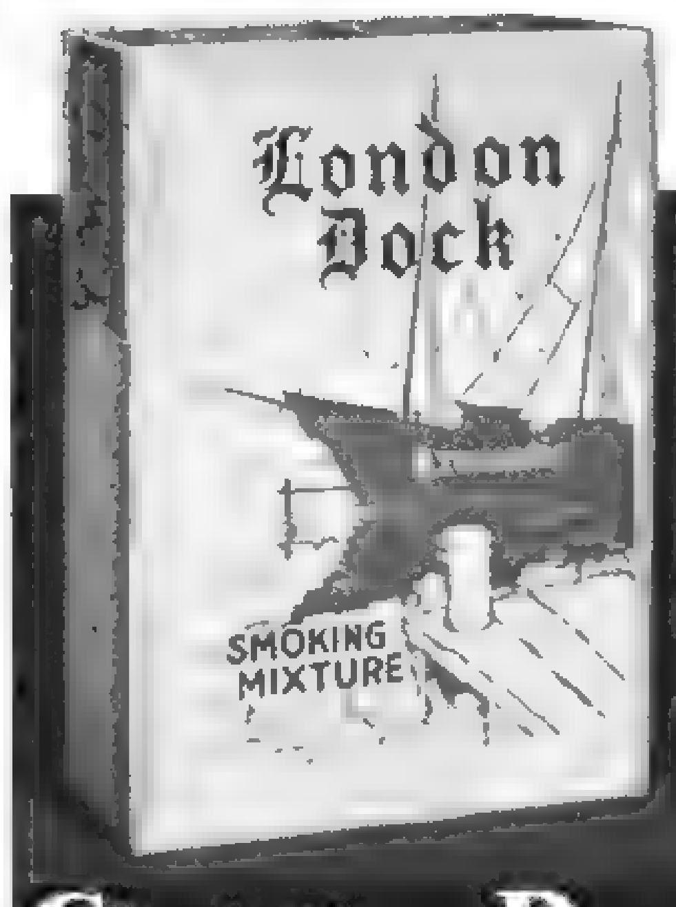

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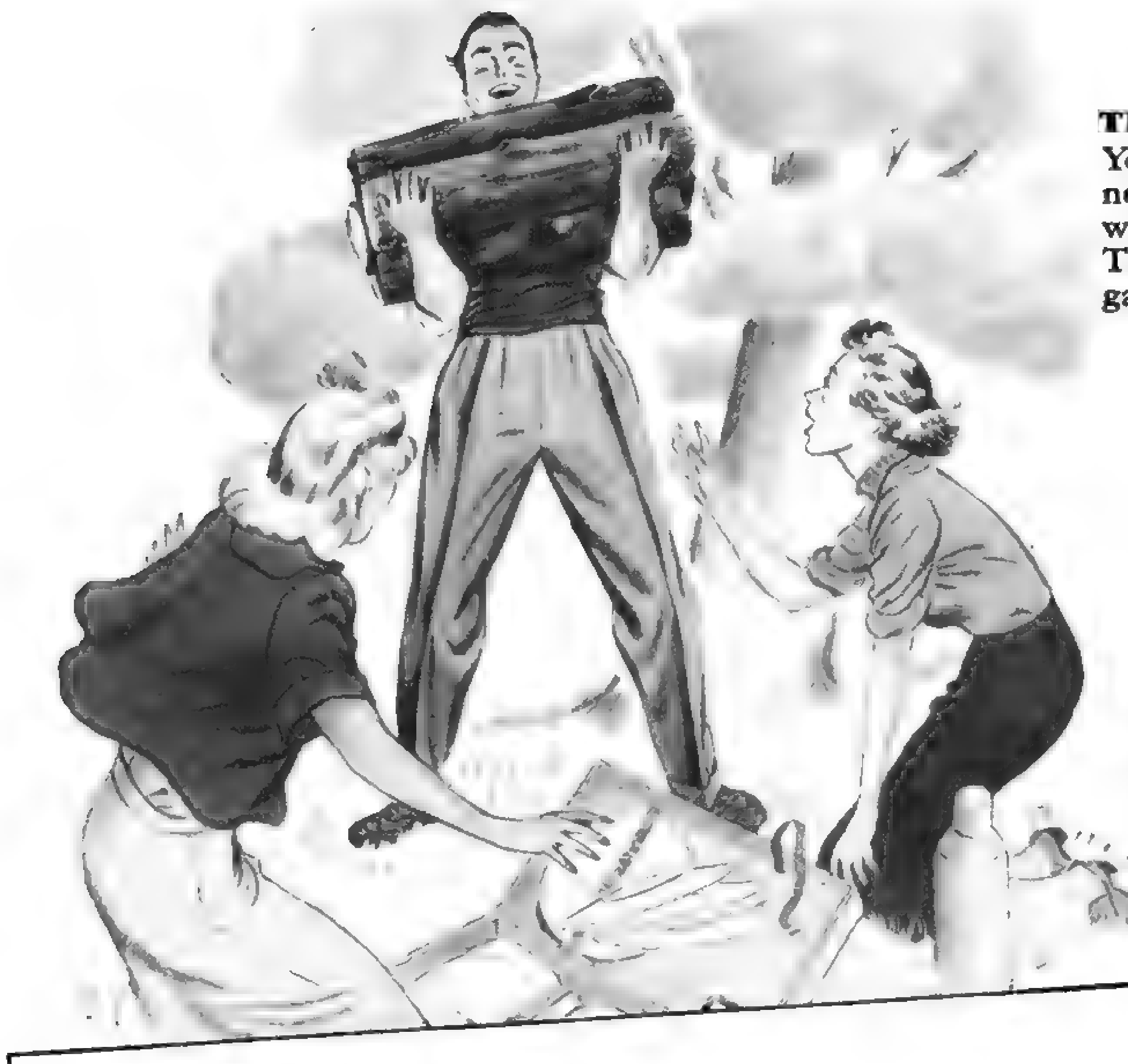

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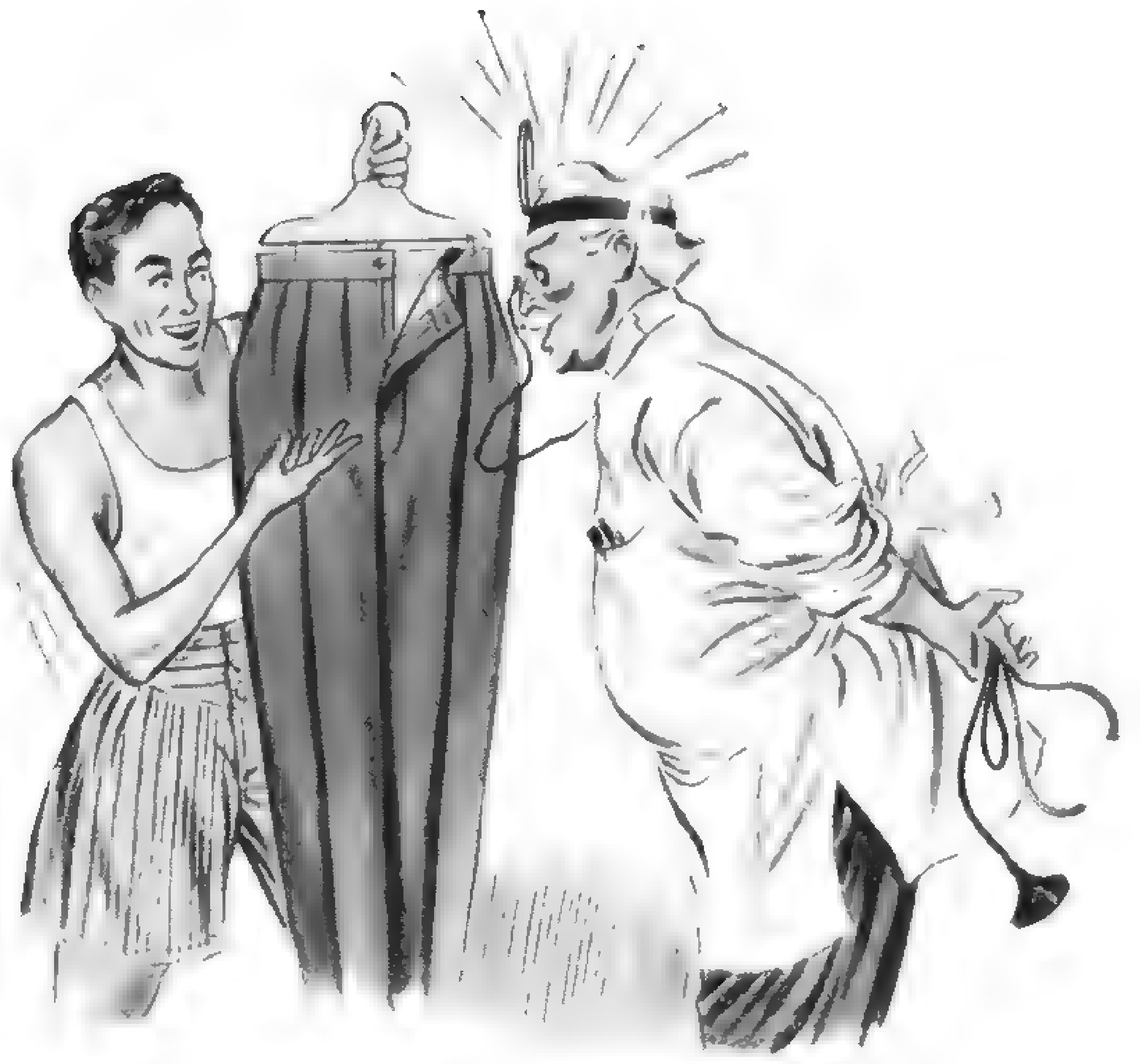
You *know* your trousers are neat when they're closed with the TALON fastener. There can be no unsightly gaps and no untidy bulges.



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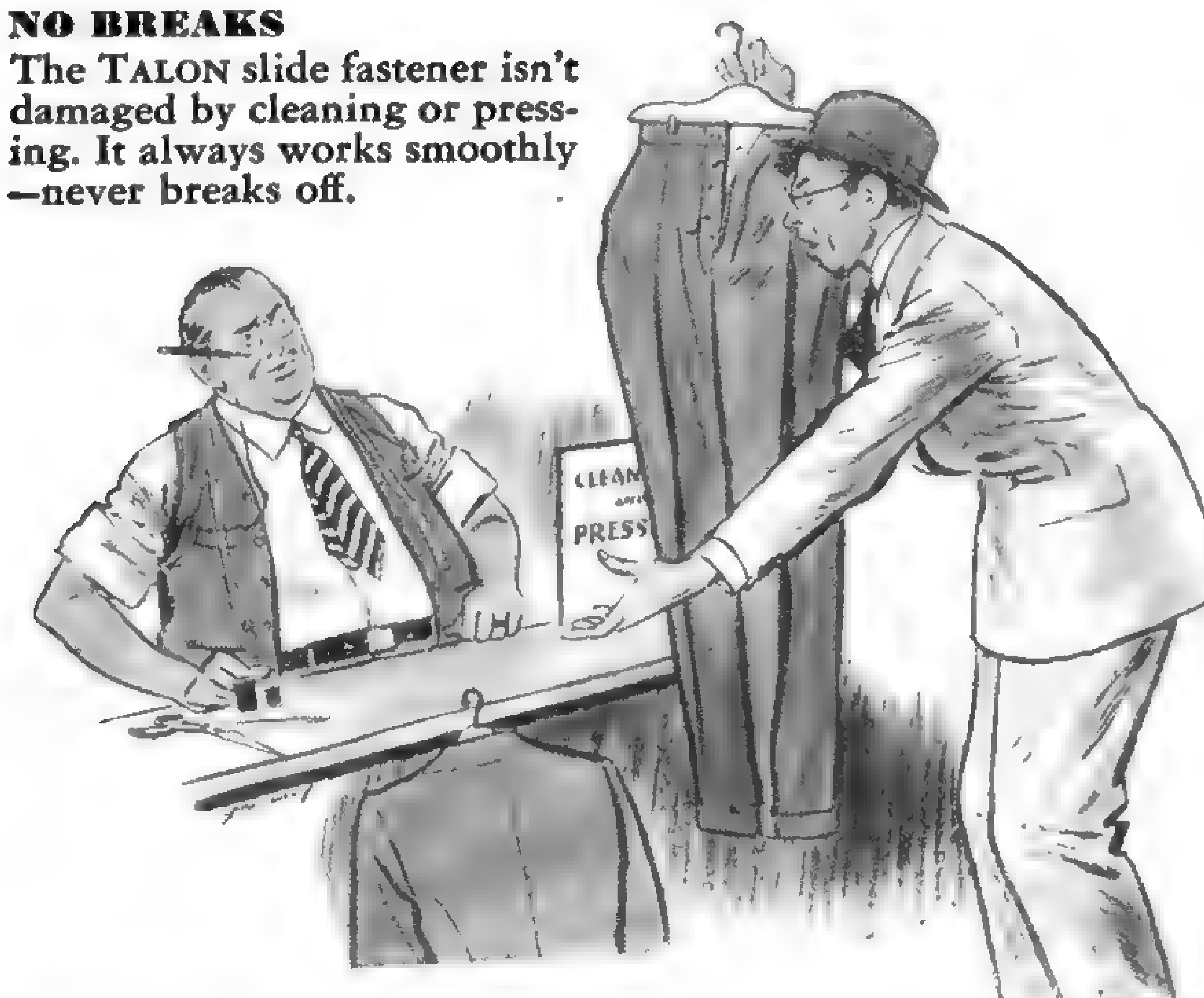
Your trousers can't open by accident. The TALON fastener locks securely at the top! It's as flexible as the fabric of the suit... and it doesn't catch underwear!

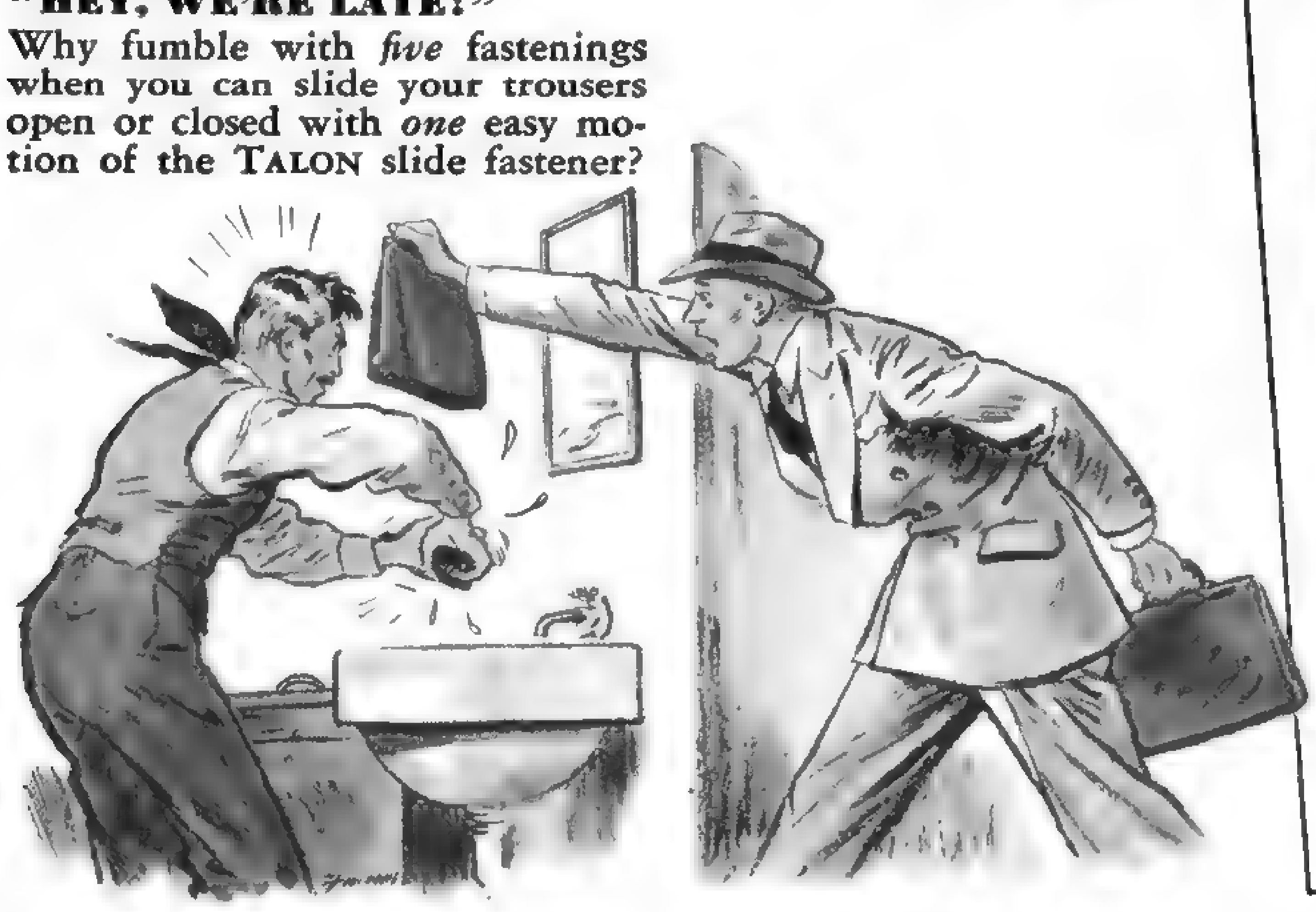
"Go back to *old-style* Pants? Not on your Life!"

TALON Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *fastener is so much quicker, neater, surer that millions of men now refuse to wear pants without it*

NO BREAKS
The TALON slide fastener isn't damaged by cleaning or pressing. It always works smoothly—never breaks off.



"HEY, WE'RE LATE!"
Why fumble with *five* fastenings when you can slide your trousers open or closed with *one* easy motion of the TALON slide fastener?



WHAT A DIFFERENCE!
Notice (above) how old-style closures often gap ... and (below) how flat-lying the TALON fastener is!

PUT your magazine down a moment and take a peek at your trousers.

Does your fly lie smooth and flat ... or does it gap and bulge?

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Are you always sure your trousers are *properly* closed ... or are you forever having to "check up" on them?

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The Talon trouser fastener now comes as an *extra value* on better-made suits and slacks of all prices.

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TRY THE ***TALON*** *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Lyon Mearson

LYON MEARSON claims he got over a hundred fan letters after the publication of his article about his Mexican divorce in Esquire—all commending him on the story and asking for the address of his Mexican lawyer. He says: "I wrote three mystery novels before my publisher and I found out that I couldn't write them, but this was long after the readers had come to that conclusion. We separated on reasonably good terms and I found another one to publish *The French They Are a Funny Race.* It is true that this last publisher went bankrupt but I insist that my book had nothing to do with it. He would have never gone broke if he had not spent too much money on the book. Spending money was his only extravagance."

•

JOHN BENTON (*In a Country Jail*—page 65) wrote: "Sorry, but this is what I look like." He is a Kentuckian, crowding fifty years, twenty-five of which he has spent in the newspaper game. He's free-lanced on feature stuff since 1930. He got to be manager of a Federal Transient Camp and got material for two stories for the *Post* —his first appearance in a slick magazine. He is fond of beer and allergic to red fingernails, most females and all paper napkins.

John Benton

JOHN ROLFE once won a national high school essay contest on the subject of thrift (he's never saved a penny) and he decided then and there to live by writing. The prize was two hundred fifty dollars and a year's tuition in any American University. He picked Arizona. His first job was with an Aurora, Illinois, manufacturer. He rose from office boy to publicity writer—ten bucks more a month. The Depression fixed that, and he wrote radio scripts. Later he joined the CCC and liked it. Now he's Advertising Manager for a steel locker manufacturer in Aurora.

•

CHARLES MORROW WILSON comes from a long line of Arkansawyers. He was raised on a small farm near Fayetteville and graduated from the University of Arkansas in 1926. He has done newspaper reporting for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* and the *New York Times.* He has a farm in Vermont and two beautiful, intelligent and social tomcats. His books include—*Acres of Sky, Rabble Rouser, Meriwether Lewis of Lewis & Clark, Backwoods America,* and *Aroostook.* His stories have appeared in *Harper's, Scribner's,* the *Post,* etc. He makes his virgin appearance in Esquire with *I'm a Strong Man,* page 56.

Charles Morrow Wilson

•

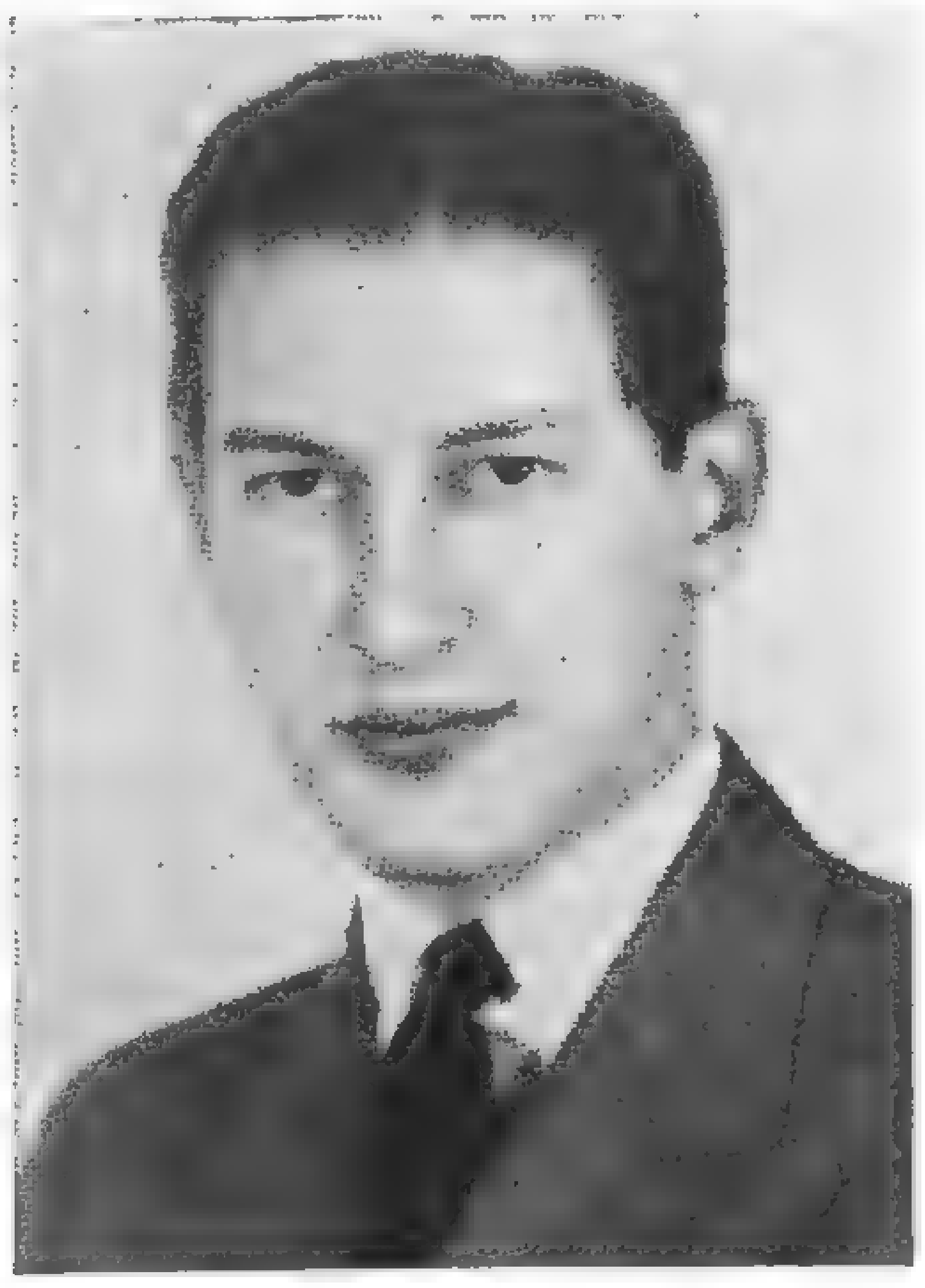
In order to make an honest gallery of the Whitney Museum, it behooves us to quote this letter:

"HARRY SALPETER'S otherwise excellent article on my life and work in the July Esquire, *Emil Ganso: Handy Artist,* was somewhat blemished by a misstatement of fact which I hope you will give me an opportunity to correct. Informed by a source which has proved scrupulous on most occasions, Mr. Salpeter wrote of my painting, *The Black Veil,* that the black lace covering was painted over the nude by suggestion from the Whitney Museum, to which the painting was to have been sent for exhibition, and that eventually a still life was substituted. The Whitney Museum has made it a policy not to censor paintings of artists whose work it invites for exhibition and the Museum did not in this instance deviate from that policy. If it is not inappropriate to say so in this place, the Whitney Museum has been one of my most constant and loyal friends and I have had more than one occasion to be grateful and appreciative for the friendliness and consideration that the Museum has shown to me.

Very truly yours,
Emil Ganso"

•

MARTIN DREYER confesses he often feels sorry for himself and at such times he writes best. He is twenty-nine, unmarried, lives in Houston, Texas. His family thinks he's lazy. He is deeply interested in the psychic and has been working on a compilation of strange coincidences for some time. He is also taking a shot at writing a novel. Lately he has sold stories to *Prairie Schooner, Bachelor, Colony* and *Ten Story Book.* His *Laughter in the Tivoli* is on page 67.



Martin Dreyer

•

DON WILLIAMS who contributed *Hamstringing the Hangover,* page 72 says: "My first hangover was born in South Dakota, nursed through Centre College (Kentucky) and eleven years of newspaper work, and grew to full manhood under the stimulus of two years of fiction writing. It is now a beauty, and will probably become worse when the Sound and Furiers start dosing it with their own private hangover cures."

•

ANDRÉ MAUROIS was elected to the French Academy on June 23, of this year to fill the seat made vacant by the death of Rene Doumic. This seat numbered twenty-six, has had only nine occupants since 1634—demonstrating the physical vigor of French scholars.

Alvin F. Harlow

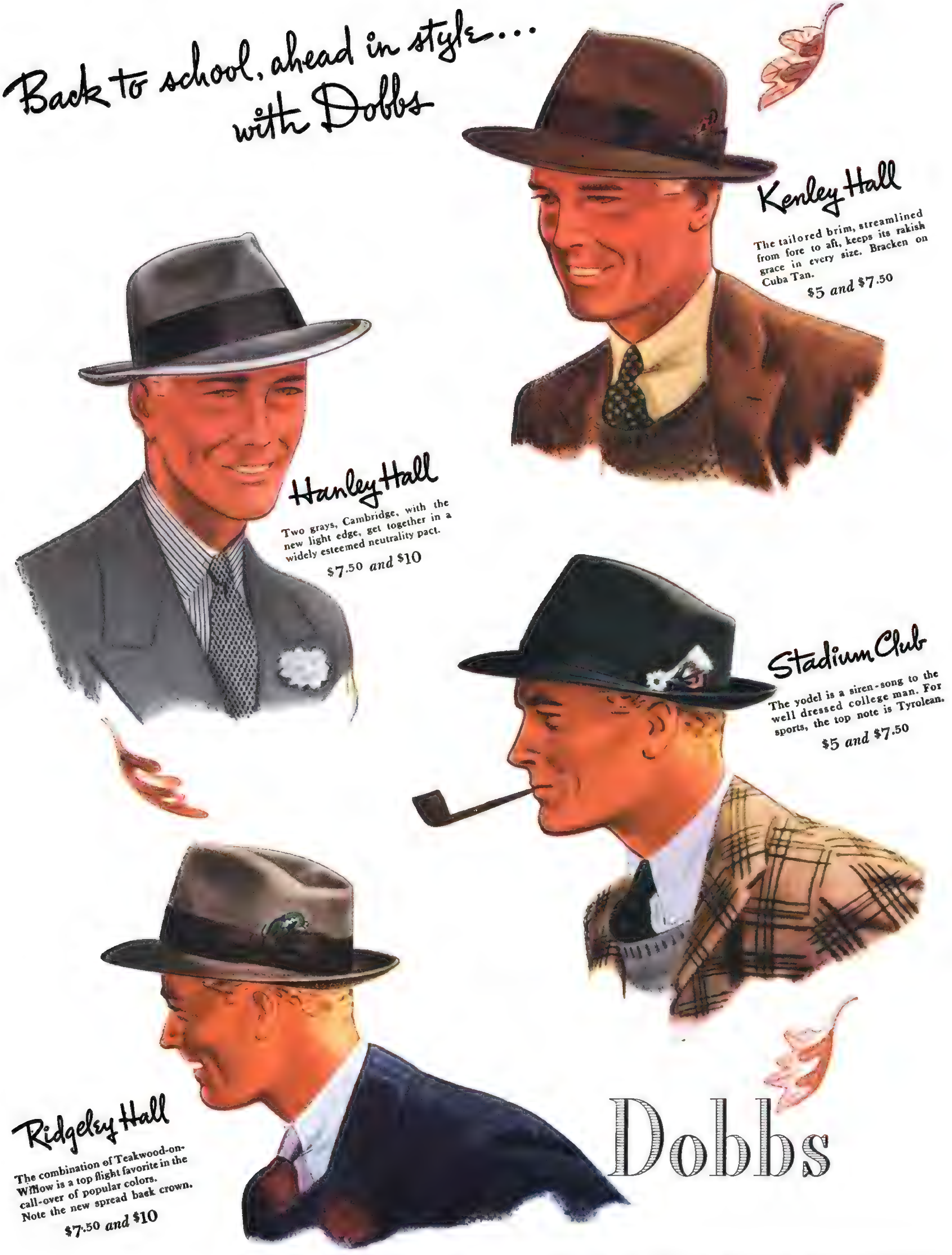
ALVIN HARLOW'S latest book is *Murders Not Quite Solved,* a collection of true murder mysteries, published last April. He is a historian of transportation and communication, and also of New York's Bowery. He has been an occasional theatrical biographer, a magazine writer (his *Schoolhouse in the Foothills,* continued in the *Post,* drew the largest fan mail in the magazine's history) and a large contributor to the new dictionaries of biography and history. His contribution to this issue is *Unrecognized Stars,* page 75.

•

C. W. MUDD, who claims the title of our **Discovery of the Month** with *The Eight Ball,* page 59, says he isn't nearly this pretty. He was born in Charleston, West Virginia, in 1906, lived near Pittsburgh during some of his grammar school days, and has spent most of his time since in southern West Virginia. One cold winter he attended night classes at Northwestern University. He has made the usual round of jobs: bookkeeping, factory hand, insurance agent, rodman on a surveying party, salesman, newspaper man. Four years ago he started writing hard. He completed forty stories, most of them lost in the flood last year, which he feels is just as well.

C. W. Mudd

Back to school, ahead in style... with Dobbs



Kenley Hall

The tailored brim, streamlined from fore to aft, keeps its rakish grace in every size. Bracken on Cuba Tan.

$5 and $7.50

Hanley Hall

Two grays, Cambridge, with the new light edge, get together in a widely esteemed neutrality pact.

$7.50 and $10

Stadium Club

The yodel is a siren-song to the well dressed college man. For sports, the top note is Tyrolean.

$5 and $7.50

Ridgeley Hall

The combination of Teakwood-on-Willow is a top flight favorite in the call-over of popular colors. Note the new spread back crown.

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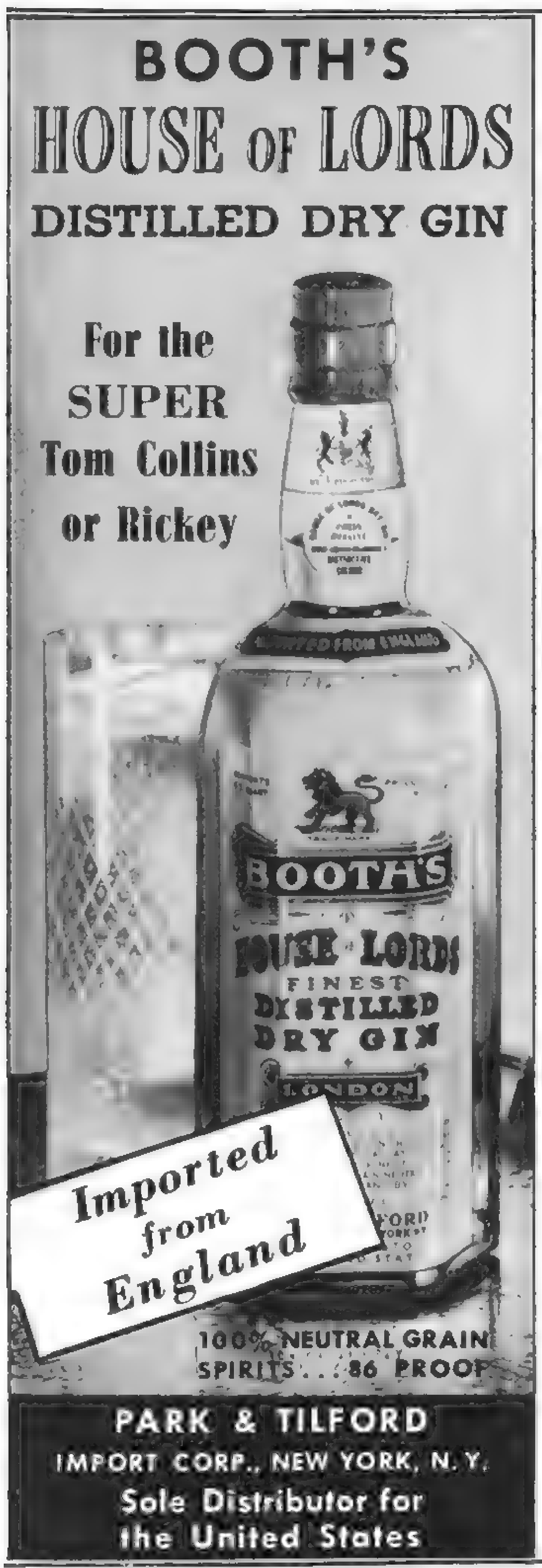

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Presenting distinguished French Provincial Cuisine par excellence and a carefully selected cellar for connaisseurs. Air conditioned.
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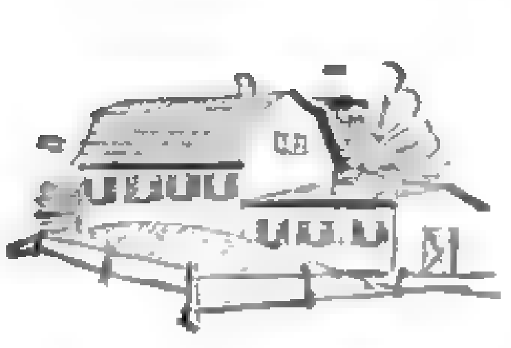
Rudy Vallee will doubtless go down in the history of this particular musical (?) era as one of the corner-stones of a new form of entertainment. Sitting on the handsome Astor Roof one night we marveled at the ingenuity and freshness of his attack. Ten years is a long time for a favorite, and the matrons and lasses seem to pant as much over him now as when he began. He has a nice knack of dramatizing a tune. The Roof, by the way, is one of the delights of those of us caught in town. We found there a fine hot weather drink made of Booker's Demerara Rum, cooling and wholly satisfying.

We went to Ben Marden's Riviera with a foreign architect who almost wept at the lost opportunity afforded by the view. If he had the job he would have arranged the stage at the river side and had the seats, amphitheatre-fashion, facing the Hudson's grandeur and using the bridge as a backdrop. But after he had seen the floor show the architect agreed that perhaps there were other things as lovely as nature. The Riviera should be visited.

On our rounds it is pleasant to note that the same thing that made a tavern popular in the days of good Ben Johnson is true today—mine host. A case in point is the Essex House which sat alone in its architectural grandeur, such as it is, for a long time. Then along came Oscar Wintrab and now the place is the social center of that part of town. If it isn't Richard Himber and his swing organization it is another of equal popularity in the dance department. The Terrace, facing the Park, adds a continental touch and the whole place reflects the better airs of hostelries abroad.

Arthur Brown at the Madison Bar applied psychology to the cocktail lounge. Instead of all the prizes going to the ladies, the gentlemen (who pay the checks) get a pair of shoes or a dozen neckties now and then. More than the prize is winning the critical eye of the Judges, Lois Long, Kay Austin and Anita Colby. We'd forego the ties for that. Another pleasant feature of the bar is Patricia Lynn who sings and plays the accordion. Miss Lynn has everything that it takes for superior entertaining. The Daiquiris, Cuban style, are still tops at the Madison.

Another spot that is helped by personality is the Glass Hat room of the Belmont Plaza. There Jean Lambert sees that the air is at the right temperature, your food is of the best the kitchen affords and that you generally have a good time. Last visit we saw a personable team of young dancers in the Glass Hat—Ray and Grace MacDonald. They should go far.



The White Turkey Inn, on Route 7, three miles north of Danbury, Connecticut, is one of those taverns comparable to the famous provincial restaurants of France. It is not just a roadside tea shoppe, but a superb dining place. It happens to be set in the early American pattern as to decor and architecture, but the food does not follow the mould too religiously. We encountered one of the best meals of our meandering there, starting with a generous cocktail, then into a cheese soup (the chef won't divulge the recipe) and fried chicken as you used to have it at home. There are all sorts of vegetables, of course, and during the meal you are besieged with all those condiments and knicknacks that you get only when a guest.

Our Virginia scout, who has traversed the historic province from end to end, reports that the Cavalier, at Virginia Beach, is one of the high spots of the season. The dining and cocktail terrace at the Beach Club overlaps the ocean and Johnny Long and his orchestra play as they used to play at the old Duke U. proms.

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"What's the difference— it's money ain't it?"

It's a back room in that dump off the Lower Square. But better not drop in without an invite. They've got blankets on the window and their nerves are as jumpy as the old press they're using. Counterfeiting's dynamite.

What would you say to buying some "cash"—at a bargain! Why not? It's money ain't it?

• • •

Perhaps. But most people have a saner viewpoint. They know that money is either good or no good . . . and that's that. But with merchandise a valuation is more difficult. Who's to say whether it's good or no good? That's where the kind of people who read The New York Sun come in. Their acceptance can push any style or product into profitable prominence.

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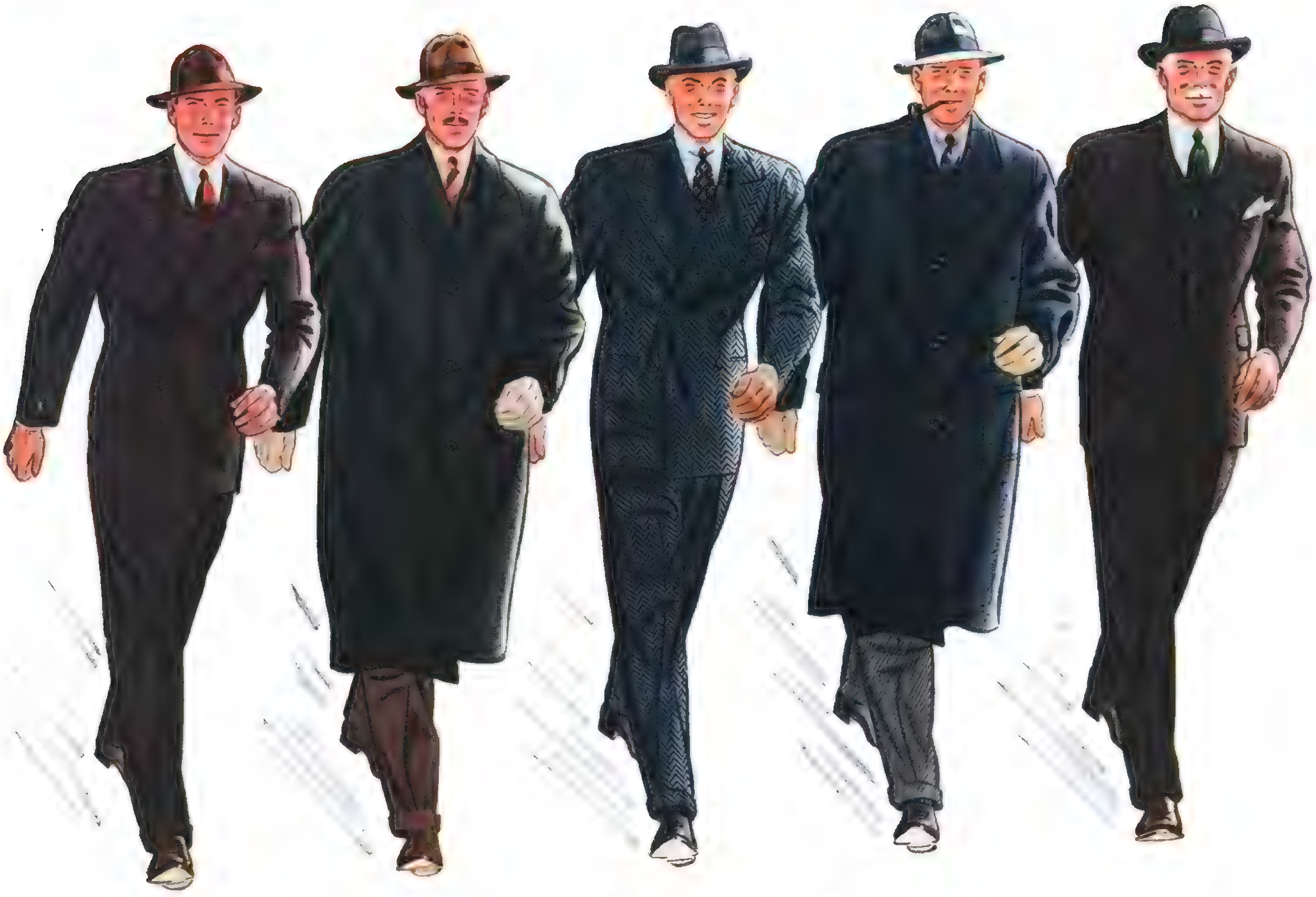

in the Hart Schaffner & Marx

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OBSERVER WORSTED SUITS

. . . tailored of fabrics observed by Robert Surrey (Hart Schaffner & Marx' ace style reporter) at the nation's leading birthplaces of fashions.

THE RAMBLER COAT

An all-purpose coat that's made from *three* sturdy, durable hair fibers (not just one) . . . alpaca, mohair and wool. It's a "Bear for Wear."

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Tailored of a rich, long-wearing fabric that has been rigidly tested three times . . . first for quality, then for value, then for style.

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The coat that has 25,184 hair fibers to the square inch and that has an extra season of wear built into it because of its extreme density.

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THE TRUMPETER LABEL *A Small Thing To Look For . . . A Big Thing To Find*

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The Kid Wants to Know

The boy figured if money keeps going around, A, B, C and D finally get it all back and Uncle Sam still owes them

by R. B. JOHNS

▪ SATIRE ▪

Listen. Don't ever try to do any serious thinking about this here profit system. It'll drive you nuts.

It's like electricity or the weather or running water or any of those things that were here before any of us present-day human beings showed up on the lot. Nobody ever gives things like that a tumble until some twelve-year-old school boy maybe begins to ask questions.

You can use your own judgment but if you happen to ask me, the first time one of the kids wants to have the profit system explained, duck it. Change the subject or laugh it off or take him to a movie or something but don't start in to explain it.

The early stages, or you might say the preliminaries, won't give you any trouble to speak of. By that I mean it's easy enough to illustrate what a profit is and how you go about trying to get one. The complications pop up when the boy's curiosity gets to working.

Kids are funny that way and ordinarily I handle little matters of that kind by throwing a thumb in the general direction of the *Webster's Collegiate* and let the lad wangle it out himself. I did that very thing in this case and after chalking off a few obsolete meanings, the boy comes up with—here, you can read it yourself.

Profit—*n.* (1) *The excess of returns over expenditures in a given transaction; also, the excess of income over expenditures as in a business, during a given period of time.* (2) *The share of the employing classes in the distribution of the products of industry, as distinct from wages or rent.*

Well, that didn't look so tough but the boy messed me up right quick on that business transaction part. He'd been studying something in school about the white man bartering with the Indians. Exchanging guns and whisky for fur and things. I have to admit his Indian example had all the earmarks of a business transaction and right away he wants to know where the profit comes in on a deal like that. I explain that when a person exchanges something he has for something another person has, it's a kind of even Stephen deal and nobody exactly makes a profit unless one of them cheats the other by trading maybe a string of beads for a sealskin coat.

So, the boy concludes then in order to make yourself any kind of a profit you have to give somebody a first-rate trimming.

Hm-m-m. I see I'm getting my feet wet so I try another slant. My boy, I say, business as described by Mr. Webster is not just two people dealing with each other. It's composed of a group of people and they all contribute something into a big general fund. Then after a certain amount of transactions take place, a man takes out what he puts in plus a little extra for profit.

Son wants to know if that ain't the same as the way he saw us playing poker the other night.

I say, yes, that's practically the same idea and he says, daddy, how's come you didn't take out what you put in plus a little extra for profit?

Ain't it hell the way these kids can back you up behind the eight ball like that?

I start off on another angle by telling him business is a little different because everybody don't put money in the general fund. Some people put their labor in. I even branch out a little to include a fact or two of life and point out how the growth of the country since the Indian trading days has made it necessary to have industries where the employing classes put their money in the general fund and the rest of us put in our labor.

Son wants to know how the man that puts in the labor gets his profit out of the general fund.

I fall back on Mr. Webster and show him number (2) where it says profit applies only to the employing classes and is distinct from wages paid to people who work.

Son asks whether the working man takes out exactly what he puts in and I say I guess so. He's got me guessing now.

Then he lets me have it.

If the working class takes out just as much as it puts in and the employing class takes out more than it puts in, how do they keep the general fund from getting empty?

That's just the way he put it.

Us guys on the sidelines ain't supposed to think, I know, but I'm just putting down what passes for thought in cases like that. The depression, you know the one I'm talking about, popped in my mind.

Was that an example of the tank going dry or was it? It come to me all of a sudden that maybe they kept up this put and take operation till the takers damn near broke up the playhouse, if you know what I mean.

I thought I'd give the boy the benefit of all this newfound economic wisdom so I said, Son, that's just what happened. The tank began to run dry so the government stepped in, borrowed a lot of money from the guys that had it and poured it back in the tank.

I began to feel real smart about the whole thing. Nothing will boost your stock like being able to tear off a quick answer to some of these big, important problems.

The trouble was, the boy kept on asking questions. He next wanted to know whether the same people kept on taking out of the tank after the government filled it up again. I tell him yes, at last reports they're at it hot and heavy, having noticed a few headlines about extra dividends and such.

So, Son wants to know if the tank is going to run dry again the same way it did before.

No, I tell him, they got it fixed now so the government takes it away from the profit makers by taxation and siphons it back into the tank.

Why, says Son, do the profit makers bother about making any profit if the government takes it all away from them afterward?

This has a familiar sound some way and I remember after a moment where I've heard it before. No less an authority than General Hugh (tell 'em) Johnson has been putting out the absolute low-down on this very subject. So I say, Son, get the evening paper and read the General's column. He's got the right answer to anything you want to know.

Maybe you didn't know it but I'm plenty willing to let the General or anybody else take over this explaining job.

I don't get off that easy though. The boy rassles around with the General's column for a while and finally drags me back into the argument on account of some of the General's four-dollar words.

It takes me and the missus and *Webster's Collegiate* about half an hour to find out what he's talking about.

In everyday language it seems the General don't like the idea of socking heavy taxes on the guy who makes a lot of dough. The dope is that after a guy accumulates himself some important money you don't dare put

Continued in center of page 114

MR A
MR B
MR C
MR D
RODNEY DE SARNO

The Silver Fleet of Time

Yellow Trenchcoat rushes the Italians first for they are bad soldiers, they fear cold steel, and wilt under bombs

by PAUL HAGGARD

• FICTION •

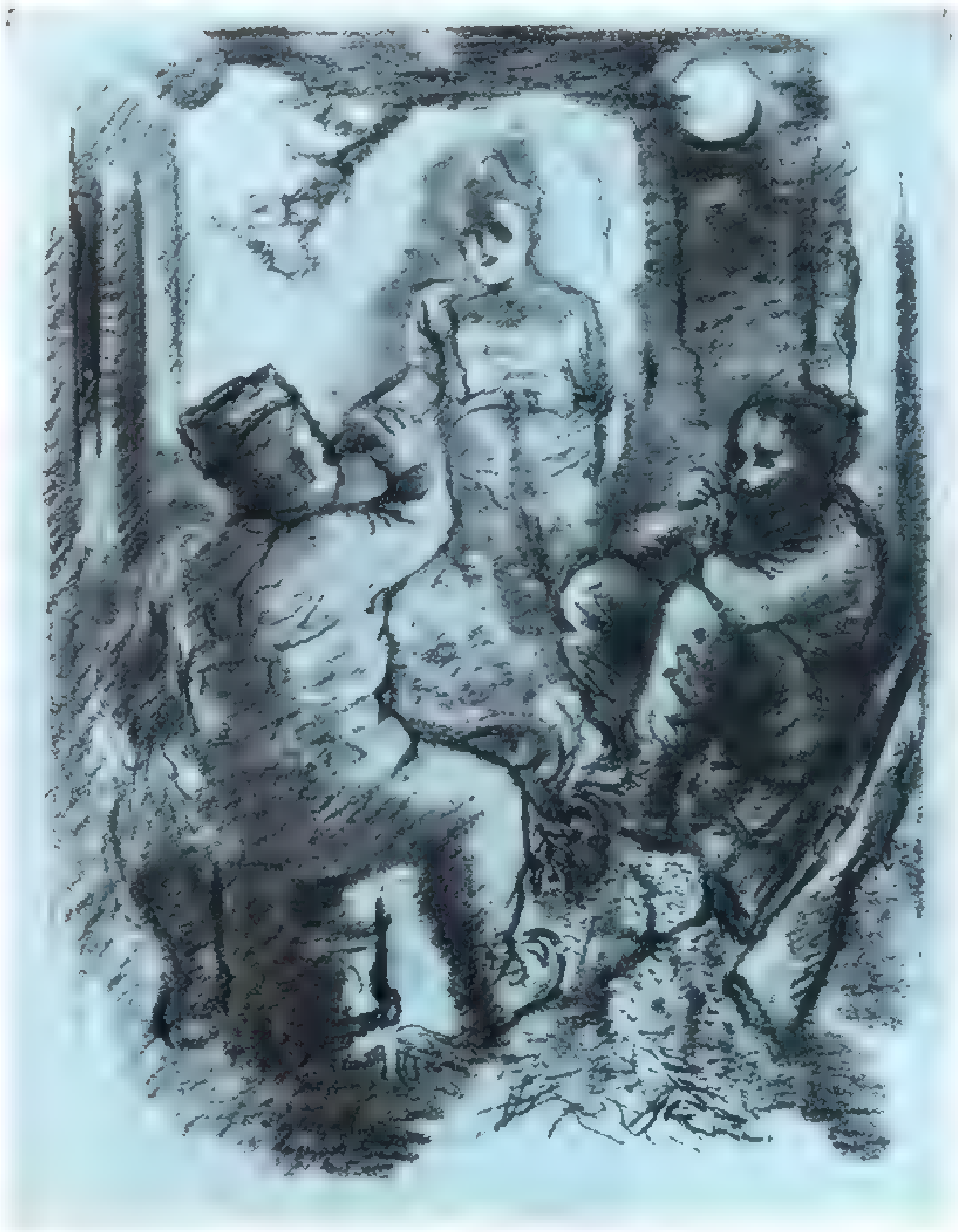
The 75's never came—neither did the counterattack. We lay prostrate a long time listening to the glib jargon of shellfire and the calcium glare of damage that added traceries of wrinkles to the hills in a steady barrage. There were many duds, and as night came down over tortured cypress trees, the demonic ecstasy of war slackened and the two hill-clinging armies lowered their battle-fixed eyes and prepared for sleep. Only the sharp snap of outpost rifle-chatter cracked up out of the calm shadows of late twilight to keep us alert. We are relieved at the fourteenth hour by yellow little miners that smoke big black cigars and carry the mad looseness of raw dynamite sticks in their belts. They bring their mascot; a reeking goat, with the red eye of a politician. With a last good-luck-to-you we are out and down the hill like tiptoeing gazelles and making for the village. Heavy dews and the low light slow us at last, as less than fifty men, that the morning dawn had seen as four hundred, we trudged along. We speak not of the dead and missing—many times it has happened and some cracked, crazy, cloud-crossed dawn, or some chill, deep-draped night, would find us missing and no one asking the precarious means of our passing.

But we think nothing of this now—and once on the road we break into a bawdy song led by the fingers of the Crazy Kid. We skip nimbly around the dark shapes on the road—stopping now and then to end the wild heave of smashed horses or to prop the moaning bundles of rags that beg for water, priests, or homes, by the roadside. The dead we leave alone, except for a pair of good shoes—now and then.

An hour later, I am sitting in a roofless red brick barn watching Big Stomach fricassee a stolen hen in a basin of glowing charcoal. Like in his tank busting, he is calm and expert as he dips a tin spoon in the gravy, and designs with loving care the garlic nubbins where they will do the most good. Cherrynose sits on an empty petrol tin and with the smallest pencil stub I have ever seen, is making marks on a dirty bit of paper. I close the dog-eared volume of *Mort d'Arthur* that I had picked off a red-capped staff officer we had captured in a railroad tunnel, and look up at the silly stage set of the open heavens. Everything is too perfect—too bright—too romantic in the big moon's unsolicited light . . . A perfect night for bombers, and we had grown to love the foggy façades of darkness very much, ever since the enemy had been gloating over us in the sky with his Italian and German air-fleets. Our own planes, we see too little, or not at all. They are needed over Madrid to keep the innocent enemy sport of baby killing down to a minimum. All around us the homy bustle of troops busy with the evening meal makes pleasant stirring around us.

Cherrynose puts away his letter—and I can almost quote his questions of crops and soil and dung, and the state of health of the shirtless babies on the earth floor. He pulls on his shoe-string mustache and sighs.

"It's a good year for olives. Plenty of sun and a good washing rain ought to make them this big." He holds two fingers up with enough to spare for a tennis ball.



Big Stomach wipes his bayonet on his shirt and says, as he stirs the golden torso of the hen, "I could use some olives right now—with a few strands of lettuce, some golden oil, and I'd show you a salad fit for a king."

I stir the fire with my foot and admire the sheer beauty of the hen. "A fine way for a Republican to talk. Kings."

"They ate well. What can a man do better than eat?"

Cherrynose sniffs at the corpse of the chicken, gold-brown and crackling in the pan. "Thank goodness, food is not my God."

"Fine—then Chico and I will have the breasts and you will bore yourself eating the limbs."

Suddenly from the hills there comes a fierce blast of thunder and sudden flashes of bellicosity grind fire into the face of the night.

Quickly Big Stomach hoods himself over the fire, prepared to sell his life and hen dearly. Cherrynose and I leap to our guns. We wait, breathing slowly, eying each other, saying nothing. The chicken bastes and the hot yellow skin, fat-dripped, crackles in our ears like distant gun fire.

Nothing. We relax. Cherrynose looks at me and asks an opinion.

"Well Chico—nervous farm boys firing at shadows—no?"

"I hope so—yes. I don't want to fight until we get outside that chicken. Must we wait for the war to end to eat?"

Big Stomach moans. "If this war would only end. I've lost thirty pounds in the last two months."

"From where?" I ask, inspecting the tun-shaped figure.

Big Stomach pounds his heart. "From here—poor Spain. All these foreign dogs tramping over her with their slick heels. All these fools with their little theories and loud mouths."

I test a finger in hen grease and taste it.

"Even the enemy has no use for their allies, the prisoners tell us. More garlic."

"And where am I going to get it? I'm not in the wholesale grocery business now. Say, my wife has a secret way of cutting pockets in the chicken and then sewing in cloves. Clever woman!"

"She shows talent."

"Must you talk about wives?" snorts Cherrynose.

I laugh. "You two married men worry about your wives more than about the war. Don't you trust them?"

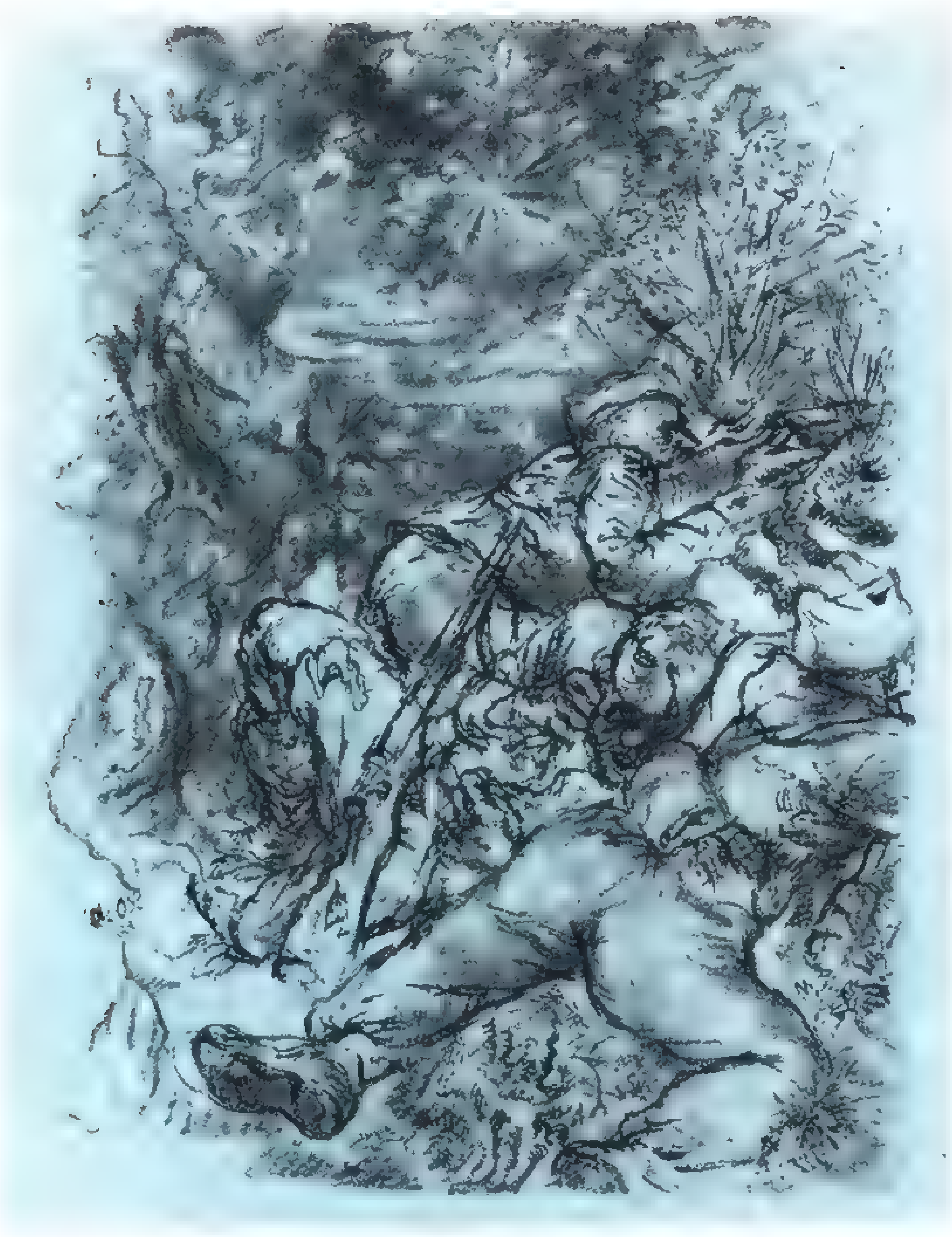
"Any fool can fight a war. But women are an art; an unknown art, that's the rub." Cherrynose inspects the bottles of Absinthe and Benedictine that he has traded for a German airman's boots—we shot him down over a field-hospital—and says softly. "My young one, some day you will have a wife and then you'll stop asking silly questions. Women aren't normal creatures. They do the damnedest things."

Big Stomach divides the steaming chicken in mess pans and wipes his mouth after a pull on the Benedictine.

"There was a dark, silly-looking bullfighter hanging around the house when I was home on leave last month. My wife says he was her cousin. Maybe Roman noses do belong in her family. What could I do?"

"Send for her family tree."

"Ah, Chico—I should have—and wrapped it around his neck. The dandy, with his little pigtail and his hard calves. He used scent—



honest." He laughs until his big belly joins him in mirth and then the two of them laugh some more and eat chicken. I tear the sweet meat with my teeth and lick my fingers. I drink Absinthe out of the bottle and it tastes like rotting wood, and I wonder where my manners have gone. With the wind, no doubt—with the Spain I used to love—with my two school friends that are doubled up in a short common grave outside the Toledo Road—with my brother who died among the dilettante staff officers on General Franco's staff, when a plane smashed bombs down on a party they were giving for some visiting wenches. My poor noble brother with a head full of royal fluff.

The food sticks in my throat and I cry quietly for my dead brother and my dead hopes of becoming a painter. "The New Goya," the French and English critics had called me—but now even the sketch pad in my pack was blank, except for the pencil note that Big Blonde had written on it that night I bought her two bottles of Pommery Brut in that twice buried-over village, under the tattered orange-brown cork trees.

All she had wanted was some silk stockings and a carton of soap. She had written this down on the sketch pad and kissed me on the mouth. I liked Big Blonde—and I try not to think that most regiments that passed the cork-tree village did the same.

She was different from the women I had dreamed about, read about, studied in the art galleries of the continent. Those creatures—half fire—half milk—with minds like French philosophers and faces like Greek coins. I sigh for all the soft romantic quagmires of my innocent youth, and the hardened warrior of twenty-two. I go back to the realism of chicken, eaten with bare fingers in a roofless barn with the landscape of unburied dead around me.

Yellow Trenchcoat comes in. His face scarred with bandages over his copper wire beard. He sniffs through his flattened nose and runs his tongue around in front of his strong yellow teeth.

"Something queer going on up ahead. Too quiet. Just keep your eyes peeled. Stealing chickens again I see, huh?" he growled.

Big Stomach offers up a wing dripping in sauce. "My wife sent it through the post. The soul of kindness, that woman—'don't forget the handsome sergeant' she said."

Yellow Trenchcoat tears off white meat and chews, as the sauce drips amber on his bronze beard.

"By wireless, most likely. We haven't had mail for two weeks."

I grin. "You ought to be in the hospital with your face. The nurses will get used to it."

"My innocents—there is no hospital."

"No?"

"No. There is nothing behind us but half of Spain."

"But the guns; the tanks?"

"A bluff of three batteries and a tank corps; those louse-sized ones."

"Book ends are all they are good for."

"What's up?"

"The Brass Hat expects an enemy smash through the upper hills and has moved everything—even the soup kitchens—around to mass for an attack."

Big Stomach says, "So soup kitchens are weapons now?"

"Ours could poison a division."

"We're just a shell here, and nothing covering our backsides—so keep your eyes open. They're too damn quiet out front to suit me. Those damn Moors move like Indians."

Yellow Trenchcoat drains the last drop from the pale green bottle and heaves it into a corner. He gives us a short censored salute with mock respect—sets fire to a small yellow cigarette stub and moves off to inspect and mooch food all along the line. He usually ends up with a taut stomach and a skin-full of wine. He is an old campaigner who would have waxed fat with the children of Israel in the Desert.

We sit in the squalid barn, and under the clear moon, play scat with a limp deck of cards that we know by feel—which is just as well—as the faces are almost all an oily blot—and I wonder at the lush growth of bacillus they must hold.

Far down the road a dog barks at the moon with a twittery ditty of kudos. The guttural echoes of his howls come back from the grim hills and the dog attempts to improve on his vocal hullabaloo. Someone kicks the dog without kindness, and the night is quiet again, except for the heels of the gun mules testing their walls, and the singsong of crickets deep in old habits.

We sit—three dirty unshaved soldiers, pleasurably inebriated by food and bartered wine, deep in small talk and gastric convalescence. Overhead, the stars are bright and we wonder over the picked chicken bones and bottles why the enemy fliers are missing the chance of a lifetime to inoculate us with a few stingers. The cards glide; the night is gay—and we are comfortable. Bad signs. Something is bound to happen.

The kicked dog whines in self-pity and a light wind tosses leaves in a silky rustle over the moon-silvered earth. The burnt ribs of the white town house are bathed in the mercy of moon-glow and shadows, and are very dynamic compositions that remind me of the Picasso Show I saw in Paris—about three thousand years ago, counting Sundays.

Suddenly a figure pops in on us. Bearded, filthy with the muck of outpost dirt, and gasping. We leap up at once—and reach without knowing it for our rifles. The bundle stirs and blood, foam-flecked, comes out of the black mouth instead of words. I put out an arm but the bundle falls, and as we bend over it, the winged buzz of bullets smashes over my head into some shelves of bottles. The glass slivers fly at us; we duck. I turn quickly and Big Stomach is calmly holding his vast-covered gut in bloody hands, and then plops down on his knees. His mouth breaks into a grin and he looks at his gore-stained stomach.

"I've had my full at last."

Then he dies. Cherrynose grabs me and I know nothing until I am in the carnage-studded photomontage of the street, feeding clips into my magazine. I will miss Big Stomach.

Around me is disaster as everybody loses their heads in the midst of the smashing surprise. Strange troops rim the village and we wilt under their fire as we dash to seek shelter. I see the dun turbans of the Moors, the dark, red-faced Carlists and the pale fear of Italian regulars. We are almost done for. We have grouped together to return fire. Dead men and mules litter the streets and tanks, like dark ghosts, are blasting hell into the white-washed hovels. Overhead now, are the air bombers—raining death in bombs and bullets, while on the flanks, I hear the clop-clop of spurred horses and I sink with fear as I think of the steel of mounted Arabs hacking at the fleeing stragglers.

A madman flashes into sight and waves bombs at the tanks. They come on steadily. Cherrynose wipes shreds of flesh from where he once had an ear and sighs.

"Ah, for Big Stomach and his gasoline

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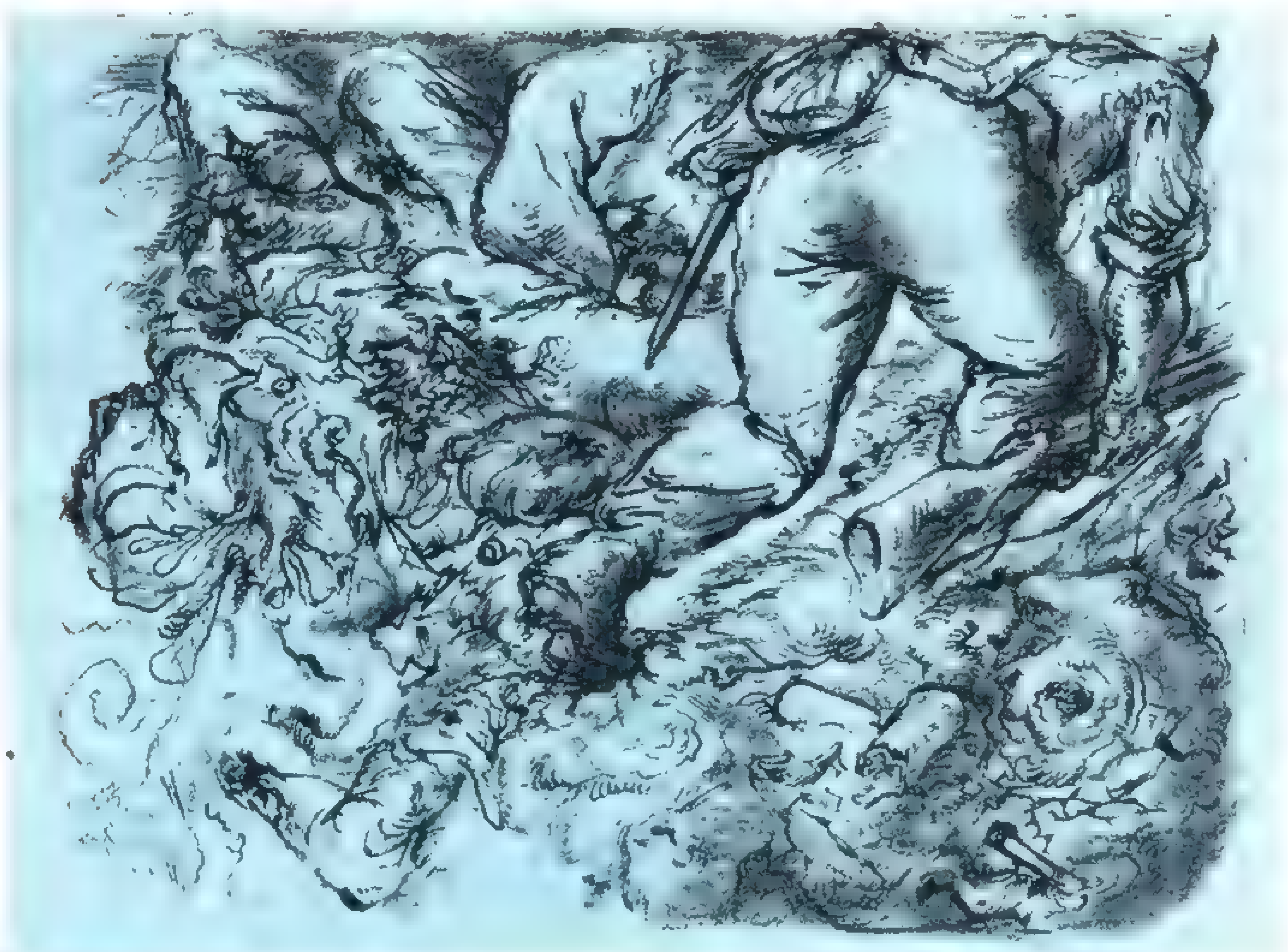


DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Laughing Don Juan

One might suppose Ferenc's bride would be a desperate creature who would take any man she could hook

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

I once knew a newsie, Ferenc Kis by name. He was a well-built, red-faced, mustached Hungarian. Full of pep, wine-drinking, card-playing, tobacco-smoking; there was nothing wrong with him except that both his legs were missing from the thighs down.

This newsie had been a locomotive-engineer once. His train was wrecked. He was injured and taken to the hospital. They had to amputate both his legs.

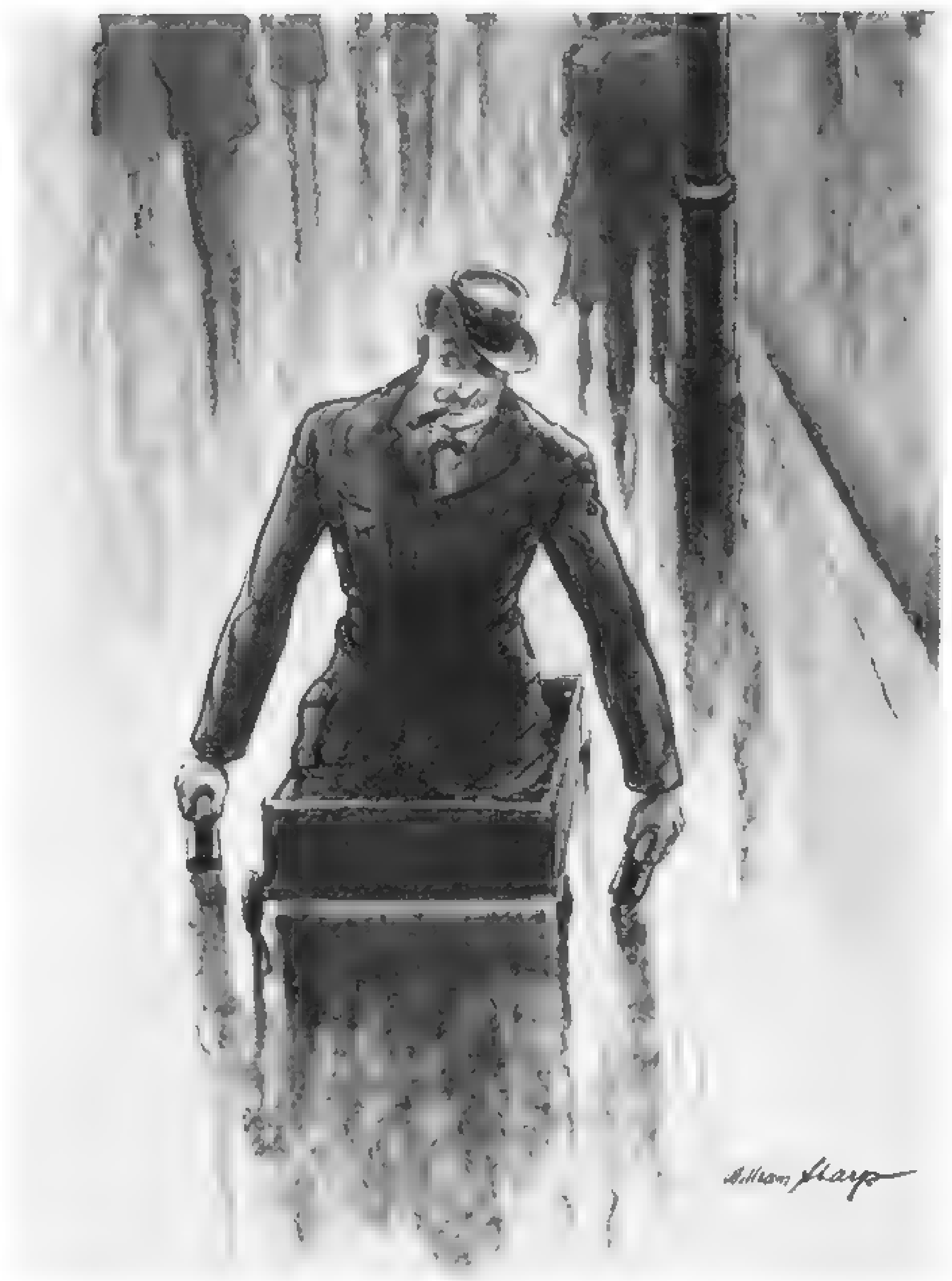
Such a misfortune might have driven a weaker man into melancholy or even insanity. God, however, had made Ferenc Kis of iron. Not only his body but also his soul was healed. As soon as his circulation could readjust itself to its shortened circuit his soul, too, became whole after the great shock. Ferenc Kis spent a few nights amidst thick sighs and cursings; then his personality overcame his sorrow. He shaved every morning very carefully. After shaving he lay there on the hospital bed legless, but with a mustache-band under his nose. He started teasing the nurses. He approached the head-physician for a double ration of wine. When they released him, he was the same old merry rascal, only he wasn't walking on his legs, but sat in a little wooden box. This box had wheels on it, and the former engineer propelled it by means of two brush-like mechanisms which were tied to his hands, and with which he pushed himself along.

He soon became adept at this method of transportation. He sped around on the asphalt like the very devil. He would yell at the pedestrians jocosely as he whizzed among them: "Look out! Here comes the choo-choo train!" He needed no help. He would raise the box at crossings with his own muscular hands onto the higher level of the sidewalks. Laughingly he would show the small wooden soles which were tied to his hands:

"I didn't know I had made such a good bargain! These things are a damn sight cheaper than your shoes!"

Naturally, he couldn't continue his engineering. But Ferenc Kis was able to solve without a hitch even the great problem of earning his bread. He became a newsie. He had a strong, merry voice. As soon as he took his post at the corner of the boulevard, he gathered a large clientele. Then came the War, the golden age of newspaper prosperity. The legless newsie hit on a very original idea: he hitched another small wagon to his box. In this manner he could transport two thousand newspapers at the same time. He turned into a veritable newspaper-train. Head-newsie. Distributor. He hired help. He had about as much income as a not-too-prosperous dentist. He lived like a fish in the water.

He wasn't afraid of the future. He didn't save. He squandered his money merrily, in accordance with his philosophy, which was summed up in the sententious old saw: "We live only once!"



He bought himself a gold watch and a huge signet ring. He kept his change on his chest in a small linen bag. He rolled into the cigar store—his head just reached up to the counter as he sat in his box—and spoke up to the heights cheerfully:

"Lower, dear Miss, here to the ground floor that box of cigars, so I can select me a couple of spotted Cubans; but make them blondes, because it's in girls only that I like brunettes, like you, dear Miss!"

Ferenc Kis took his meals in a restaurant. He had a table of his own over which he presided. When he rolled into the dining room, the waiter, the bartender, and even the proprietor himself were at hand to put him up beside the table, together with his box.

The newsie was selling the same newspaper for which I was working at that time. We belonged to the same family and knew each other. And soon mutual friendship developed between us. I was the first who began to take a liking to the legless man, because I deeply respected him for his gleeful courage. Then soon I could feel the many signs of his friendship, like the touching of a fine cobweb on my heart.

Sometime we would stop on the street for a talk. We talked at random about everything: life, business, the War. Ferenc Kis was an unflinching optimist, and nothing could disturb his cloudless, sunny skies. I can remember: about that time I was having woman trouble. I even envied the legless newsie in the belief that his quiet was not being disturbed by some damn female. But I was the biggest ox in the whole world to think that there was one single man on the face of the earth whom the women would leave alone.

Because it happened just in those days that the newsie called on me in the *redactio.* He knocked politely on the milk-glass door, and then rolled himself into my small office.

He twirled his mustache, and started right out, hard and straight:

"I have a request, Mr. Editor!"

"Yes," I answered him in a friendly tone.

"I'd like to ask you, Mr. Editor, to come with me and be my witness!"

"Witness? For what?"

"In the marriage bureau. I'm getting married. I'd like very much to have some gentleman from the paper for one of my witnesses."

I gazed at him, speechless in amazement. As he sat in his box his head reached up only to my waist. It was some time before I could ask him:

"You are getting married? What the hell's the matter with you?"

Ferenc Kis did not notice my amazement. The words flowed from him thickly and mirthfully. He explained everything and apologized.

"I'm forty years old now. A little too comfort-loving. I'm afraid I got a bit too lazy to be chasing petticoats. Then, I'm fed up on paid-for meals and women, both! I'd like something permanent. To have somebody at my side who isn't flattering me for small change."

"And who is the lucky woman?"

A warm light shone from the eyes of the legless man:

"Margit Sonkádi is her name, Mr. Editor. She's a widow. Her husband died four years ago in Gyöngyös, of the bite of a mad dog. Now she's a market-place vendor here in Budapest. But not a common vegetable-wife! She has a regular stand in the Central Arcades. Making good money. Has a small house in Pesterzsébet. And a little money in the bank. To be perfectly frank, Mr. Editor, it was the money which gave me the final blow. When I found out that she even had money, then I made up my mind that I was a-going to marry her . . ."

Of course, I was glad to be a witness for him. I liked that Ferenc. And then, I was curious to see his woman. I thought she would be some desperate, ugly creature, to whom it's all the same as long as it's a man, even if he hasn't got legs, as long as she can hook him. She'd give her house, money, anything!

Next day at noon Ferenc came for me. We went to the marriage bureau together. The other witness was our chief engineer from the plant. We went down the street together, the three of us. It was summer and hot. We two-legged men, sweated from the heat of keeping pace with Ferenc, who was pushing himself

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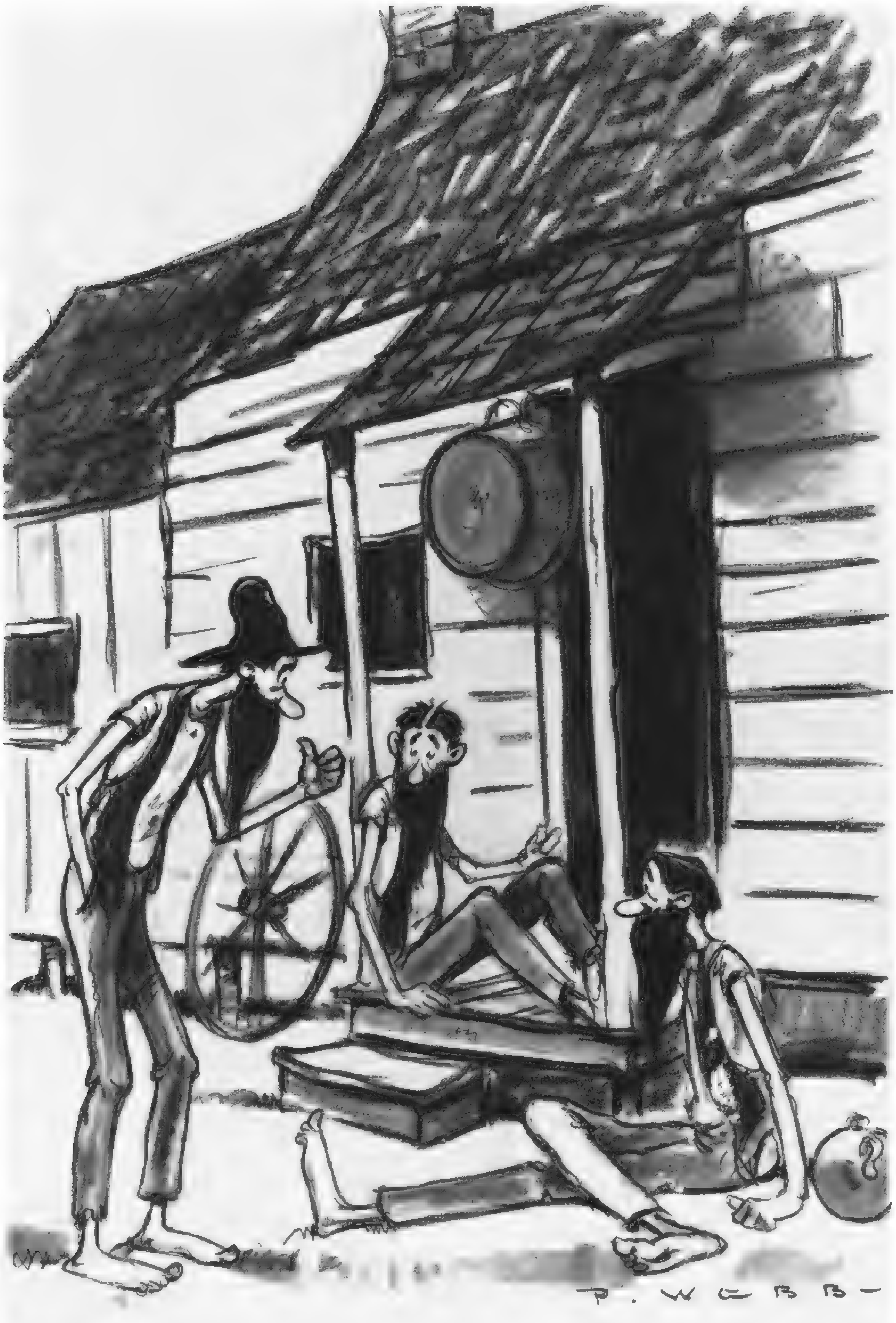
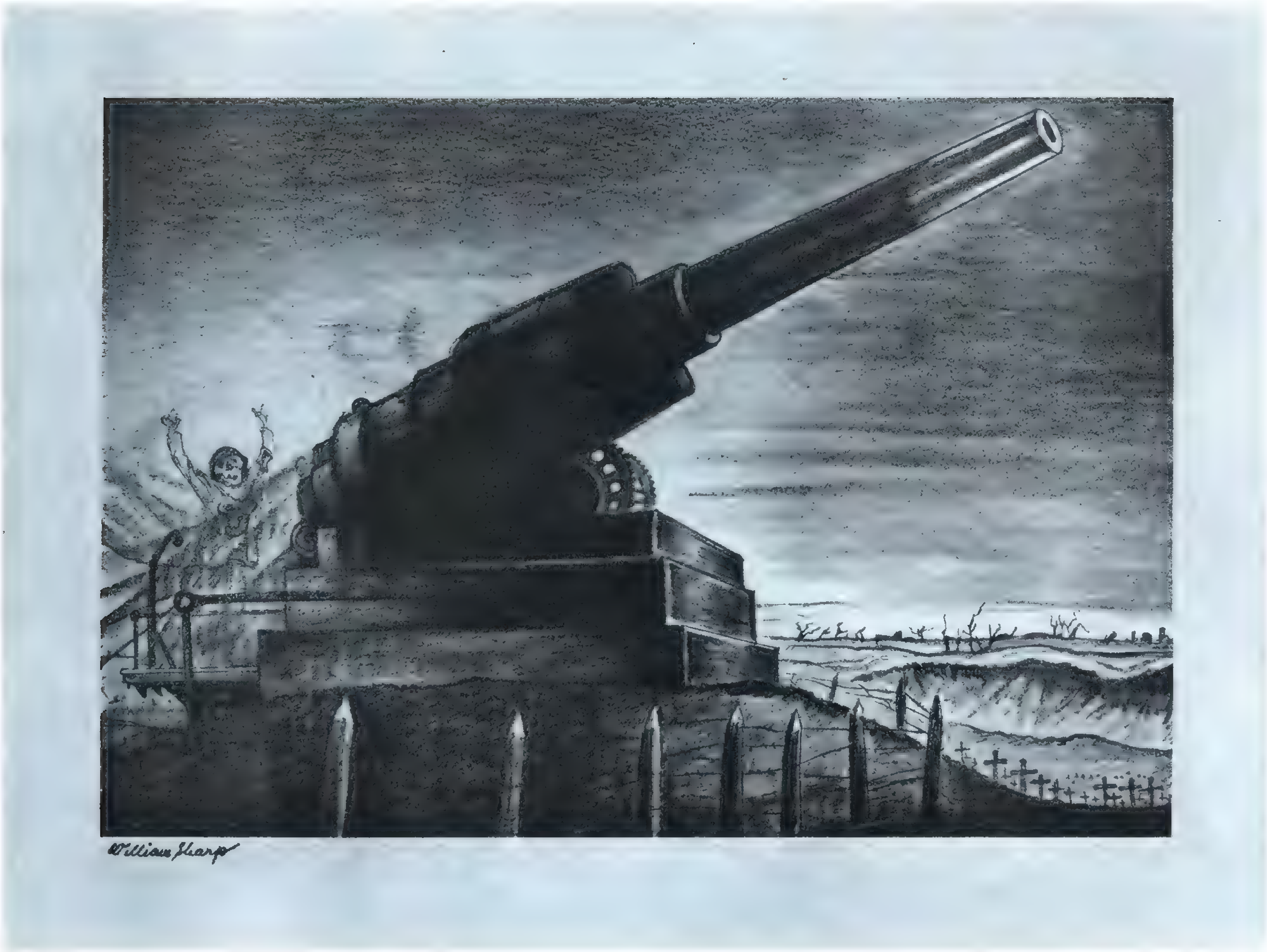


"Where d'ya s'pose Gran'ma hides her store teeth—ah wants to curry the mule"



I Am the Best Thing They Did

by JOHN ROLFE

LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

(Inscription to be cut in a granite block on which shall be mounted a French Seventy-Five made entirely of stainless steel and the whole monument set up on a hill in the Mojave Desert—where metals oxidize slowly and where no bombs will fall next time.)

Yes, I am the symbol of them,
Of those men that were; I am their perfect monument;
I, Soixante Quinze.

I am the best thing they did, the smoothest
Functioning, best organized, most accurate
Instrument of their ingenuity,
I.

Look at me. They were clever, those men, they could make steel
(It's only a sort of red earth, you know, raw)
And draw it, harden it, cut it to a fine, precise shape
(Within a thousandth of an inch!)
On the fine, precise machines they made to handle it!

They made me, beautiful, mechanical,
Smooth—I could fire sixty times in a minute
And keep on the target.
Notice my recoil take-up, the cylinder?
They drew oil—a dark liquid—out of the ground
To put in that—to cushion the shock of the recoil
So the first shot wouldn't destroy the aim for the second,
So I could be more efficient.

See the clever device they developed to aim me,
The inclinometer, marked in degrees.
They aimed by geometry, those men—target, so many kilometres,
Trajectory so much, elevation X degrees. Then
Unlock-and-open-breech . . . insert-shell . . . close-and-lock-breech
. . . pull-lanyard—
WHAM!
(Sixty times in a minute!)

Sixty times in a minute (theoretical maximum)
I could throw shells—
Whispering, gurgling gas shells—Lewisite, mustard;
Or shrapnel (great stuff, shrapnel!
Exploded at proper altitude it'll spread
Eighty yards forward, forty yards rear,
White, screaming rain!)

All of the best in their minds those men put into me,
Their patience and industry, careful experimentation,
Into the perfect machinery
Of dire and conclusive destruction!

And here I am still, the finest
Single-purposed product of their great culture,
Science. And you who come wondering after them
As they wondered after the earlier men, the Egyptians,
The Toltecs, the Babylonians,
To know, behold me, Soixante Quinze,
Remarkable monument to those most remarkable men!

Hail to the Gentry

After a century's reprisal for our discourtesy to George III, *Burke's Peerage* is taking us in

by LYNN MONTROSS

• ARTICLE •

Who are the certified blue bloods of this country?

That has always been a vexed question in a republic which trusts that kind hearts are more than coronets, but at last it is about to be decided on a lush scale. Burke's, of Carmelite Street, London, dealers in peers and aristocrats since 1826, have finally lifted their rod and dried up the Atlantic Ocean as a social barrier. When the Coronation Edition of their *Landed Gentry* appears this summer "... distinguished Overseas Collateral Families will be included for the first time."

Once having extended well-manicured hands across the sea, however, the Lloyd's of genealogy can never be accused of a meager or carping spirit. Judging by the impressive bulk of the new edition-de-luxe—"3,000 pages, with Full Heraldic History, handsomely bound and gold-embossed"—a generous effort is being made to atone for having snubbed this country a full century.

The price of the volume is $25—or as Burke's quaintly put it, not yet being accustomed to the lingo of the American trade, "25$, the regular published price being £6 6s 0d."

If one's name happens to end with a "witz" or an "offski," of course, the chances are that he didn't receive a red- and gold-printed invitation, even though his lineage might be traced back to the ark. Nor does hereditary ownership of real estate in large chunks necessarily entitle one to recognition among the landed gentry. But any worthy American who hasn't had a bid can conclude that the oversight is not due to hard feelings on the part of the Burke Publishing Co., Ltd. No doubt they would like to remember everybody, and they must be credited with a gallant attempt.

Meanwhile, in turn, it might be instructive to examine their qualifications for umpiring questions of gentility, since no British monarch of the nineteenth century ever possessed more power to induce aristocratic thrills or heartaches.

Much as England is said to have acquired an empire in an absent-minded moment, the lucrative business of collecting peers and gentry appears to have had a haphazard beginning. Waterloo had just been fought and Boney consigned to St. Helena. But these events were of minor importance to a young London scholar and genealogist whose world was bounded by a dim circle of candlelight as he plodded through faded family documents.

For John Burke burned to correct a social injustice as grave as that suffered by the first families of this country during the past hundred years. Since 1763 the Continent had had its *Almanach de Gotha*, an ample and costly publication containing the histories of the princely families of Europe. The British peerage enjoyed no such recognition.

After earnest labor the *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary and the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom* finally appeared in 1826. *Burke's Peerage*, as it was soon called, immediately became one of those rare books which finds an audience as devout as its author.

No time since the fifteenth century could have been more propitious. During the War of the Roses the lords of the land were all but exterminated, and it became necessary for great ladies to wed a lusty clerk or a broad-backed equerry. Perhaps they did not resent this hardship as much as future generations supposed, but a century passed before the peerage recovered from what would today be analyzed as a slight inferiority complex.

Social conditions were very similar while John Burke was compiling his book. Hundreds of brand-new peers and gentlemen had been raised from the ranks overnight, and West End drawing rooms suddenly began to take on the atmosphere of a bank holiday.

From the viewpoint of many a modern American deb and her mother it must seem one of the misfortunes of history that our revolution couldn't have been postponed. By 1755 we had already made a modest start toward an American nobility when merchant Pepperill of Maine and Indian-trader Johnson of New York were rewarded with baronetcies for war services. But the time was not yet ripe, since there were only 174 peerages in the entire kingdom when George III ascended the throne.

Thus our forefathers could hardly have committed a greater *faux pas* than to have insulted this great-hearted monarch who created no fewer than 388 new peers during his reign! It is quite conceivable that we should have had our share with better behavior, for the new king's generosity was not balked by geographical barriers. Scotland, for instance, had been a Jacobite thistle in England's side for a century, a barbarous land with no more social standing than chronic rebels deserved. But after George III had showered his honors across the Tweed it was spitefully remarked that "Jonah has swallowed the whale."

Doubtless the overseas colonies would also have acquired a very tidy little peerage if, instead of revolting, they had aided the mother country in fighting the *sans-culottes*. And even if America had become a republic at a more opportune time, those *ci-devant* titles would have remained socially acceptable down to the present day. They would have been the envy not only of wealthy matrons but also of kleagles, grand masters and most exalted potentates throughout the land.

As it proved, the honors we sacrificed were added to the already overwhelming list of the United Kingdom. George III—or "Farmer George," as he was affectionately known—had few prejudices when issuing patents of nobility, and men of property at last came into their own. The House of Lords, once a tight little aristocracy, was soon invaded by the double negative and uncouth dialects from the hinterlands. Morals and manners declined in direct proportion as war profits increased.

It was at this self-conscious moment that *Burke's Peerage* appeared with all the authority of Holy Writ. At once the book became an exciting best seller among recent and uneasy peers. For it was enormously reassuring to Lady Bareacres to read her family history in the same volume with that of Lord Steyne, and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley found that an ambitious climber couldn't do without a copy.

Yet the elder Burke, despite his success, never really grasped the possibilities of the business he founded. It remained for his son to become the tycoon of rank and lineage. The new machine age was just starting and young Bernard saw at a glance the tremendous opportunities offered by quantity production and a quick turnover in the field of genealogy. Where his father, more the scholar than the business man, had been content with only two vol-

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The Devil in the Mine

His chief advised Sabatini not to get excited for the devil was not a bad one and his visits were short

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

▪ FICTION ▪

THE business of redressing wrongs is as dangerous today as in the time of Don Quixote. In particular it is necessary to refrain from indulging in it at points more than fifteen thousand feet above sea level and several weeks' trip from a European court of law. This is what this story should prove—if a story has ever proved anything.

* * *

I had first known Lucien Sabatini at the lycée in Rouen. He was preparing for the École Polytechnique when I was studying philosophy, and was conspicuous for the disheveled state of his clothing. The custom among the candidates for the Polytechnique at that time was to wear jackets without buttons and shoelaces in place of neckties. Sabatini's coat was the raggedest, his shoelaces the stringiest.

Besides being a remarkable mathematician, he was a brilliant player on the rugby team and enjoyed a well-earned popularity on the older boys' playground.

I knew that he had entered the École Polytechnique with a high ranking and had been graduated with the rest of our crowd. I had imagined him inspector general of mines, or of bridges, and was astonished, in making a lecture tour in Algeria, suddenly to come upon him on a southbound train, almost as dirty as at the lycée, but now having the frightened, cowed air of a whipped dog.

To meet a man whom one has not seen for thirty years is always a shock. He has been only a name in our memory, linked with the picture of an adolescent. Now we find a middle-aged man, almost an old man, and our own transformation, long invisible to our eyes, suddenly becomes perceptible.

We recognized each other from the first second; that was, if need be, a consolation.

"Sabatini?"

"Bertrand Schmitt?"

"Yes... What are you doing in this wretched hole?"

"It is rather to you, metropolitan novelist, that that question should be put," he said. "I? It is extremely simple: I am returning to Tinit, the lead mine of which I am engineer."

"I am awfully ignorant," I told him. "I do not even know it by name. . . . It is an important mine?"

"Alas, no," he replied.

And as my silence was obviously charged with astonishment, he added immediately:

"My poor old chap . . . here you are terribly concerned to find Sabatini, the star student, winner of the honor prize in math, exiled at fifty to a wretched hole to work a mine that does not pay . . . Let me tell you, to reassure you, that it is my own fault that things are so . . . Yes . . . Life gave me a good start . . . then it posed a difficult problem to which I gave a solution that seemed to me right . . . It was wrong—it did not work out. And since then nothing has worked out."

"All this is very obscure," I said. "Let's see, if I am not mistaken, you entered the School of Mines about 1906 or 1907?"

"Right," he said.

"Good . . . You were graduated with the degree of state engineer?"

"Naturally."

"And you did not stay in the mining corps?"

"No," he said, "I pulled out . . . I don't know whether you remember my family . . . we were very poor . . . my father was a military man by career—an adjutant . . . there were younger brothers to be reared. I had to earn my own living immediately and as well as possible . . . However, one of my uncles had succeeded in becoming the chief accountant of a huge mining concern: Pilcomayo . . . You aren't going to tell me that you don't know Pilcomayo?"

"I know vaguely," I said, "that that name is famous on the bourses of the world, but I would be totally unable to say whether it is that of a gold mine, or a copper mine, or a manganese mine."

"The ignorance of literary men is celebrated," he answered, "but you beat all records . . . Pilcomayo, which is in Bolivia, in the Cordilleras, not far from the Argentinian border, was known in the sixteenth century as Silver Mountain. Charles V made it the imperial mine. It has produced during its existence nearly forty thousand million in our money and, although it is now more difficult to work, it seems to be truly inexhaustible.

"My uncle was highly esteemed by the French administrators of the business, which is international but which has its headquarters in Paris. Several months after I had left school he told me that the post of assistant to the chief mining engineer at Pilcomayo had just been vacated, that the salary was three times any I could earn in France and that he could very easily have me appointed to it if I wished."

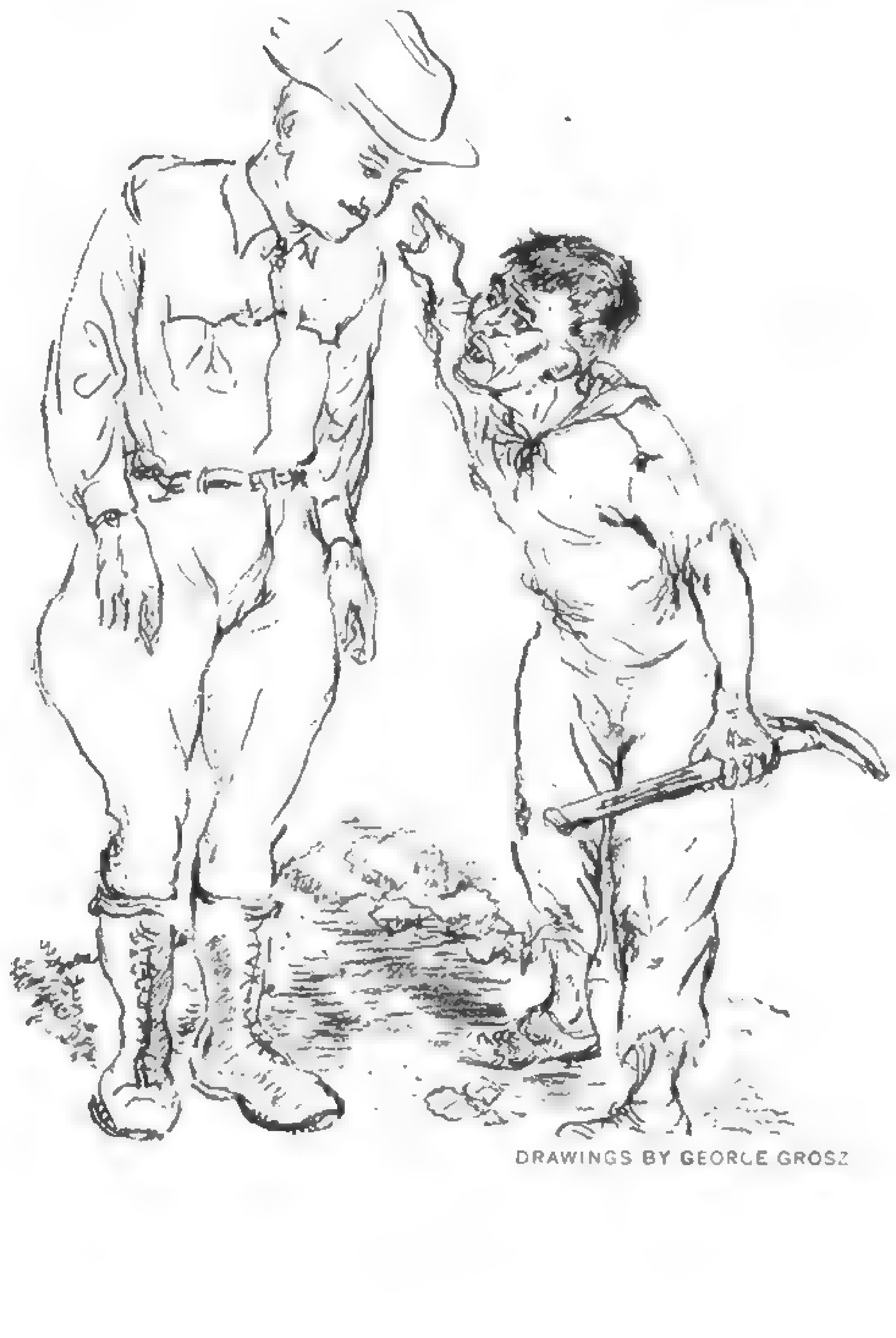
"That meant renouncing your career as a civil servant?" I asked confidentially.

"I did not feel that I was made to vegetate in France . . . I liked to travel . . . I knew that Pilcomayo was not only the richest, but the most picturesque and the highest mine in the world . . . 17,000 feet . . . I had always had a taste for mountain life. This silver mine, dug among the eternal snows, beckoned to me. In brief, I agreed to be presented to a representative of the administration. It was old Borsch, then an associate of the Holmann Bank of Nancy, a hard and cynical personality but one not displeasing to me. He gave me the post, particularly advising me to get along with my chief engineer, Gontran, who, like myself, was a former student at the École Polytechnique.

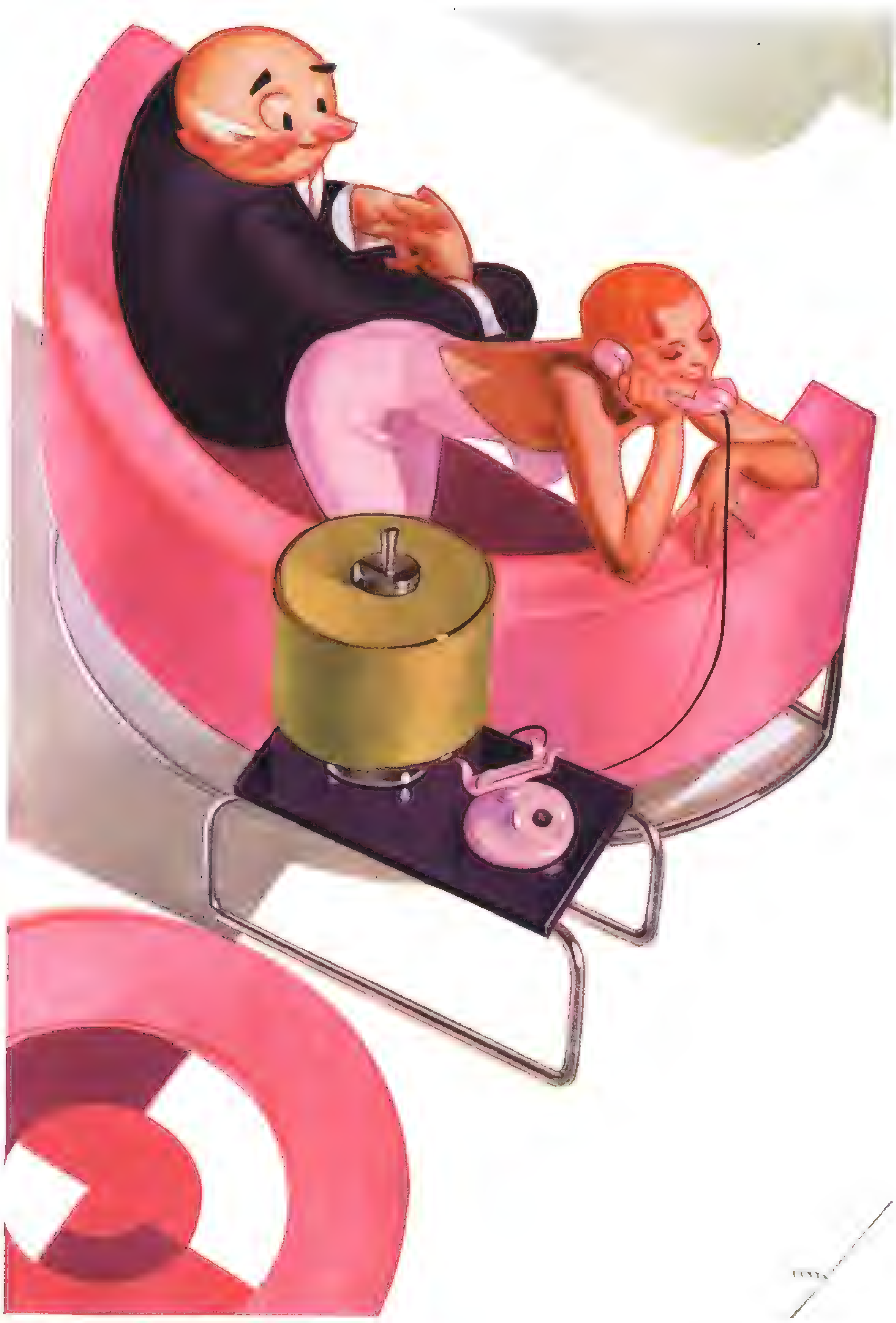
"I will not describe the trip. The Bolivian city closest to the mine is Potosi, an amazing Spanish city which had, in the seventeenth century, more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. There I was ordered to present myself to Don Antonio Lopez, local administrator of our company. I found a Spaniard, perhaps of slightly mixed blood, but of impressive manners, who received me well and talked of the Indians who were to be the largest group among the miners under my command.

"The railroad stopped at Potosi. The Señor Administrator gave me mules to continue my journey and soon I was at Pilcomayo. The scenery did not let me down. Nothing could have been more grandiose than this giant peak in which generations of miners had sunk countless shafts throughout the centuries. Gontran, my chief, gave me a warm welcome. He was a man of about fifty, an excellent technician, profoundly cultured, with a flair

Continued on page 99



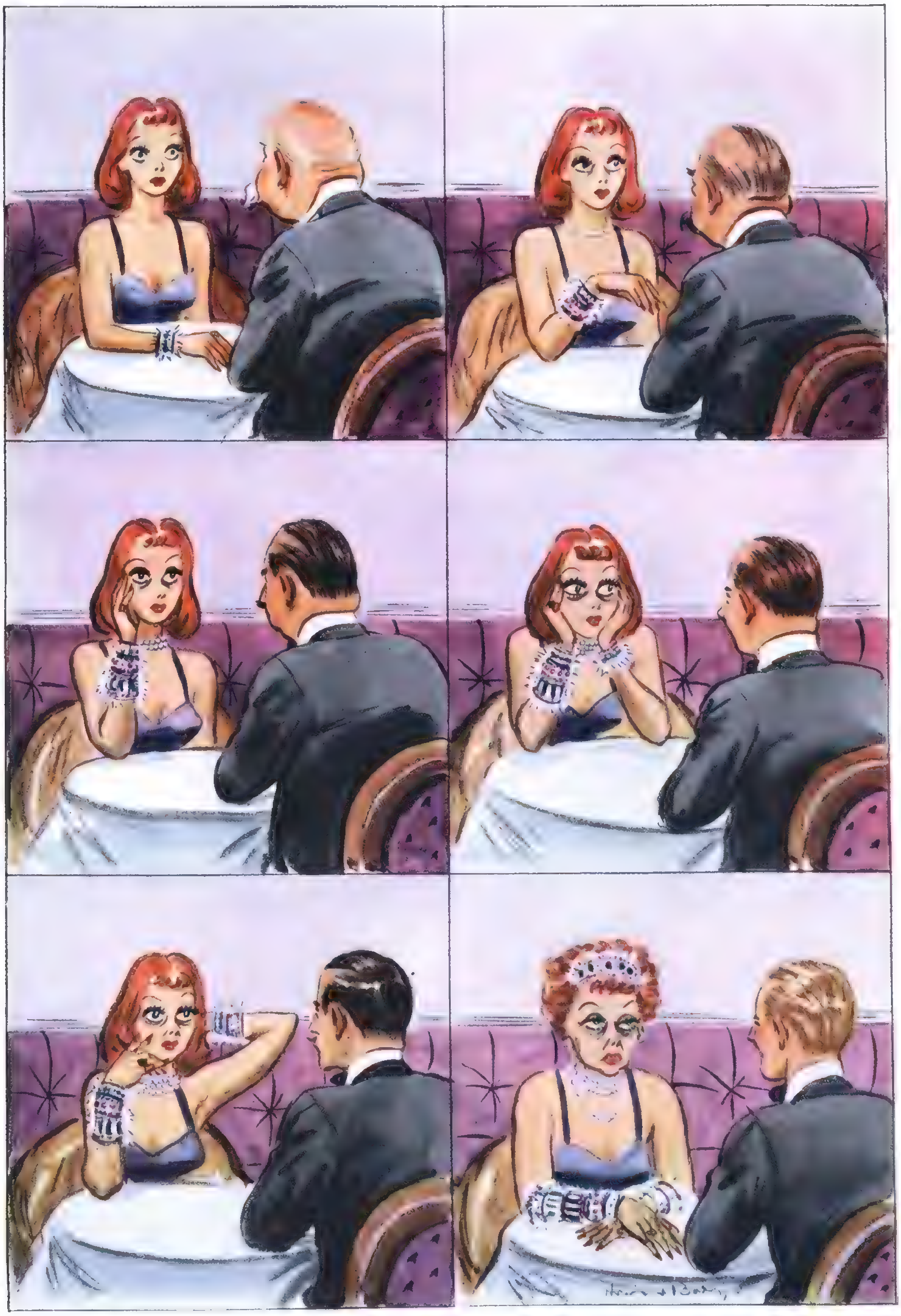
DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ



ANCIENT BUT HONORABLE PETTY DRAWING*

"Sure C-A-L-L me back in T-E-N M-I-N-U-T-E-S"

Revived at the request of a delegation of visiting Englishmen



French Version

There was, of course, the Widow Dupont who might be willing to accommodate Raoul for the night

by LYON MEARSON

▪ SATIRE ▪

EVERY man is entitled to his rights, but the Frenchman is different from most men. He is not only entitled to his rights, but he insists upon getting them. Rights are often a matter of definition, but not to a Frenchman, for whom all individual actions are basic rights, whether anyone has ever defined them or not.

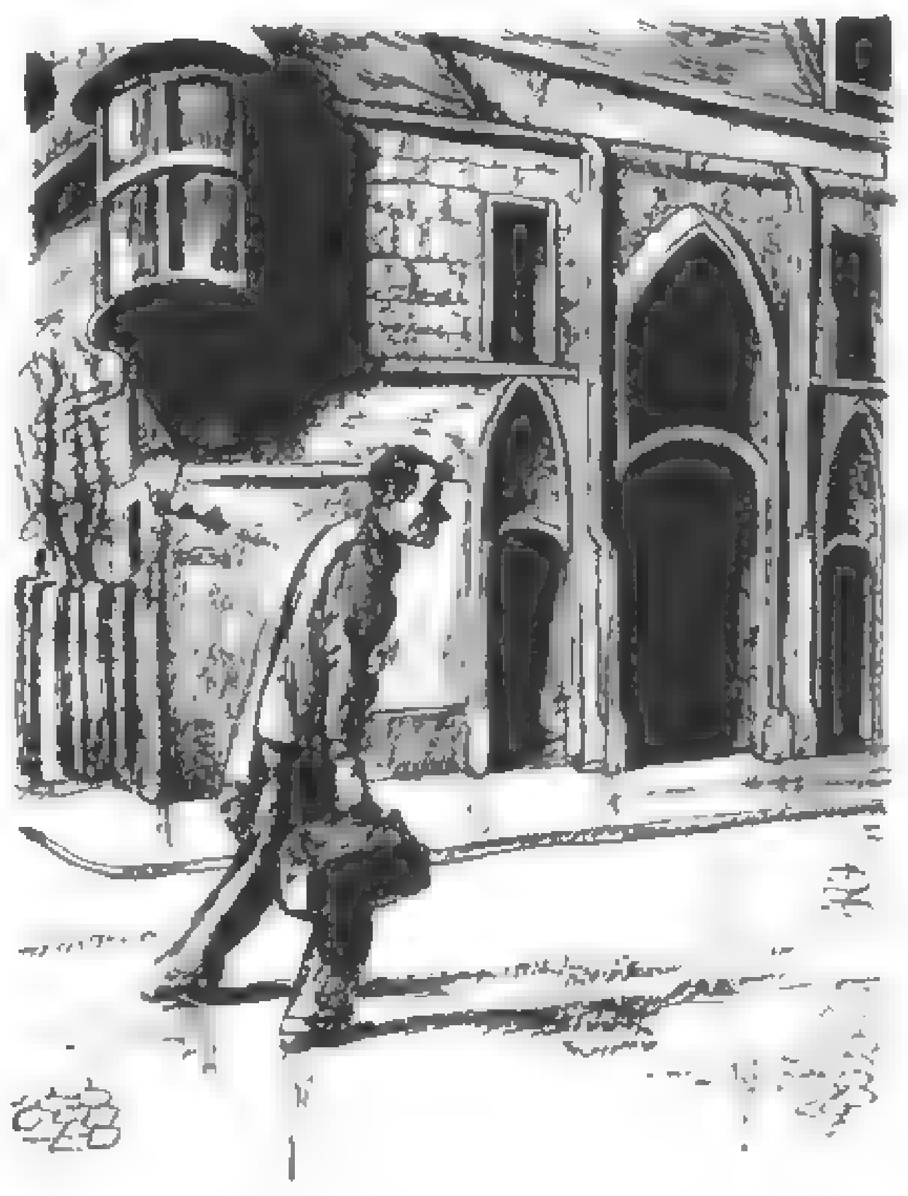
There was, for instance, a man named Raoul, from Paris, and this is the story of how he insisted on his marital rights with a woman who was not his wife. These were rights which, if insisted upon by married men all over the world, would do more to disrupt the elderly institution of marriage than all the mistresses ever could, even if they were all blonde and laid end to end. Or perhaps they would make marriage a more civilized convention.

Raoul was a salesman who traveled in silk stockings and hair dye. He had to go to a small town on a business trip, and if you've heard this traveling salesman story before you can write to the editor about it and make furious complaint, and see what it gets you.

It was in the Massive Central of France, in the heart of the wine-growing country, and Raoul arrived at the only hotel late at night and asked for a room.

"I am desolated," said the clerk.

"How are you desolated?" asked Raoul, an uncomplicated soul looking for information. "I desire *simplement* a chamber of the night."



"I rest desolated," rejoined the clerk. "Did you not know that there is in this city a congress of the wine-tasters of the France?"

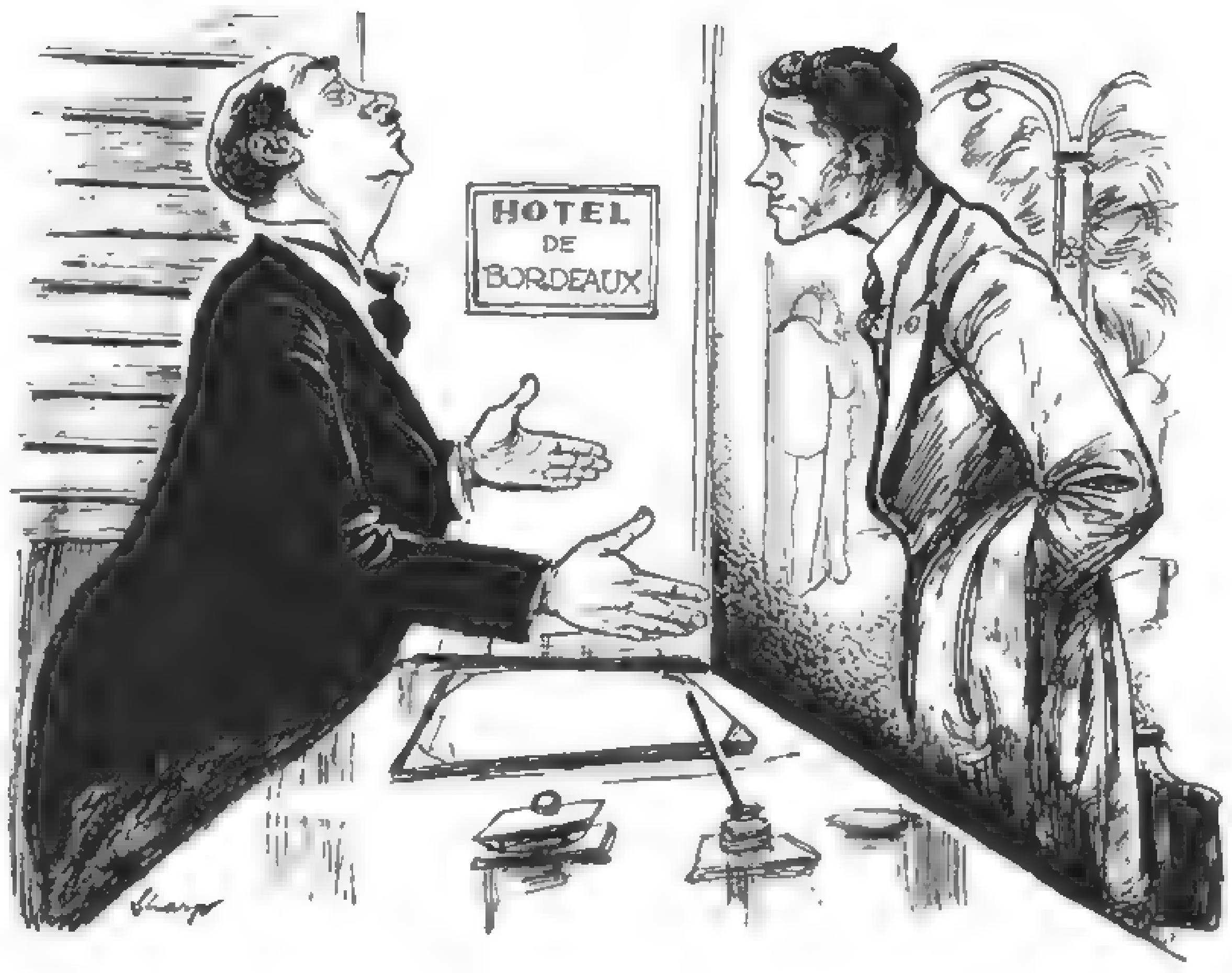
"I congratulate you," said Raoul. "It is a good chance for your city."

"It is," said the clerk, "but it is also a bad chance for you. You will not, in the entire city this night, perceive a single unencumbered room."

This time Raoul, it seemed, was desolated too. That put a bond of sympathy between them, since they were united by a similar misfortune.

"What is it that it is that one makes to do, then? I have of affairs the most important in this place," he said. "Could they not have tasted their wines in their own houses, these wine-tasters, that they had to come here and interfere with the progress of commerce of the Republic?"

The clerk said it was fantastic, but what could *he* do about the whole thing?



What then had become, then, of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality? Raoul demanded. Was a citizen supposed to walk the streets all night? By blue! If the Chamber of Deputies were informed of this they would soon see, these tasters of wine, these mackerel, that they could not thus snatch away the rights of a Frenchman! What did they think he was, an Americain of the North?

These recriminations went on for some time, and at the end of them it developed that the clerk still rested desolate and that there was still no room to be perceived.

Raoul turned to the door. "I go, then. A wanderer in my own country, an outcast among my own people, I depart into the night." He opened the door.

"Arrest!" said the clerk suddenly. "It would appear that I am, perhaps, in possession of an idea."

"I applaud you," said Raoul.

"It is true that there is, as a last resort, the widow Dupont," said the clerk. What could one say about her? She had a small house on the outskirts of town and she often, it had been said, needed money.

She would be willing, the clerk believed, to put him up for the night. Her place was small and it possibly might not be too comfortable.

"I do not insist upon being too comfortable," said Raoul.

"You have reason," said the clerk, adding that it was better than nothing, was it not?

He gave Raoul explicit directions to get there, and the Parisian picked up his valise and made off to the widow Dupont.

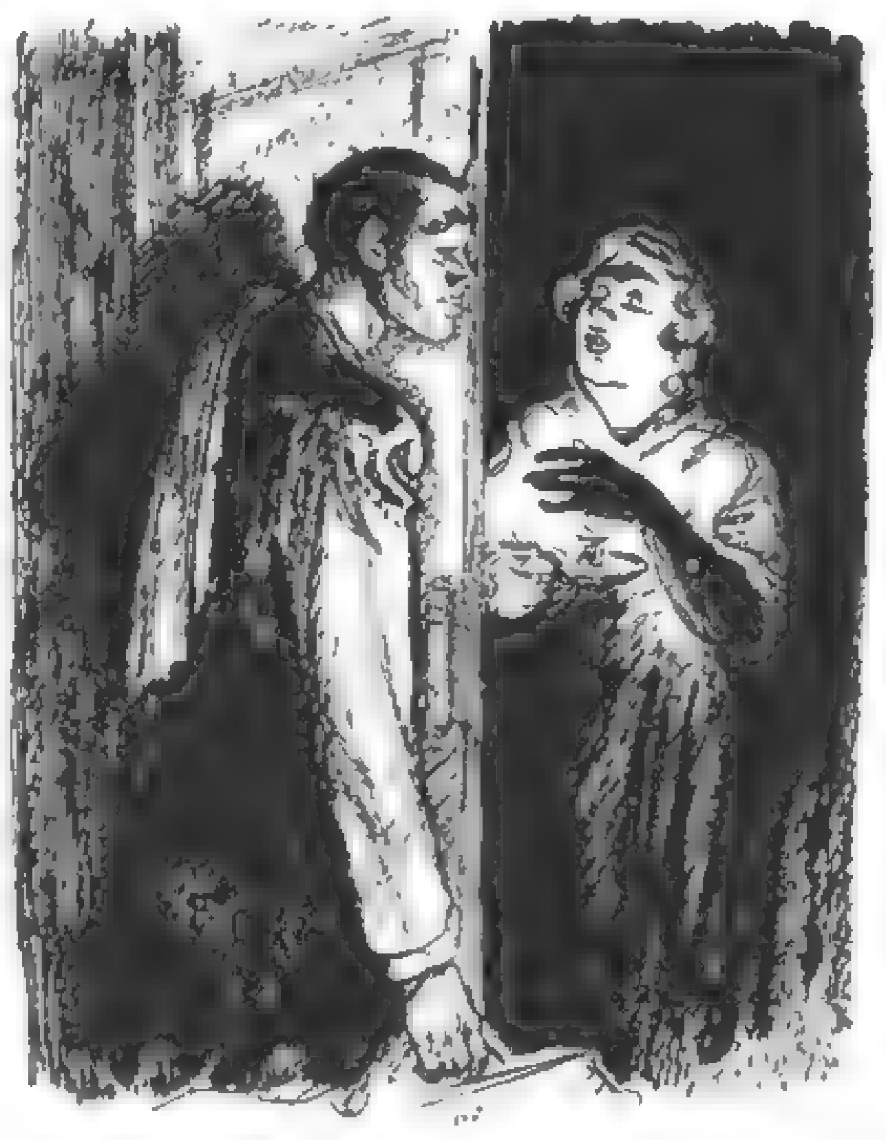
The hour was late, and it took quite a bit of pounding on the door before the *veuve* Dupont answered, in dressing robe and wearing the inevitable red felt slippers. She was only half awake, yet she regarded him with inquiring interest, since even in the half-light Raoul was not hard to look at.

"What is it that it is that you desire?" she asked him sleepily, and if she was frightened at having a stranger knock on her door in the middle of the night, it would not have been apparent to any close observer.

"I would a bed for the night," he told her, adding the facts of the case, including a few of his personal opinions on the habits and characters of wine-tasters.

She looked him over again and he passed muster. In fact, the close observer mentioned previously might have noticed her eye light up with no mean sparkle. The widow Dupont was in the early thirties, a bit plump but with much of the attractiveness of her girlhood still in evidence, to which was added an engagingly willing air and a high flush that remained, possibly, from the warmth of her deep sleep. Any wandering stranger would have felt that she was not too difficult to take.

"I have no place to sleep," went on Raoul, "and if you could find for me a bed for the night—"



"It makes possible," she conceded. "Will you not enter? My foyer is small, and I have but one night chamber. Still, if you do not mind a little discomfort . . ." She shrugged an expressive shoulder and gave him a vague smile as she stepped aside to permit him to enter.

"But no!" he protested. "It will do very well, I am certain. You are sure I do not derange you? You are very amiable . . ."

"It is nothing," she was as polite as he was. "It is nothing of all."

Once in the chamber of the night, he glanced around him quickly. There was a very comfortable bed, which the widow Dupont was engaged in straightening out, and the appointments seemed good enough. The place was immaculately clean, and in one corner was a screen that masked, obviously, the pitcher and washbasin, and the other sanitary article that all French homes find indispensable.

"You are fatigued?" she asked. "It is far that you have come, no doubt?"

"From Paris, madame," said Raoul.

Continued at top of page 160

Brother Spencer Takes a Bride

Folks said it didn't look good for a man of the Word to go down to the river with a bunch of young girls

by JESSE STUART

▪ FICTION ▪

MA IT'S about time for Brother Spencer to get here, ain't it?" says Rosie Seagraves. She stands with the broom in her hand. It is the old broom that was used on the big plank floors in the house until it was worn too short to sweep. Now Rosie uses it to sweep the path running down to the gate in front of the house and the path that leads to the smokehouse—under the grape arbor and the big cherry trees.

"Brother Spencer said he'd be here in time to start the protracted meetin' tonight," says Liddie Seagraves. She walks from the smokehouse carrying a crock filled with yellow butter. She wears a clean dress and a clean apron. She smokes her pipe and walks barefooted out the path that Rosie has just swept clean with the well-worn stubby broom.

"I've got the house cleaned Ma," says Rosie, leaning on the broom handle. "I got clean curtains up and all the floors swept. I put new sheets on th' beds and new cases on all th' pillers. I got flowers in the vases. I've just got the house a'shinin'. You got to go in and see how I got everything fixed up for Brother Spencer!"

Liddie smiles as she walks beneath the cherry trees red with cherries. The robins fly from limb to limb above her head and eat the cherries. They speak in a language of their own as if to say: "Liddie we'll pick the cherries for you. No men folks about the house. You married a man too old. You are a widow now. Got a nice farm and a big house. Got pretty orchards and plenty of cows, two mules and a horse and dog. You have everything to your heart's desire. But what is a home to a woman without a man around the house. We'll gather your cherries for you! You can't climb the long ladder and pick the little red pods of the delicious fruit!"

No Liddie cannot pick the cherries. Time has made her a little bit big around the waistline. Time has turned the color of her hair. Rosie could pick the cherries. But Rosie will not pick the cherries. "W'y I wouldn't go up that long ladder and pick the cherries for nobody—not even my own mother. It's a man's job. Pa used to pick 'em before he died. Poor Pa—puttin' cold tar on the barn roof to stop the leaks. Foot slipped and he fell off and broke his neck. Pa was too old to be up on the roof. He was too old when Ma married 'im. Old enough for her Pap."

Liddie walks in the house with the butter. Rosie leans on the broom and looks down the long road that runs up Raccoon. She can see the corn fields, the cane fields, and the big green slopes of tobacco running up from the valley. She can see the heat from the early June sky dance on the dusty road. She sees a horse and buggy coming up the road. She drops the broom and runs in the house. She says: "Ma, I think I see Brother Spencer comin'."

Liddie and Rosie come out on the front porch. It faces the road. Liddie says: "That's Brother Spencer all right. I know his horse. Same old horse." Liddie smiles. Rosie says, "Ma we'll put him in the back room tonight won't we!" "Yes," says Liddie, "give Brother Spencer the best room we have."

As the horse comes near the gate Liddie and Rosie walk down the path past the red blooming rosebushes. The long thorny rose vines nearly overlap the path. The little path twists down through the big mop of green grass that grows at will on the yard. It is never cut. It just grows up and goes to seed. The martins fly from their boxes to the potato patch and bring back worms to feed their young. You can hear the young martins in the boxes crying for food.

"Who-whoa—Rodger," says Brother Spencer as he brings the old bony horse to a stop at the gate.

"How are you Liddie?" says Brother Spencer as he gets out of the buggy and throws the bridle reins over the gate post, "how are you too Sister Rosie?" He grabs Liddie's hand first and shakes it. Liddie smiles and looks pleased. He takes Rosie's hand and shakes it. "Ah—ah—ah—my little Rosie," he says as he shakes her hand, "I see you've been tantalized by the ways of the world. Look at them fingernails my dear little girl! Look like a painted tiger's claws!"

"I've told her, Brother Spencer," says Liddie, "about such foolishness. She's got a lot of old crazy pictures she tries to dress by. It's the Devil's own works—not as I would have her, Brother Spencer—not as I would have her!"

"No—no—Sister Liddie," says Brother Spencer, "I've been comin' here ten years. I know you Sister Liddie. I've told other places in my protracted meetin's when we's fightin' the Devil and fightin' 'im hard that if we had a few more women in the world like Sister Liddie Seagraves on Raccoon that we wouldn't need preachers for there wouldn't be no sin! I know you don't stand for none of the Devil's doin's. But little Rosie don't look none too bad at that. She's a pure picture of our Creator's handiwork!"

Rosie smiles. Then she laughs out loud. She has two rows of white pretty teeth and a spreading mouth that shows them all when she laughs. Her lips are red as the cherries on the tree. Her eyes are bird-egg blue and round like a sleepy-eyed doll's eyes. Her face is round and pretty. Her cheeks are blotched with patches of red just like a painter had put it there in the right place—not too much and not too little—just enough. Her eyebrows are brown lines above her pretty eyes and her eyelashes are long shades for her pretty bird-egg blue eyes.

"W'y Sister Liddie," says Brother Spencer, "somethin' I ain't told you yet. I don't guess you heard about it. But my wife is dead. Fannie died three months ago when I was holdin' a protracted meetin' over on Hog Branch!"

"Oh—you don't mean it," says Liddie.

"Yes—she's dead—It breaks my heart," says Brother Spencer and he looks sadly from his big brown eyes. His face is browned by the sun. He looks like one who has plowed in the tobacco fields. He is a big robust man—with big tender hands and well-groomed black hair parted on the side. One can see a few wisps of gray hairs around his temples. He wears a blue serge suit, a blue shirt and a striped necktie.

"I hate to hear that," says Liddie, "though I never met your wife. You always spoke so much about her though in your meetin's."

"Poor thing," says Brother Spencer, "the Lord called her home. Maybe it is all for the better. She will be able to walk there. You know for nineteen years out'n the twenty years of our happy married life she never walked a step. Never walked after Dave was born. He died when he was one month old. I've been preachin' the Word ever since!"

Liddie does not shed tears. She looks at Brother Spencer admiringly. Rosie looks at the blooming rose vines. She watches the martins fly above the gate posts from the potato patch carrying worms for the young martins in the boxes. She sees the mother bird alight on the little porch on the martin box. She sees her go in at the little door. She hears the little martins fussing for the worm their mother has carried from the potato patch.

"Well it's like this Sister Liddie," says Brother Spencer patting old Rodger's head as he doddles it up and down and tries to shake off the bridle, "a man needs a wife. It's accordin' to the Word. Man needs woman and woman needs man. Just as I preach at my protracted meetin's. What is home without a mother! What is home without a father!"

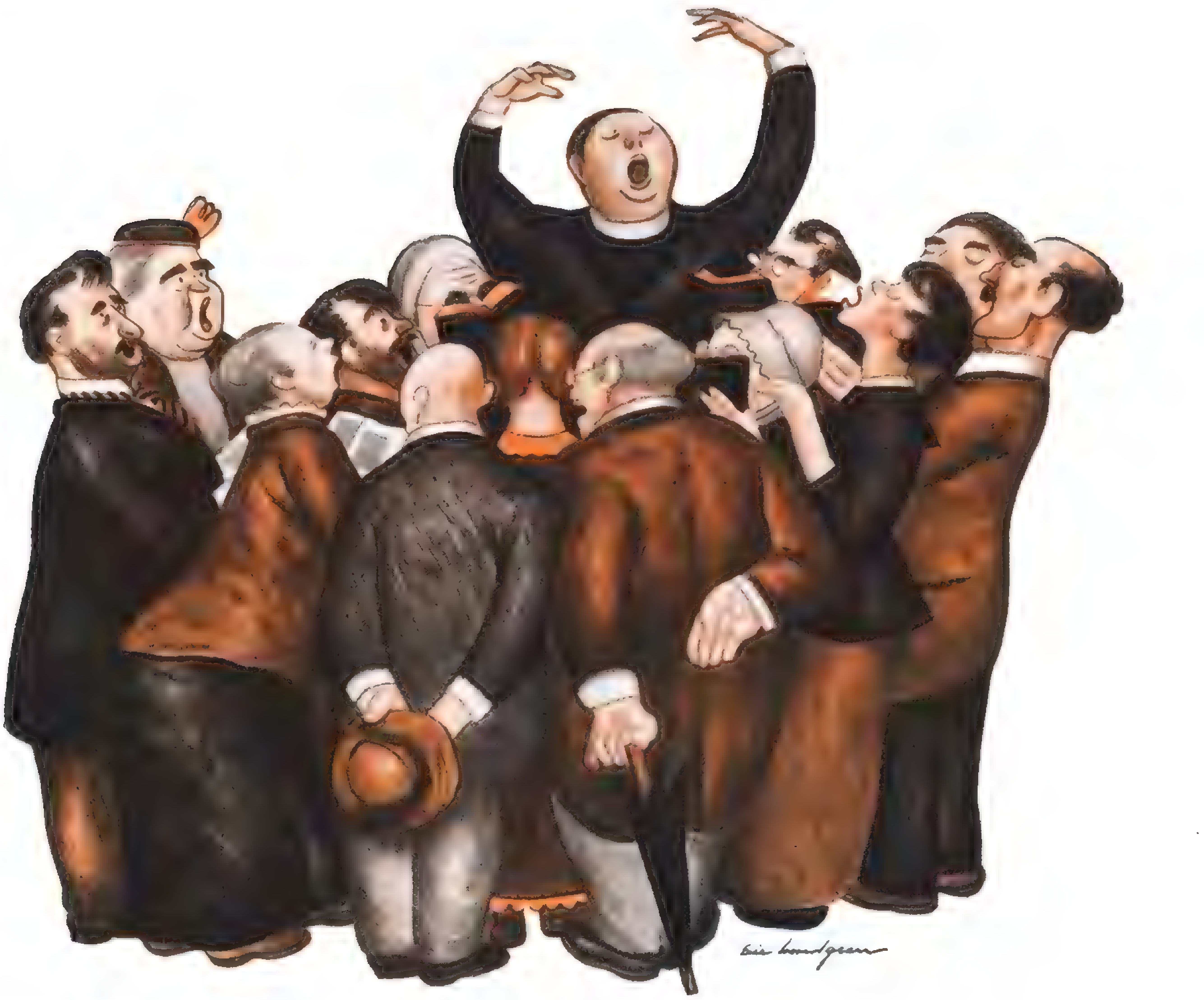
"You're right," says Liddie, her face bright as the June skies. "Look at my home here since Bill fell off the barn roof and broke his neck. It ain't been the same place. Even the birds have mates. It's just natural!"

"It's a little early yet," says Brother Spencer, "but I'm goin' to tie the knot and that pretty soon!"

"Ah," says Rosie, "who with, Brother Spencer!"

"She's a woman with a lot of book sense. Pretty as a speckled bird-dog. She works in a Bank up on Big Sandy. Her name is Esther. She reminds me of Esther in the Bible!"

Liddie looks at the green grass that covers



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

her yard. Rosie smiles and shows her mouth of pretty teeth!

"Yes," says Brother Spencer, "and more than that I brought along a lot of jars to can me a batch of cherries while I'm down here among you good Sisters. I thought I could get some of the girls to help me pick them and some of you good mothers to do the cannin'. I'll be here a week on this protracted meetin' you know. The girls can help me for the boys will have to work in the cane, corn and tobacco."

"Yes," says Liddie slowly, "we can help you Brother Spencer. Just bring the jars right up to the house. We have plenty of baskets and sealin'-wax and even a lot of extra cans and jars that the spiders are makin' webs in!"

Brother Spencer walks around behind the buggy. He lifts up a cloth. He uncovers two paper boxes of half-gallon glass fruit jars. He lifts them out of the back end of the buggy and puts them on the ground. Then he picks up one box and starts to the house. Liddie starts up the hill with him. She goes in front up the path among the rose vines talking to him. Rosie walks behind the buggy and picks up the other box of glass jars. She leans the corner of the box above her hips on her narrow waistline where it rests securely with her dainty hand over the top of it holding it. One hand is swinging reluctantly at her side. She follows them whistling prettier than a martin or a robin can sing.

"Well," says Brother Spencer, "I didn't think about you doin' that Sister Rosie. "Maybe all I said about you is wrong!"

"Ah," says Liddie, "Brother Spencer she don't like the broom and the dish rag. It's just because you are here." Liddie smiles coldly and then she looks up consolingly at the brown face of Brother Spencer who towers so high above her.

"Now," says Brother Spencer, "I'll go down and put the horse up and feed him!"

"I'll do it Brother Spencer," says Rosie, "how many ears of corn must I give him!"

"Five," says Brother Spencer, "and a bundle of oats if you have them."

Rosie runs down the path to the gate. She unhitches the leather traces and unfastens the shafts. She leads Rodger to the barnstall, unfastens the collar and belly band, strips the harness from his bony back and hangs it on the rack. She runs to the crib and gets five big ears of white corn and puts in his box stall. She runs up the ladder into the barn loft. She throws a bundle of bright-colored oats down the scoot hole into the manger, runs back down the ladder, out at the barn door, across the road and through the gate—fast as her brown strong legs will carry her—among the rose vines and up to the big log house on the bank!

Liddie and Brother Spencer are talking about the protracted meeting to be held at Beech Grove. It is a little house under the beech trees by the Little Sandy River. "W'y old Sister Murray when I was here before was saved and a shoutin' woman. I'd a-never thought that!"

"I know," says Liddie, "she's a back-slid woman now. She won't set her foot inside the church house. It was all over them wild Pratt boys ridin' past the house one night when Services was goin' on and shootin' into the house. A bullet struck her man in the leg. He ain't seen a well day since! The Law's been after 'em—but ain't got 'em yet!"

After supper Rosie puts the harness on Rodger. She leads him out of the stall and hitches him to the buggy. Brother Spencer and Liddie walk down the path. They talk about the saved and the unsaved on Raccoon. Rosie is all dressed up to go to church. This is the first night of the protracted meeting. "You see, Sister Liddie, I can kill two birds with one stone. I can get my cherries canned while I'm here and hold the meetin' too."

Brother Spencer sits on one side of the buggy. Rosie sits beside of him. Liddie sits on the other side of Rosie. They drive down the dusty lane between the fields of high green corn on each side and the old dilapidated barbwire fences with rusted wires and sagging posts that enclose the fields. Morning glories look fresh after the sun has gone down and the air has got cooler. A whippoorwill calls from the green beech tops as horse-and-buggy wends its way through the groups of people coming to the church house under the beeches. The old carry lanterns and the young walk in the early starlight with their arms around the backs of their lovers.

Brother Spencer looks big and powerful upon the rostrum. There is a little stand whereon lays the Holy Bible opened to his text. Behind him is the choir. There are many young women in the choir. A few young men have gone up in the choir because their lovers are there. They do not sing but just stand and hold the song books. The little kerosene lamps are lighted and the yellow flames flicker amid the swarms of moths and lightning bugs that have come in at the open win-

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If It Pleases Allah

Ismail blandly prophesied that the hour of grave peril would come when the *Sidi* would pronounce the word

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

▪ ARTICLE ▪

INSHALLAH." The expected prick of irritation which I had been awaiting from that ubiquitous word made me wince in spite of myself.

Ismail, immaculate as always in his long white galabeah broken at the slender waist by the flame of his scarlet sash, raised his right hand and touched his heart, his lips, and his forehead in the most *stylé* of Moslem salutatory greetings.

I mumbled in reply an Arabic expression, the most mild translation of which could be regarded as an invitation to go quickly to a place far removed from the raptures of Paradise. Perhaps it was my long military training rebelling. Perhaps the implacable temperature of the equator was responsible, but in any case the continual repetition of his serene "*Inshallah*" in answer to question, order or commonplace comment of mine was getting on my nerves. Why I had to listen from morning to evening to my servant uttering his benign "If it pleases Allah" in response to any word of mine, I could not see. The look I gave him this evening must have been unusually sulphurous, for he hesitated, standing in the opening of my tent, and finally spoke.

"Do not disdain the will of Allah, *ya Sidi*. Only if Allah permits will you find your friend."

Then, at my snort of incredulity, he related in his unhurried fashion a story to prove his point. It was the story of a *Sidi* who was about to return to Europe.

"I will leave tomorrow," he had said to his Arab servant.

"*Inshallah*," that one had, of course, replied, full of wisdom.

"If it pleases your Allah or not, tomorrow I leave," the white man had exploded.

But on the morrow he did not leave, for retiring that night in the pink of condition, he had been found the following morning dead in his bed from heart failure.

Now, I had already heard this story a hundred times in a hundred different sources, in Egypt, in Arabia, in Libya. And the answer I gave to Ismail, frankly, I prefer not to translate.

Ismail, however, was not disturbed.

"*Ya Sidi*," he said prophetically, "the hour of grave peril will come in which you will call upon Allah."

And although I laughed at the suggestion that I, just I, already sickened at the very sound of Allah, should ever hear his name on my lips in supplication, I could not quite dismiss the bland conviction of Ismail's words.

* * *

Aside from his annoying habit of sprinkling his conversation with "*Inshallahs*," Ismail was an admirable combination of valet, cook, guide, interpreter and head of my caravan. For many months I had had him in my service and he had been an invaluable help to me, particularly on this trip I had undertaken toward the extreme northern point of Italian Somaliland, across the Migiurtinia, then supposed to be in rebellion.

I had not, perhaps, been very wise in deciding upon this trip against the advice of the few white people in Ras Hafun. But I had come all the way up there solely to stay for some time with an old friend and comrade of the War, Captain Clivioni, and my disappointment had been great in finding his little house empty and the barracks of the military camp occupied only by the innumerable wives and children of the soldiers, my friend having left two months before with his company of Ascaris and a battery mounted on camels.

Now he was up at some point of the little-known desert of Migiurtinia to exchange shots with the rebels.

And on a sudden impulse I had decided to go after him; the opportunity of seeing unknown countries and, who knows, perhaps of having some adventures with the rebels, being very appealing to me.

Ismail had accepted my proposal with perfect equanimity. With the fatalistic calm of his race, he had at once undertaken the work of completing my little caravan with trustworthy Somalis, good camels, and picked mules, and within a week we had started away from Ras Hafun in the best possible condition.

We certainly needed this careful provision, for the trip soon showed itself to be much longer and more difficult than I had anticipated. There were no maps yet of that country, which appeared to be an unending sea of low, round hills, divided by flat plains: hills and plains covered with democratic equality only by spots of hard, yellowish dog's grass, which I never understood how our animals succeeded in chewing.

As much as we marched, we seemed to be always in the same spot, morning, noon and evening, so similar and monotonous was the landscape, so similar and monotonous were the squadrons of dark clouds scudding low above our heads. For days and days we met no human being; and when occasionally we saw through the binoculars a small group of natives with a few camels and sheep, they proved to be either rebels frightened of punishment, or nomads frightened of the rebels, and immediately disappeared as soon as they discerned the dust raised by our caravan.

But Ismail had no need to ask information from anyone. With the utmost ease and simplicity he guided the caravan from one well to another, from one to another of the spots where the soldiers we were following had bivouacked.

Son, grandson, grand-grandson, and I do not know what else, of *muballirs*, he had inherited from his ancestors great qualities of wisdom, honesty and uprightness. And he would have been really perfect if he could have lapsed even for a moment from his persistent custom of calling upon the pleasure of Allah at inappropriate occasions.

In the beginning I had laughed at my own irritation, realizing its foolishness; but as the days passed and I jogged along under the burning sun in the tedious solitude of that interminable march, I began to grow seriously annoyed. Stupid as it sounds to relate, it is small things such as this that curdle the temper and obsess the mind when one has to endure enforced companionship at a time of considerable physical strain.

"*Inshallah*-phobia"—thus during the endless ruminations of those eternal hours on muleback I christened my new disease, un-

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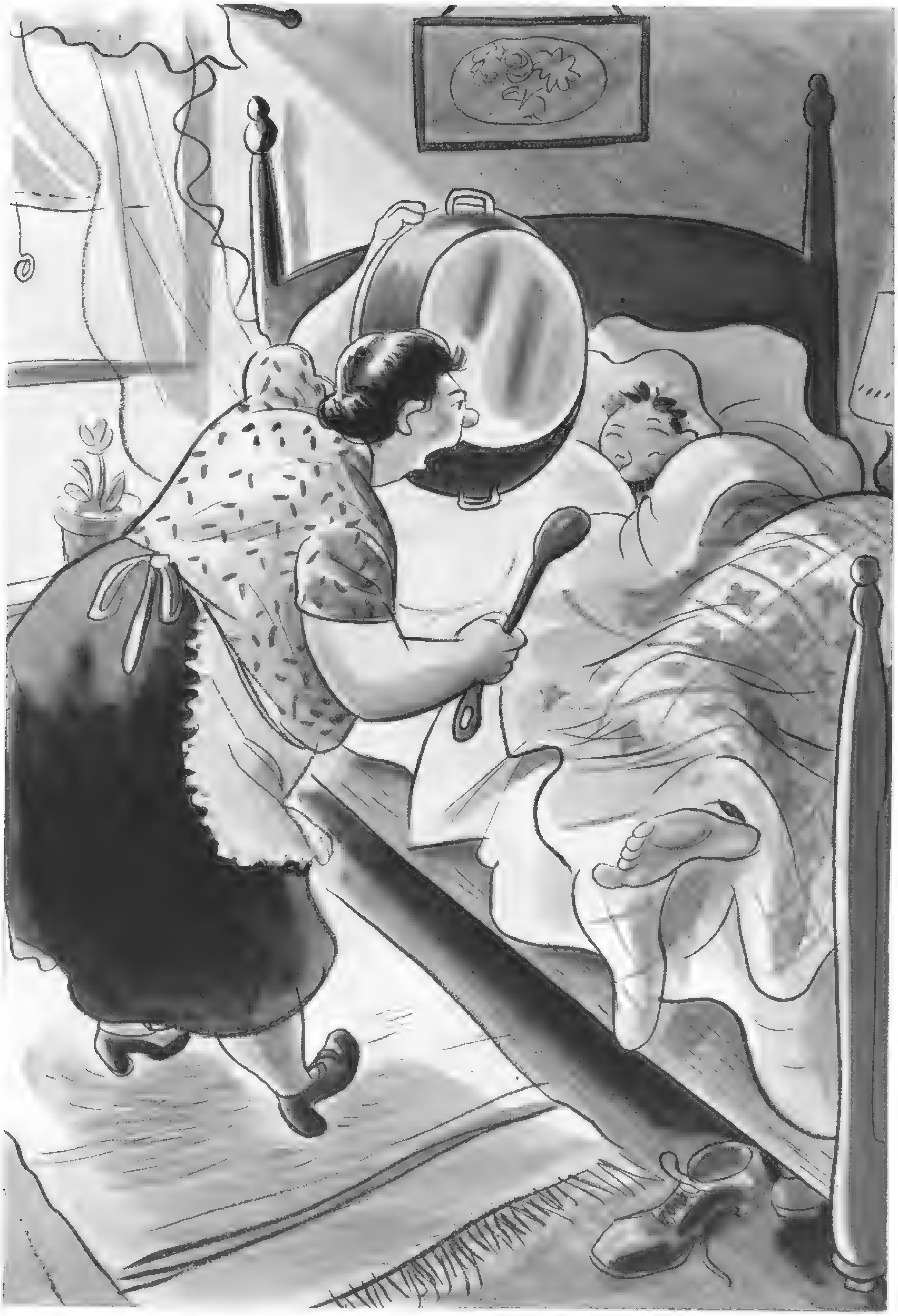

"At the sound of the gong it will be exactly 11 a.m.—you loafer"

The White Peril

Mexico had unlimited game until our Brown Brothers welcomed the killers who come from the States

by HART STILWELL

▪ SPORTS ▪

The Little Brown Brother down below the Rio Grande should have looked carefully at the past and thought of his wild life before he built that road and with a friendly wave of his hand toward the north said to his White Brother, "come."

He should have taken a cue from Cortez and from Taylor and from the White Brothers who gathered in the oil lands and became owners of the burrows that went down into the bowels of the earth after metal. He should have realized that the tremendous energy of the Paleface, once directed in earnest against the things that fly and run and swim, would achieve remarkable results in the way of devastation.

He should have realized this. But he didn't.

Furthermore, for a long, long time he watched from a more or less detached point of view while the slaughter spread. Then he began to see there were no fish in his lakes, no turkeys in his back yard, no deer to shoot and cut into strips and tie up to dry so that it would carry him and his family through part of the winter.

Like the North American Indian before Columbus, he had lived partly on the bounty of nature that brought game to his door. He trapped quail and white-wing doves; killed deer and turkey at times when he could afford ammunition. Perhaps he was a particularly good shot and some fellow from the nearest town came out and gave him shells and told him to kill for the market, which he did.

But these things made no more impression on the supply of game than the American Indian did on the buffalo. For the Little Brown Brother was killing only a few stragglers that wandered out to the fringe of a breeding and feeding ground so vast that its leagues were not measured.

Then the nation to the south made a tactical error one day, insofar as its wild life was concerned. It built a road. This road was not just an ordinary highway. It stretched from the border of the Republic on the north on down to Mexico City on the south and is still moving farther south.

The great White flow started. And the Paleface brought with him his Springfield and his casting rod. Shortly the Little Brown Brother saw that the game was harder to get—the deer would not come so close, the turkey became wary and the number of all living wild things seemed to shrink.

He saw these things and wondered. It took him a long time to put his finger on the sore spot, and still longer to apply the remedy. But he did it, and when he did a howl went up along the north bank of the Rio Grande that is still reverberating up toward the Canadian border, sending out faint little echoes of protest.

For Mexico, at last convinced that there is no more destructive specimen on the face of the earth than the American armed with a gun or a fishing rod, has clamped down. In the good old days all you had to do to hunt in Mexico was to satisfy some border general that you were not taking that hundred rounds of ammunition into the Republic for purposes of starting a revolution. Nobody minded if you killed a buck or a doe with every one of the shells.

But that day is gone forever.

You can like it or not—but you had better hew to the line pretty religiously, our neighbor is in earnest. The game limits and the seasons are generous compared to our own. And one fine thing about it is that you can pretty nearly get what you go after, if you can shoot or fish at all.

But the brothers who were conducting an elimination contest among Mexico's bountiful game have seen their day. The laws as they are now, and the general procedure the American must conform to in getting down into Mexico to hunt, are about as follows:

In the first place you should take with you when you start from home a letter from your mayor showing that you are a citizen in good standing with no criminal tendencies or record. This letter is a good thing to have, along with other credentials if you wish to take them.

You should go first to a Mexican consul, one at some city near you, or one on the border town where you cross, whether it be Brownsville, Laredo, El Paso, Nogales, San Diego, or some other crossing.

From the consul you get a tourist passport or card, which costs $1.15 American money and entitles you to stay in Mexico for six months.

Then you must secure, from the game warden in the Mexican city just across the border, to whom the consul at the border will direct you, a hunting license or permit.

There are two kinds of permits, the major permit, which costs $20.80 American currency and entitles you to hunt in any state in Mexico over a period of six months; and the minor hunting license, which costs $14 American money and entitles you to hunt birds and animals in lesser quantities and in only one state for a period of one month.

It's all strictly on a pay basis, which is the very sound, sensible way it ought to be. The clear logic of the Latin is asserting itself in the arrangement.

There is one other thing you must do before you start firing away. That is to post 500 *pesos* (about $160 American money) bond, or to secure membership in some Mexican border hunting club which bonds you. This bond is to guarantee that you will pay your fine in the event you violate the law. If you post the bond and come back from your hunt with clean hands, you get the $160 back.

The border hunting clubs are formed by the business people on the Mexican side of the border largely as bonding agencies. They charge a small fee for membership, and your letter is necessary here, so be sure to have it.

Under the major hunting license the hunter may kill one bear, three white tail bucks, one black tail buck, ten wild boar, five turkeys, fifteen quail per day or three hundred in a season, twenty-five white-winged or mourning doves per day or three hundred in a season, fifteen ducks per day or two hundred in a season, fifteen snipe per day or one hundred in a season, ten geese per day or fifty in a season.

The minor hunting license entitles him to no bear, two white tail bucks, two wild boar, ten geese per day or twenty-five in one month, fifteen quail per day and fifty in a month, twenty-five white-winged doves per day or one hundred a month, fifteen ducks per day or fifty in a month, fifteen snipe per day or fifty in a month.

Then there are hunting seasons, and they are the same for the man who holds either the big or the little license. They are:

Bear from September 30 to January 1.
White-winged doves, October 31 to April 16.

Mourning doves, October 31 to March 1.
Black tail deer, October 31 to January 1.
White tail deer, October 15 to February 16.
Ducks, November 15 to March 16.
Quail, October 31 to March 1.
Snipe, October 31 to March 1.
Geese, November 15 to March 16.
Wild boar, October 31 to April 1.
Pheasant, November 30 to March 1.
Turkey, October 31 to April 1.

The pheasant mentioned above has nothing in common with the pheasant hunted in this country, except that it belongs to the same general family. It is called in Mexico a *chacalac* and is seldom hunted by Americans because it lives in the densest brush available and offers few wing shots.

That's the procedure in hunting in Mexico. The best advice you can take with you is to stick pretty close to the law and the limits.

And remember you can't hire a guide to shoot your game for you, for when you bring it across the border you have to sign a statement that you killed it. And if your statement turns out screwy you'll get precious little of that $160 back, in addition to possibly spending a little time in the *juzgado* in some Mexican border town. For among other things the old practice of Americans going across the border and buying big quantities of wild game has come to an end, just recently.

The procedure in fishing is about the same except that you are not required to post bond (since there are no limits on the take of fish), and the permit to fish costs only $1.12 for one month, $2.80 for three months, and $5.60 for a year.

Fishing is not permitted in the running streams in Mexico, but only in tanks, dammed streams and lakes, and in salt water.

Mexico's game laws are the result of as destructive a campaign of hunting and fishing as has been seen since the old days of market hunting of ducks in this country. Living on the border I have seen some of this take place.

For some strange reason it seems that the majority of Americans who have invaded the game paradise to the south have been hogs of the prime, Grade A variety. Perhaps the presence of unlimited, practically tame animals and birds has made hogs out of some of them. Then again it may be that only persons with the lust to kill an unlimited amount of game would go to all the expense and the trouble necessary to get down in Mexico to hunt.

I know a lot of fellows who hunt and fish. On the whole I wouldn't trade them for all the rest of the people in the world put together. They are pretty fair eggs. But I know some others who will go out and kill everything that flies, swims, walks or runs. The gleam of death shines in their eyes when they take the field, and the lust to kill hangs heavy in their nostrils.

It seems that these are the boys that have been showered down on Mexico. I can cite some instances from my own observations.

A dear old gentleman of my acquaintance who lives in Texas told me of a little fishing trip he and a companion made into Mexico about four years ago.

"Went down to Don Martin Dam," he said, "finest fishing in the world. We brought out two hundred and sixty bass, iced in my refrigerator."

Two hundred and sixty bass!

You would think he was starting a hatchery. But the hatchery days of those two hundred and sixty bass were forever past. Yet this old gentleman was pretty white compared to some of his brethren. He at least brought them out and used them, once the fish were dead, while hundreds of Americans who flocked there followed the noble practice of dumping most of their load of dead fish on the bank when they found at the end of the day that they had more fish than they wanted to fool with.

When Mexico opened Don Martin Lake to fishing, she opened it with a free hand and sent word across the border to the Paleface to come and partake.

The way the Paleface has partaken is something that would make the Cherokee Deal look like a stroke of pure good luck for the Indian. Mexico clamped down there a long time before she did on her birds and animals. She clamped down by simply charging heavy fees for the privilege of fishing in the beautiful lake. It may seem strange, but it is true that most of the fellows who would think nothing of spending fifty dollars to get down to the lake wouldn't spend ten dollars to fish in it. So the take has been cut remarkably.

MONOTYPES BY ERIC LUNDGREN

One of the finest examples of game destruction in Mexico by Americans took place while the highways were being built. The Pan American highway crosses dozens of the most beautiful mountain streams to be found in the world. These streams contained a remarkable amount of fish before the highway was built.

But in the building of it the Paleface engineers showed the Mexicans the trick of catching fish by setting off a charge of dynamite in the deep pools of the streams. The streams were practically void of fish when the building of the road was over.

I know of scores and scores of instances of wholesale destruction of game in Mexico before the limits were set. Several years ago I heard of three Americans who drove down into that land of plenty and with a little judicious headlight work returned with seventeen deer, eleven of them does. That's a lot of deer—but what the hell, they didn't violate any law.

This group was no exception. It was the rule. Almost all hunters who went killed deer as long as they felt the urge and it was a strong urge.

Then there is that noble bird, the turkey. I heard of several American hunters who reverted to the old trick of the early American market hunter in taking a few of these big bronze birds that kept the Puritans in rations during hard days. These hunters got in their work by the light of the moon—clean, romantic hunting firing up into the turkey roosts which were skylighted above them. Down came the big birds as the automatic shotguns blazed away—fifty-four of them in one evening of fun down in the land of plenty.

It was the same with other game. While our goose bag limit was four a day I know of a hunter who killed sixty-two in one morning in Mexico. The white-winged dove, which in his flight in some parts of Mexico carries one back in memory to the passenger pigeon, the quail in countless thousands—all were slaughtered in such numbers as to make one pause and concentrate to grasp the stark picture of destruction.

The killing was spreading out rapidly all over the northern part of Mexico. Wherever the American could penetrate by automobile, pack train, and on foot he killed off the game.

And in addition to the Americans who hunt and fish for fun, the Paleface who hunts and fishes for money moved in on Mexico. He cut even a wider path of destruction for a time. The market hunter helped the local Mexicans to supply their market, and probably did a little smuggling across the border. His operations, insofar as this country was concerned, were illegal, however, and hence his work limited.

Just recently the commercial fisherman from the States secured a foothold from which to reach out and spread his nets in one of the few stretches of virgin water on the Gulf of Mexico. The Americans looked over the east coast of northern Mexico, where roads are impassable during wet weather, and decided that what they saw was good. No bad roads could stop them. With Yankee ingenuity they had trucks mounted on giant tractor tires, producing grotesque-looking monsters that could straddle any of the muddy ridges, and go crawling over the *zacahuistle* grass on the flats. They are geared to push down small trees if necessary.

These trucks go rumbling and sloshing through Mexico's muddy roads bringing back now more than 100,000 pounds of fish every month—beautiful speckled trout, fine redfish, and fighting robalo. And the industry is just in its infancy. All along the Texas coast commercial fishermen, who have long ago strained out the cream of their own fishing, are casting longing eyes toward the coast of Mexico, and more and more of them are moving in and taking root.

For the fish there are like the sands of the desert. You can go down there where the men are seining—or just beyond them—and you can sit on the bank and catch big redfish as long as you have the strength and the will to pull them out. I saw five men catch more

Continued at top of page 143

More Tales from a Chief's Tent

Colonel Lawrence realized that Nuri was the most revengeful of all the Arabs if his friendship was betrayed

by CARL R. RASWAN

• ARTICLE •

In the beginning of my life with the Arabs, I made notes on the number of families and clans, tents and flocks in one of the large camel breeding tribes. I was given almost astronomical figures, until I learned my lesson that no Bedouin—and especially not the chief himself—would give me the exact number of his people or possessions. He would not hesitate to give a fantastic account to impress me with the strength of his tribe. He always felt that no matter how friendly the stranger might be, he was an emissary of the enemy.

The Ruala were most secretive about their sacred emblem, the mysterious camel throne of Ishmael. This was a camel litter, a framework of light desert wood decorated with the black feathers of the wild ostrich. A virgin girl rode in it like a Jeanne d'Arc animating the warriors about her to follow her into battle against the enemy. Some of the heroes even chained themselves to the camel or the Ark to defend her, the symbolic bride of every warrior.

Twice I have seen the whole tribe massed together in an immense swarm comprising thirty-five thousand people and almost four hundred thousand camels extending over twenty miles in width as they came surging across the desert, with all their pack camels, horses and dogs following. Two occult men with the chief in the center were riding behind the strong camel which carried the emblem. They were intoning a mysterious chant which was taken up by the men on the war mares and the race camels. A few minutes later all the rest of the men and women and children of the migrating tribes began to hum and sing, and even the camels seemed to get under the spell, moaning in their excitement. The horses neighed, and the dogs howled, as if possessed by some demoniacal spirit.

I rode in a slave woman's litter. The owner had made his wife go on foot while I hid with my camera behind the curtain of the camel sedan. Though I was able to get a few forbidden shots of the tribe on the warpath and the sacred emblem surrounded by the heroes and the occult men, I had to fight for more than an hour against my own feelings to throw off the spell which seemed about to overcome me. Men and beasts in fast strides were moving across the face of the desert against some low hills in which the enemy was hiding. The power and the spirit of God are supposed to have taken possession of the sacred camel with its mysterious throne and the virgin in it, and the camel is not hindered from progressing wherever it chooses.

The tribe follows the animal unhesitatingly, and in this case it took about an hour to reach the foot of the hills. The first shots fired by the enemy in ambush came as a relief to the swarm of Bedouins and their animals, and the spell was broken on the instant, as though a pebble had been thrown at a buzzing beehive with its queen.

They scattered in all directions, the fighting men on their mounts rushing in wild gallop toward the enemy. I dismounted and, leaving my camera with the slave, took his rifle, mounted my mare and galloped with our men into the hills. The enemy retreated but later cornered us with an overwhelming number of fighters of the Beni-Atiye and their allies, and we too were forced to retreat.

The Ruala and their chiefs were always kind and friendly to me, and I felt guilty to have taken these pictures secretly. Prince Fuaz, the grandson of Nuri, had once told me that I would be allowed to take any pictures in the tribe except the camel throne of Ishmael on the warpath. He emphasized this request, explaining that his tribe was very superstitious about the emblem and attributed to it the most powerful and occult strength.

A few weeks after the camera incident Prince Fuaz visited me in Damascus. I was tempted by the mischievous notion of showing him the pictures I had taken. He turned pale at the sight of them and hastily tore them up, saying, "If our enemies were to get hold of these, they would get the power over our tribe."

I tried to explain to him that such a thing was impossible and only a matter of superstition. Still Fuaz insisted that to possess the Ark of Ishmael or only a replica of it would give the enemy a sure power over his tribe.

"By the way," he asked, assuming a casual manner, "do you have any pictures of my enemy chiefs?"

I happened to have eight enlargements of various chiefs who were enemies of my friend. Among them was Mijhem, the supreme chief of the Fidan and at the same time brother-in-law and sworn enemy of Prince Fuaz. (Blood relationship does not prevent these chiefs from being deadly enemies.) Fuaz was delighted to take these eight pictures in hand and request me to go with him and his slaves in his car to the desert outside Damascus. Out there he placed the eight pictures on tent pegs. He and his bodyguard then started to fire rapidly with their Mauser rifles at the stiff and defenseless portraits.

With an air of heroism he said, "Ah, we have finished them! Their power over us is gone." He walked over to the innocent remains of his enemies whom he had so successfully annihilated in effigy. With his sandals he poked at the torn scraps, among which he found a rather large piece that still showed part of the face of his sworn enemy and brother-in-law, Mijhem. It was only a fragment of the face, with just one eye remaining, but it was distinctly the face of Mijhem.

Fuaz, with a diabolical expression on his features, started to rub this piece be-

Tony Palazzo

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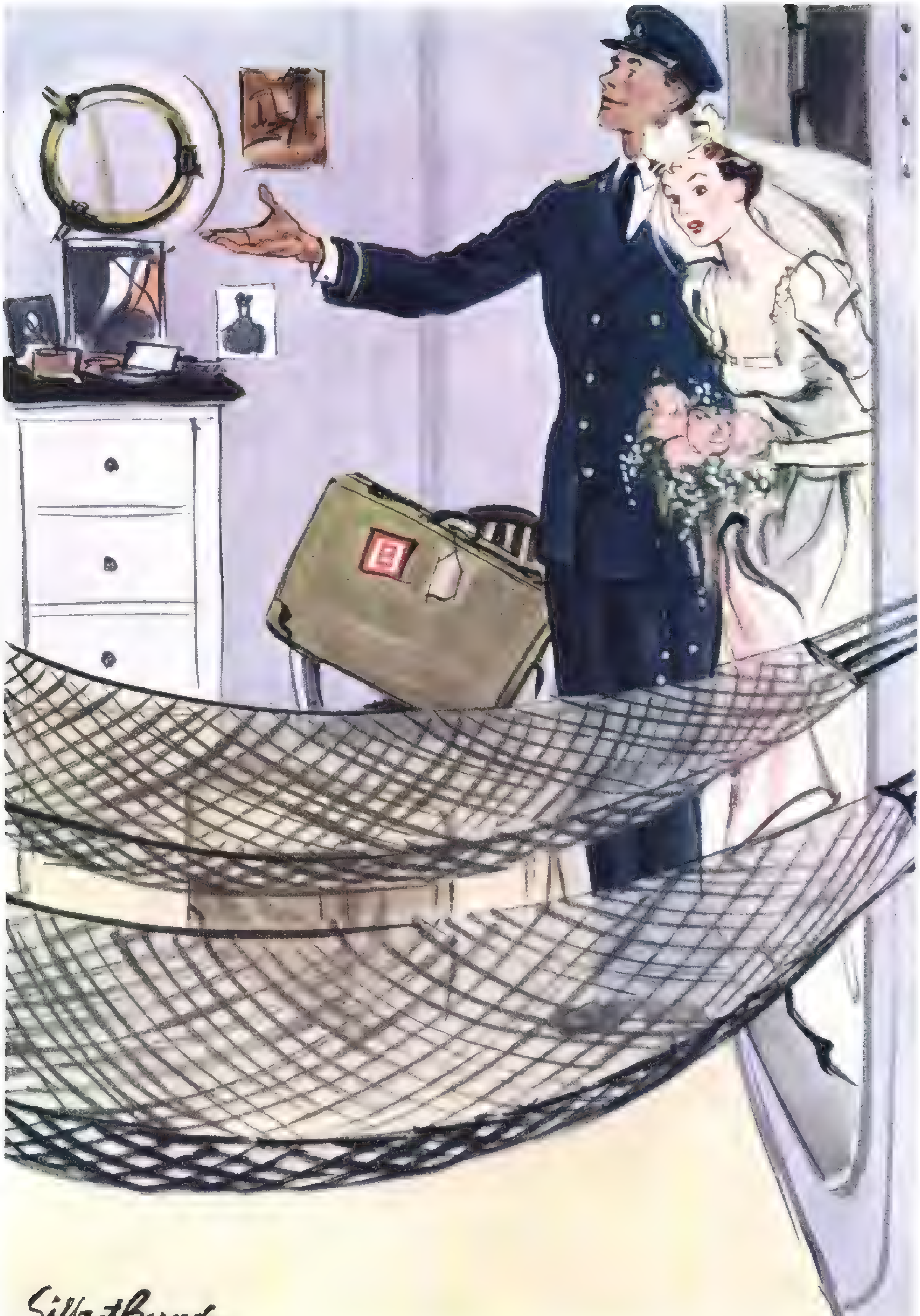
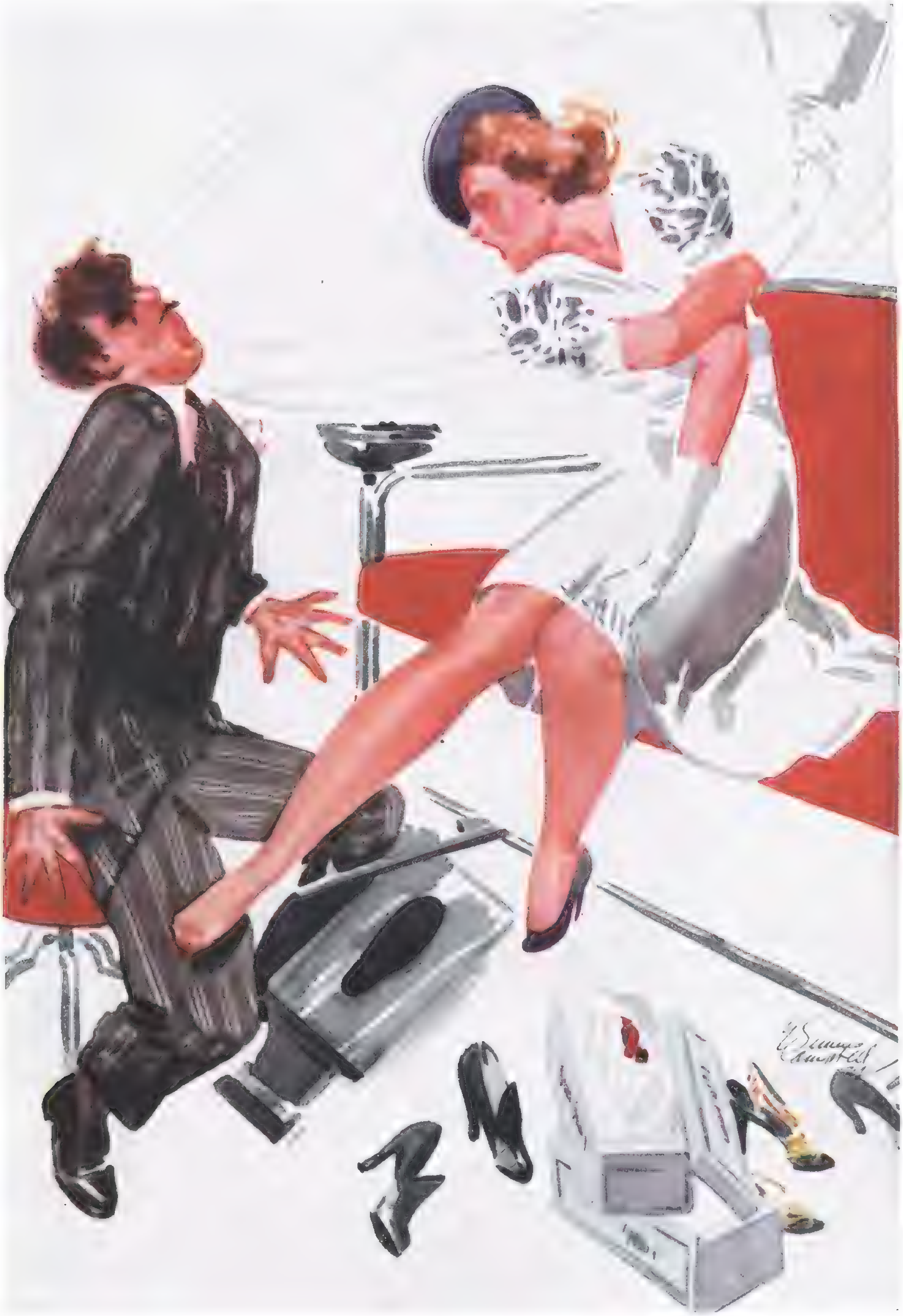

Gilbert Bundy

"... And this is our room, sweetheart"



"I'm buying shoes—not stockings!"

The Serpent in Eden

Dressed up like a tough guy, he was still Herman Blackman, bald, forty, and an invoice scratcher

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

IT WOULD be best if you knew right from the start that in his small suitcase he had $30,000. This money Herman Blackman had accumulated over a period of some months by altering the books of Nadel and Schneer, clothing manufacturers. Just a little trick of double entry. In short this bald-headed, mild-eyed, bookkeeper for twenty years, quiet as a mouse, meek as a kitten, this timid dried up bit of humanity was nothing but a plain embezzler in flight. He was seeking a paradise: and he came to Death Valley.

Here he was certain that he could find America's bad lands. Here with his New York back-office wits, his cunning and cleverness he would build himself a new life. He would carve it out of the rocks with his bare hands. He felt himself the new Robinson Crusoe, the Pioneer Man from Broadway, the hero of the latest Hollywood Bad Man's Land movie. Yes, he was to himself all these—and besides, he had in his grip $30,000.

The bus from Texas dropped him off at Baker and here a fellow gave him a lift to the mining camp of Shoshone.

Blackman looked at the fellow who was driving him very carefully. Was this young man with russet leather face and torn flannel shirt a desert rat? Did he carry a pistol? What does he do with the five-gallon can of kerosene that is in the back of the car? Was the $30,000 safe with a fellow like that? The timid bookkeeper had many things to worry about. Then he thought he would ask some questions.

"You live here?"

"Yes, over toward Dante's View. That's on the Furnace Creek road."

"Pretty hot country this?"

"Well, summer is hot all over but this time of the year it is just right and pretty cool at nights. Healthiest climate in the world. For lung trouble it is said to be better than Arizona."

The bookkeeper made a note of this remark.

"Do you have a house?"

"A cabin."

"Belongs to you?"

"Well, it might. I really don't know."

"The reason I ask is . . . You see the doctor told me to come out here for my health and I wanted to get a place to live in."

"There are tourist cabins in Shoshone. It's a hangout for prospectors and there are some more in Furnace Creek. But there are not many cabins in and about. Sometimes you run into one in the most unexpected places. That's how I came on mine. Accidentally. Saw the roof and thought I would find water there and fill my canteen. Looked in the door and there on the bunk was a fellow dead. He was shot right through the heart."

"Is that so!" said the astonished bookkeeper. "Killed?"

"Yes, killed."

"What did you do?"

"I got down to the gas station in Furnace Creek and they telephoned for the sheriff. He drove up in his car and I showed him where the cabin was located. 'Been dead some time,' said the sheriff."

"How long?"

"Oh, a couple of weeks. Perhaps a month. We didn't know. It made no difference. But we dug a place and buried him and we came back and got a drink of water from the well. It tasted very good. We looked around. There was not much to look at, a few cans of beans, some coffee, sugar, a blanket, rusty pots and . . . 'The hell with the inventory,' said the sheriff. He is supposed to take possession of a dead man's belongings and hold them for any possible heirs. And so I said to him, 'I think I'll stay here.' And he said, 'O.K. you stay and if someone turns up with a proper claim then I will hold you responsible for the contents, and as I look about I would value same contents at about $2.50.' He just wanted me to know the extent of my obligation. 'Fair enough,' I said. And I've been there ever since. It's been five years now."

"What was his name?"

"The sheriff's name?"

"No, I mean the man."

"Oh, the dead man? We never found out."

The little car rattled along the gravel road and now and again the tires would pick up some loose pebbles and flick them against the tin mudguards. Soon the road began to wind and climb between low flat sandy hills. The bookkeeper noticed that each mile of the road was plainly marked with an enameled iron sign put up by the California Automobile Club. He was surprised at this display of civilization and he spoke about it very enthusiastically to the driver.

"Can't get lost here even if you wanted to. Every mile is marked plain as day."

This was his first disappointment. Somehow or other bad lands and auto signs did not go together. He asked more questions.

"How about snakes?"

"Well, only rattlers and poison lizards. But if you don't bother them they won't bother you."

"That's one thing I don't care to argue with," said the bookkeeper smiling. He wanted to make a joke of it but the very thought of snakes gave him chills.

And in this way by asking a lot of questions and saying little about himself, Herman Blackman arrived at the little miners' camp called Shoshone.

"My name is Harry Black," he said and shook hands. "Thanks for the lift."

"That's O.K. And if you get out to Dante's View you can see my cabin on the left. Come over. My wife is always home if I am out. The name is Donaldson. Glad to make your acquaintance."

Donaldson bought some gas in Shoshone and stopped in the lunch room to get a cup of coffee and a slice of pie. About half an hour later he came back to his car and looked into the store. Here was the little bookkeeper in his tight brown checked suit with his lavender socks and pink striped shirt. And his suitcase was close by. On the counter were a pair of khaki breeches and high-laced boots and a regulation miner's checked shirt, a felt covered canteen, brown blanket and pack. He was buying the whole outfit at one time and soon he would be all dressed up from head to foot—miner style . . . Rough bad land tough-man's outfit. Soon he could begin his new life in Paradise. Soon the dream of his imagination was to come true.

But Herman Blackman was Herman Blackman. Dress him up to look like an Indian totem-pole or Roman Senator; dress him in

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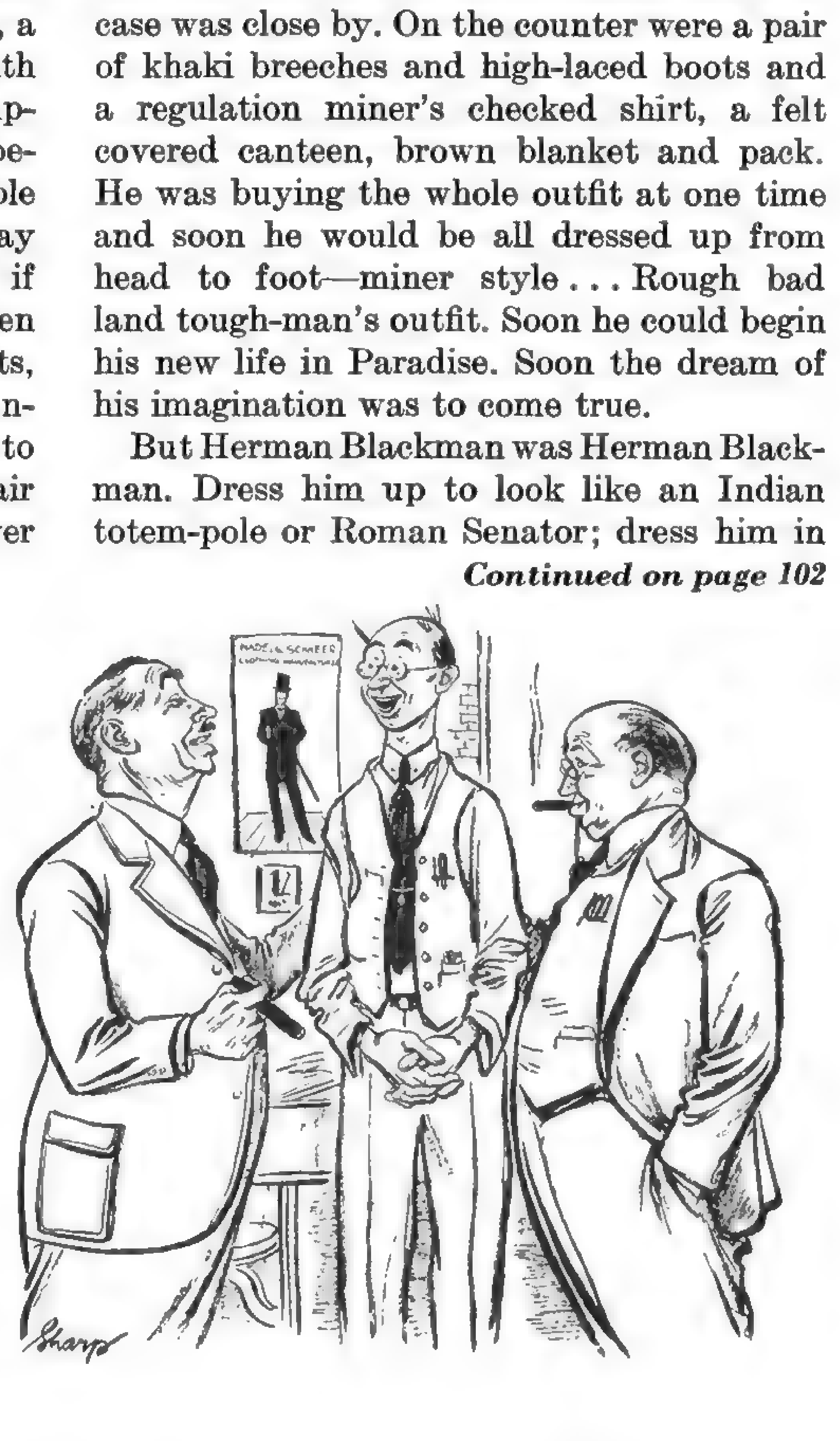
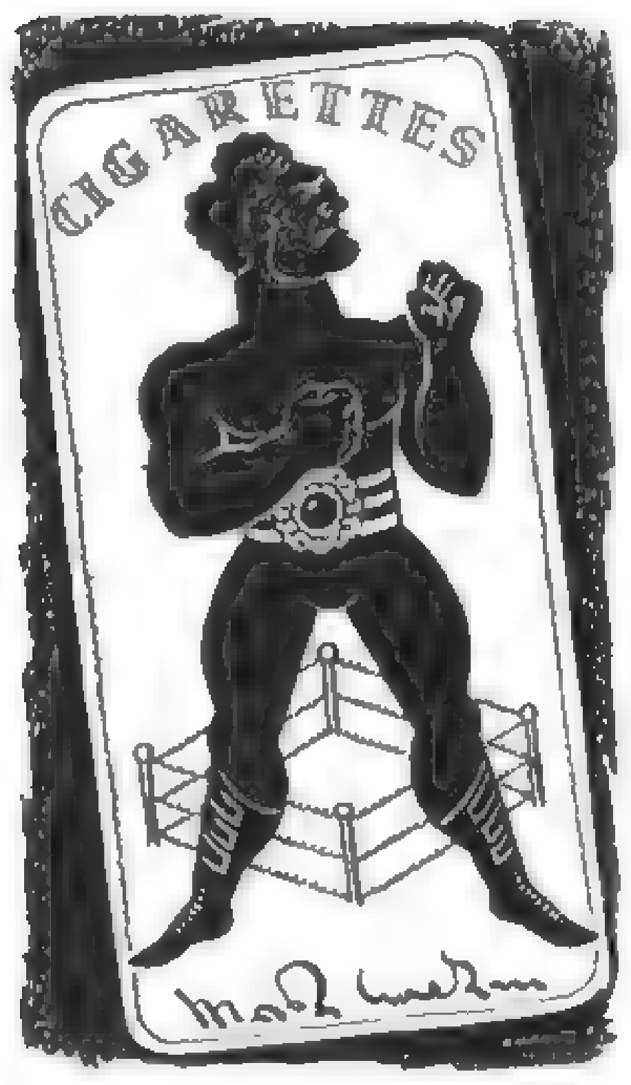


Beautiful Colors

Where are the fine pictures of famous athletes that came with the cigarettes of yesteryear?

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •



Whether it is deplorable or commendable I am not interested in discussing at the present time, but in my opinion it is a fact that the average youngster of today hasn't the interest in famous athletes that boys in the period just before the World War had. One of the reasons is that the athletes of today haven't color. By color I don't mean idiosyncrasies, verve, competitive spirit—the type so endeared to all sports writers. I simply mean—well, color. Hues and shades.

Comparatively few small boys in this generation as well as in my own see their athletic idols in the flesh, but in our time we were privileged to enjoy the next best thing, cigarette pictures *in color* of our favorites. The next best thing, I repeat. The present-day youngster may see newsreels and he may listen to broadcasts, but neither of these is any particular good. Newsreels seldom show decent close-ups, and, most important, they aren't as yet in technicolor. They are drab affairs in black and white. And radio lacks not only color but form and substance as well. The radio listener—whatever he may think—isn't really thrilling to action, contact and skill, but to numerical concepts, the numbers that represent runs, touchdowns and goals. The score, and not the athlete making it, is substantially the whole thing.

I won't swear that no cigarette pictures are being issued now, but I do know that I haven't seen any for at least twenty years. Premiums don't seem to be in vogue any more with the tobacco companies, and today the most that a fellow can expect to realize from the purchase of his favorite brand of cigarettes is satisfaction, a lift, and an opera singer's throat. That isn't nearly enough. The only way you can get premiums today is to go into contests, and that takes too much skill and patience. Besides, they tell me, you have to share your profits with a staff of assistants which numbers anywhere from four to a dozen if you expect to finish in the big money.

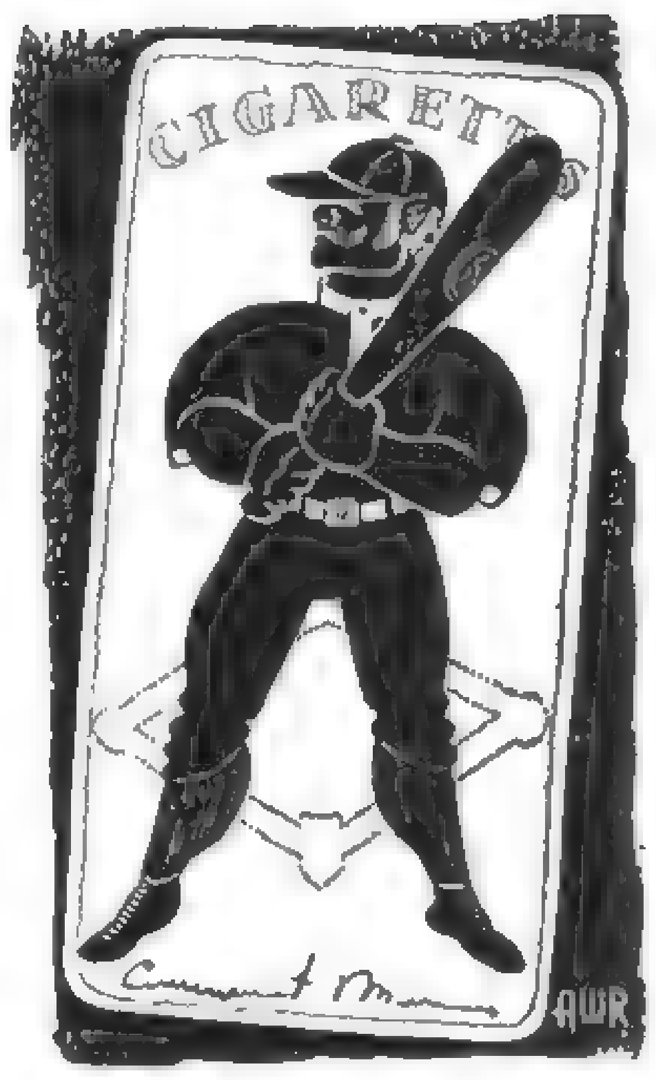
Perhaps modern advertising methods sell enough cigarettes, and have done away with the need for premiums. Perhaps the answer is in the flimsy paper packet in which popular brands of cigarettes are packed nowadays. It measures only two by two and three-quarter inches—much too small to enclose a self-respecting cigarette picture. In the old days cigarettes came in big flat durable cardboard boxes, strong enough to afford ample protection for the treasured pictures enclosed. There were Sweet Caps and Helmars and Moguls and Hassans, and, above all—Meccas! Meccas, of course, were the finest of all, because the Mecca container was a thing of enormous proportions. It measured at least five by four, and that meant that when a boy in my neighborhood had a Mecca cigarette picture, he had the best there was.

It is hard for me to realize that there must be now in existence a great many young people who have never seen a cigarette picture, possibly never heard of one. We all had them then. We wheedled them from our fathers or uncles or big brothers or big sisters' sweethearts, and we put plenty of gusto into our wheedling. Perhaps, as I have indicated, modern advertising knows what it is doing. And perhaps the feminine market, then almost non-existent, has made modern manufacturers somewhat complacent. I do know that, twenty-five years ago, because of cigarette pictures, practically every small boy was a potent advertising medium for Lady Nicotine. He put constant pressure on his elders to buy and buy and buy cigarettes. The faster my Uncle Winslow could smoke, the more dazzling pictures I could hope to receive. (My father, in spite of all my entreaties, stubbornly persisted in sticking to a pipe.)

It was, I repeat, the color, so lush and resplendent, that made those pictures the things of beauty that they were. So few youngsters, nowadays, could tell you the color of Lou Gehrig's eyes or his hair or his baseball sox, or the hue of Joe Louis's trunks. They have no conception of what a heroic picture the champion, his fists doubled up in front of him, would make against a drape background of vivid blue or red or purple. To them he is just a drab shadow that flits across a screen or a radio voice that says: "Yassah, he give me a hard fight, all right."

No modern boy has ever thrilled to the sight of Joe Jeanette, the dusky heavyweight, in his brilliant aquamarine tights or of Tris Speaker, the great outfielder, his brilliant red sox contrasted against the emerald green of the Fenway Park turf. Not a one has the faintest idea of the sheer splendor of a full-color action picture, fragrant with the scent of tobacco, of such pugilistic supermen as Stanley Ketchell, Leach Cross, Battling Nelson, Jack Johnson, and Sam Langford (the "Boston Tar Baby") or of such diamond immortals as Joe Jackson, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson and Ed Walsh.

In short, we knew that athletes could be decorative, and not merely abstractions that scored runs and knock-outs and drew big salaries. The cigarette companies realized that we felt that way, and, purely as a good-will gesture, I am sure, used to offer for sale enlargements of our favorite pictures. These, as I recall, were about six by eight inches, and for a dime or fifteen cents a boy had something to show when he pinned them up on his bedroom walls. I had about two dozen, Ty Cobb, then as now my baseball idol, occupying the place of honor over the head of my bed. I don't recall that my mother, who was an interior decorator, ever objected. If she had, I am sure that I should have run away from home, and I never did that.



These pictures, of course, had, first of all, to pass through the hands of the grown-up men who purchased the cigarettes, but the hand-me-down method of acquisition was by no means the only one or the most important one. Cigarette pictures unaccompanied by cigarettes were for sale in most stores (at three or four for a cent if I remember correctly), but only a sissy would stoop to such a method. It was all right to purchase enlargements, but the regular size—no.

It was through skill that the really treasured collections were amassed. Any nitwit lucky enough to wrest the cash from his parents could lay up a hoard of marbles, but to gain respect from his fellows, a boy had to win them in open competition. It was the same way with cigarette pictures.

The rules of the game were simple. Any number could play, and the only eligibility requirement was the possession of one or more pictures. We simply lined up at an agreed point, and scaled our pictures at any convenient perpendicular plane, the side of a house, a wall, a fence. The boy whose card ended up nearest the fence (fences were best) was the winner, and his reward was the sum total of all Bob Fitzsimmonses, Sam Crawfords, Ad Wolgasts and Frank Chances that landed behind it. He was the winner *if* his card landed face up. If it turned over, his throw was void, and his picture went to the owner of the leading face-up card. Sometimes, although rarely, all cards would turn over, in which case, as in poker, they simply remained in the kitty for the next round.

Like any other game of skill, this took timing and precision. A boy had to take wind currents into account, had to know that old dog-eared cards weren't as "fast" as brand new ones. Timidity, of course, was fatal, but, on the other hand, if you scaled your picture too hard it might turn over or hit the

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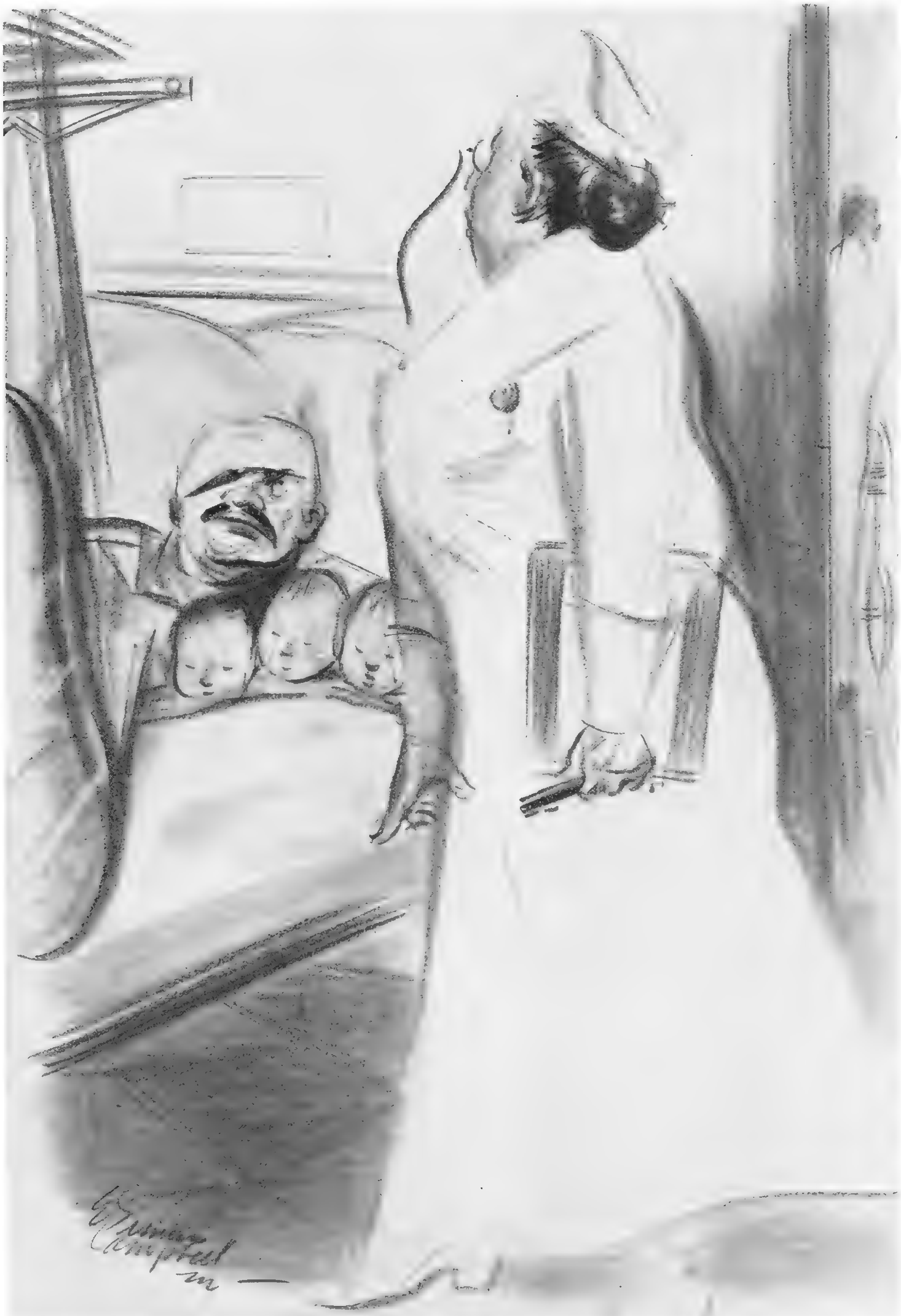
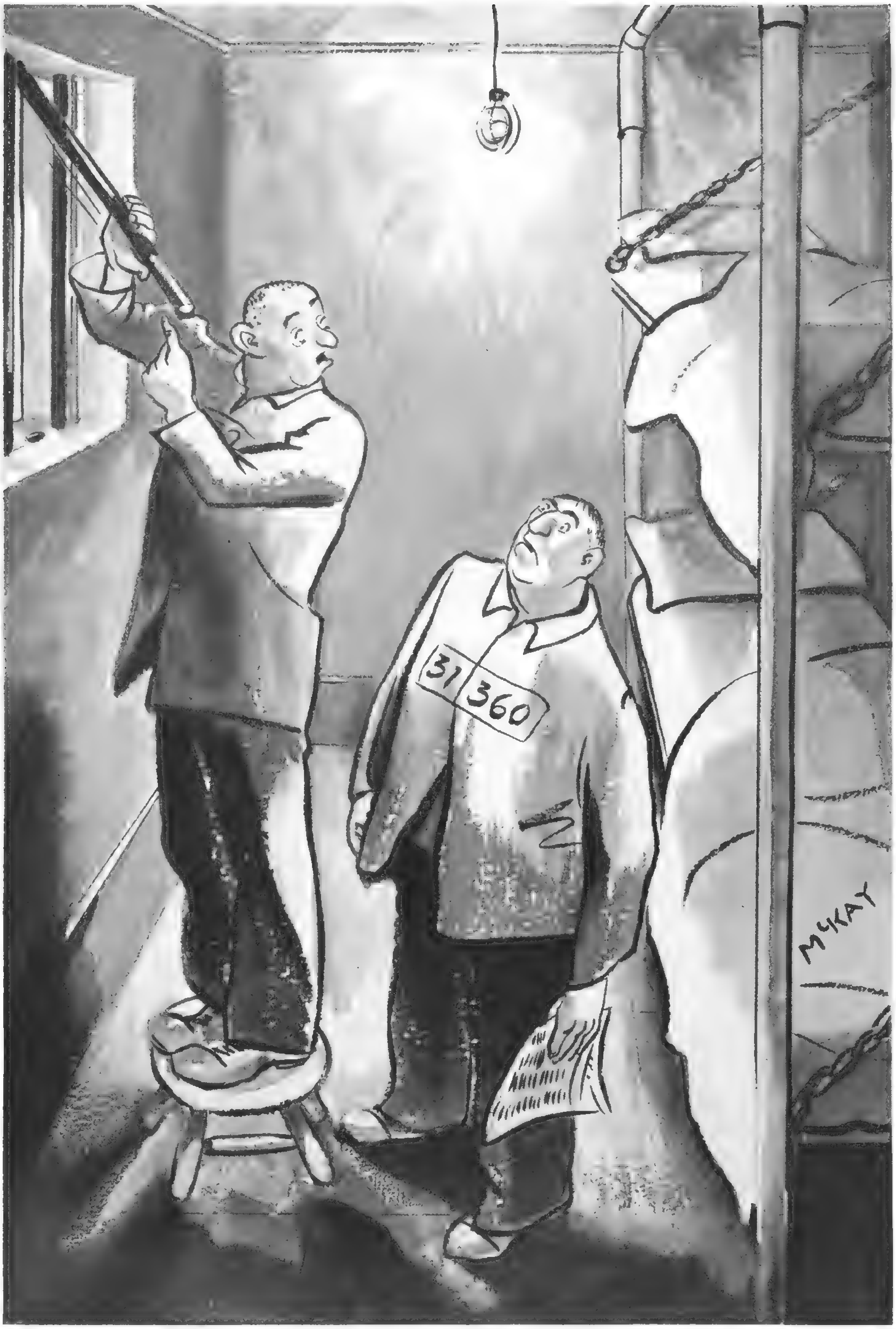


"My dear Sir—Mount Beth Hospital *never* *makes a mistake!"*


31 360
McKAY

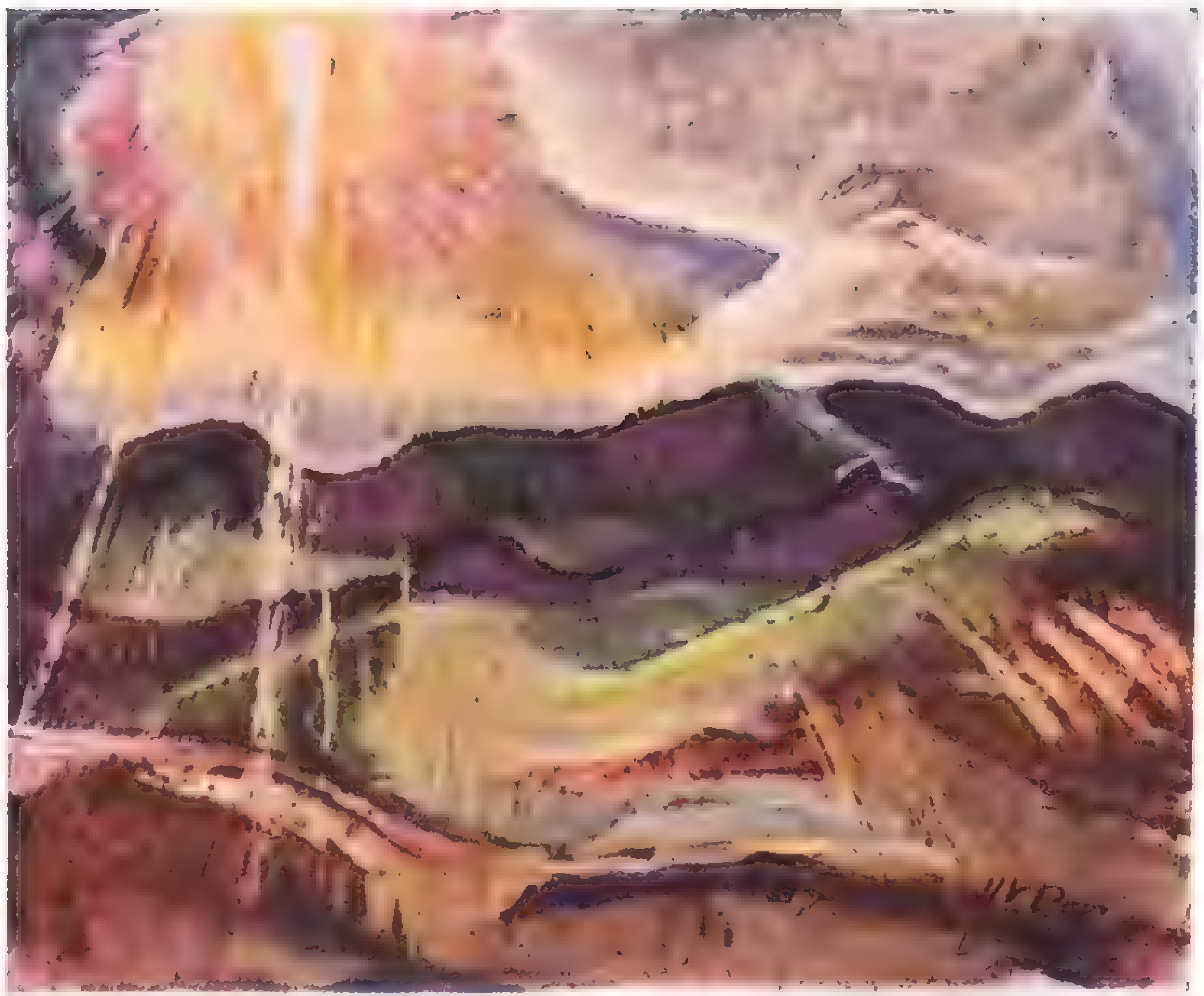
"Look! The place is falling apart—we ought to complain to the Warden"

Henry Poor: Art's Robinson Crusoe

Artisan as well as artist, he is quite self-sufficient, and could manage nicely on a desert island

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •



INTO THE SUN

HENRY VARNUM POOR'S grandfather was many things in the Maine town of Hanover. He ran the sawmill, and was millwright, blacksmith and carpenter not only for the town but for the countryside about. He was the good workman whose hands make him master over matter. When this master craftsman's grandson was being licked into shape in Kansas City, it was part of his good fortune to be sent to a manual training high school, where he was taught to make things out of wood and metal, working at vise and forge, and planning these things he made at drawing board. These courses laid the basis for Henry Poor's skill in the making of things.

Henry Varnum Poor is, among other things, an artist, a painter. He says that there are many more artists today than there were ever before and that the reason is that there are fewer opportunities for craftsmen and for play of the craft impulse. In olden times before machines did so many necessary things for us, men made things and got joy out of making them. Now the artisan impulse has gone into art; the man who yesterday would have created something with his hands for the market has been dispossessed. Practically the only avenue for expression remaining open to him is that of painting and sculpture. He works usually in a social vacuum, the community being either ignorant of or indifferent to the objects he produces. His chief and inescapable error is that he makes things which are not necessary and the world prefers things which are needful, although ugly, to those which are beautiful but not needful.

Henry Poor's story may be taken as a guide to the perplexed and to the distressed, but the story will not help any man to overcome his own limitations. It will not help the blind to see or the lame to walk. Perhaps the line of inheritance from his grandfather was Poor's own life line. But he respected it and made the most of it. Henry Poor is the artisan in the artist, not an artist who is also an artisan. He is a maker of things. He is a first-rate mixture of the peasant and the creative intelligence. He will make things that are needful and marketable beautiful. He will make things that are beautiful, although not needful, but not for long after they have ceased to become marketable. He does not believe that the indulgence of his immortal soul is a categorical imperative to go on making paintings when his dealer cannot sell them. He doesn't enjoy making things people won't buy. He enjoys the privilege of not having to court his customers, of being able to work independently and in a spirit of independence from the art market. For example, he told with obvious pleasure of the time he was receiving a drawing account against sales from a dealer and didn't have to know, and didn't want to know, to whom his work was being sold, if it was being sold. The regularity of his checks was the only indication he required that people were buying what he was producing. No snatching away from an insolent and stupid patron of a work of art because the patron didn't understand it or liked it for the wrong or trivial reason.

In the spring of 1920 Poor bought himself a parcel of land with two trout streams near Haverstraw, New York, and proceeded to build a house, about which operation more later. Then he began digging roots into his community and enriching it in his own way. On a higher level he is to the community around Nyack, Haverstraw and New City something like what his grandfather was to Hanover, in Maine. Far and wide are scattered examples from his potter's wheels and kilns. He has designed and built houses and designed and built furniture, doing by learning and learning by doing, with much trial and little error. Surely he has painted pictures but there have been times when he was so sorely pressed by commitments that years have had to elapse between paintings. Which does not mean that the creative impulse has been stifled. Painting pictures is only one of the ways in which that impulse gets its play. He is potentially many more things than he can be. Incidental to his pottery he is a sculptor. He is one of the few artists in America who can paint in true fresco style, directly on wet plaster instead of on dry canvas which is then tacked on to the wall space to be covered. Lying dormant in him, I have heard it whispered, are even the capacities of a writer. Anyway, he can talk like a critic.

Among the ways in which he has enriched his community: After building his own house, he drew up the plans and superintended the building of a place for Ruth Reeves, who is best known for her textile designs. Then he designed and built a home for the playwright, Maxwell Anderson, which place has somewhat more of the conveniences of civilized life than the architect's own, comparatively, rude shelter. For Ben Hecht, a Nyack neighbor, Poor designed and built a garden house and late last winter he was working on a fresco on the legend of *Daphnis and Chloe* for the lounge and dressing room of that Hollywood magnate's mansion. One of his most elaborate pottery commissions was to build a terra cotta fountain for the home of Helen Hayes, also at Nyack, while for the home of Rollo Peters, actor and realtor, he did a large overmantel decoration in tile and the plaque which the New York Drama Critics Circle gave Maxwell Anderson for his *Winterset* was cast from a mold designed by Poor. Further afield, Poor made the lamp bases used in the lounge of Radio City Music Hall and the tiled ceiling for the board room of the Union Dime Savings Bank. His tiles decorate the entrance doorway to Weyhe's Gallery. He has made pottery for table use and for lamps, tiles for interior decorative and architectural purposes and wall fountains. One of his most complicated compositions is a pottery celebrating *Ten Nights in a Barroom* with realistic humor. You may examine Poor's ceramic ware through the glass of a case at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, among other such institutions, and then in his own home you will eat from plates which he formed, fired and decorated, sitting on chairs which he made and leaning against one of the most solid refectory tables ever carved out of a single piece of tree.

Certainly Henry Varnum Poor is a painter and a mighty important one, with a distinctive quality, a quality intellectual rather than emotional, perhaps even a bit dry, but the chief interest in his life derives not from

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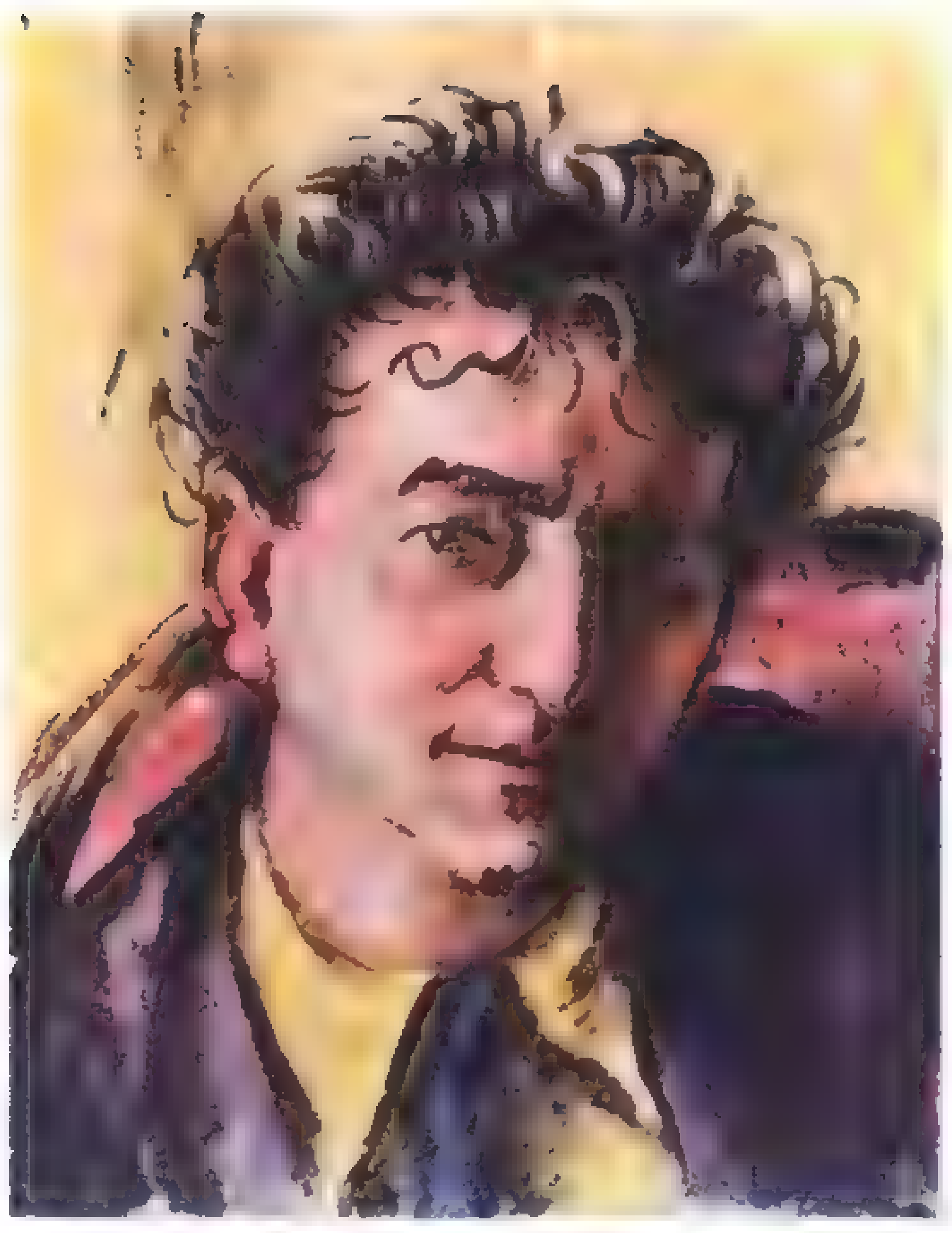
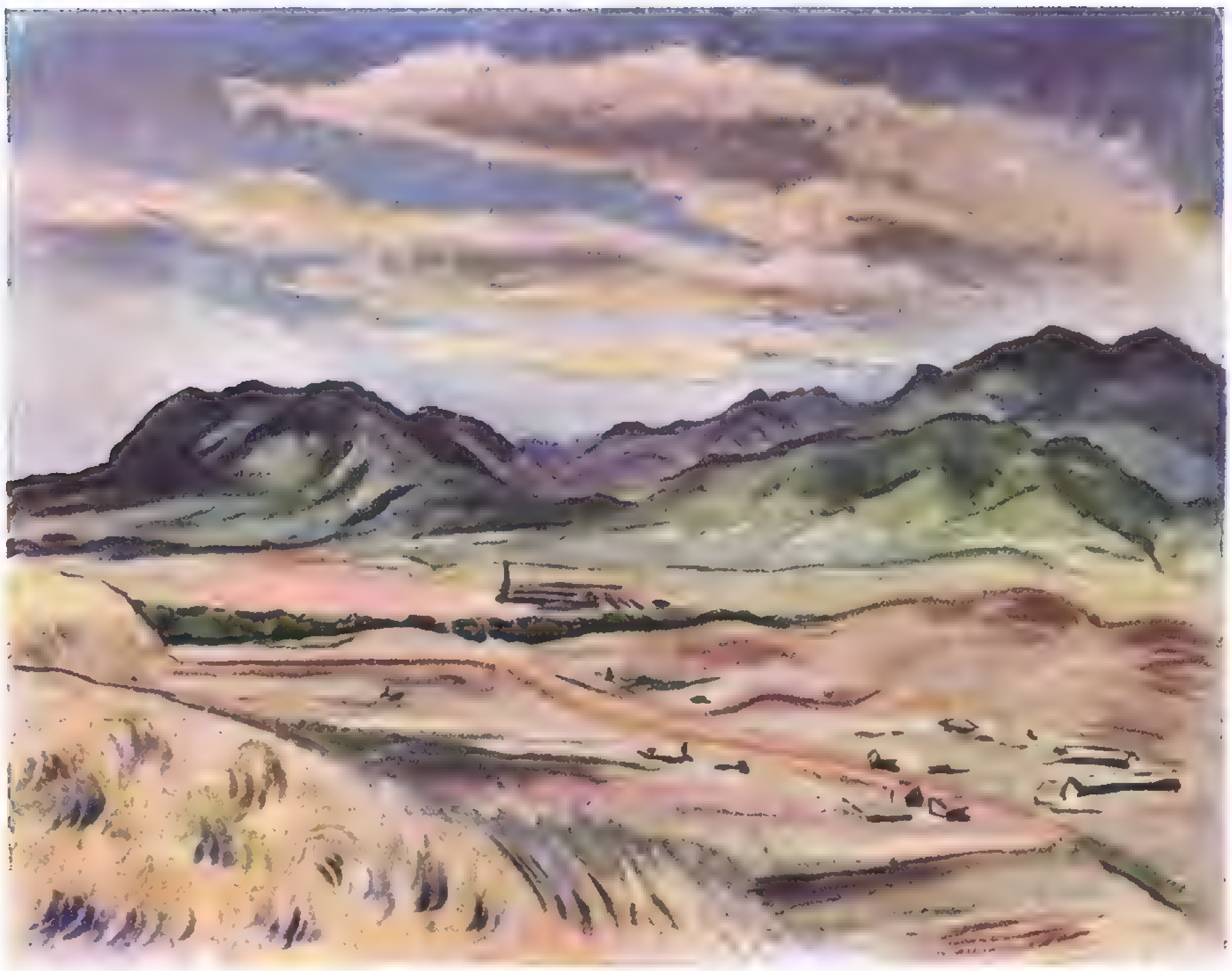
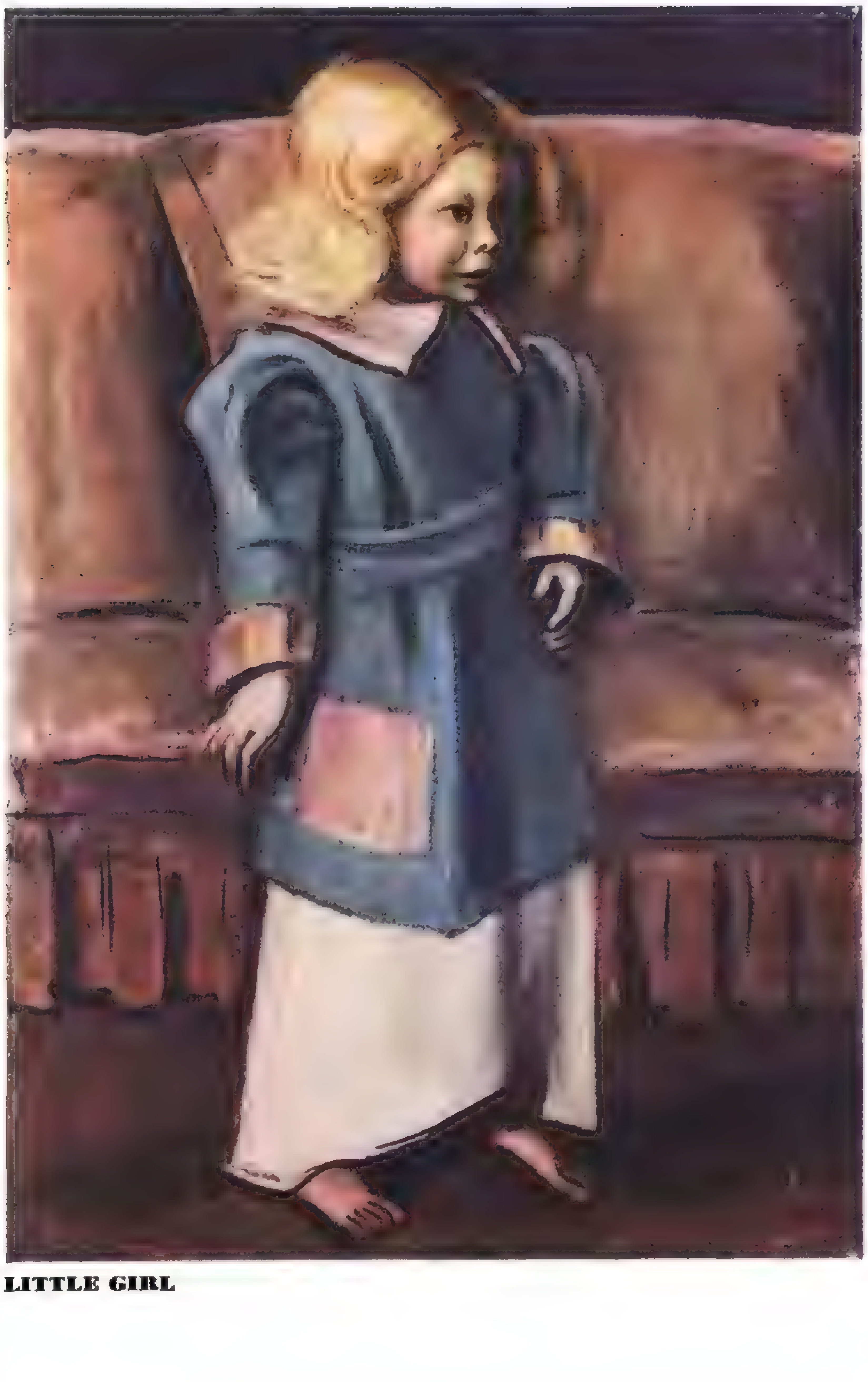

PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM RATTNER

Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Frank K. M. Rehn, Inc., 683 Fifth Ave., New York


FIRST RANGE OF THE ROCKIES

A Collection of Paintings
by HENRY VARNUM POOR


LITTLE GIRL

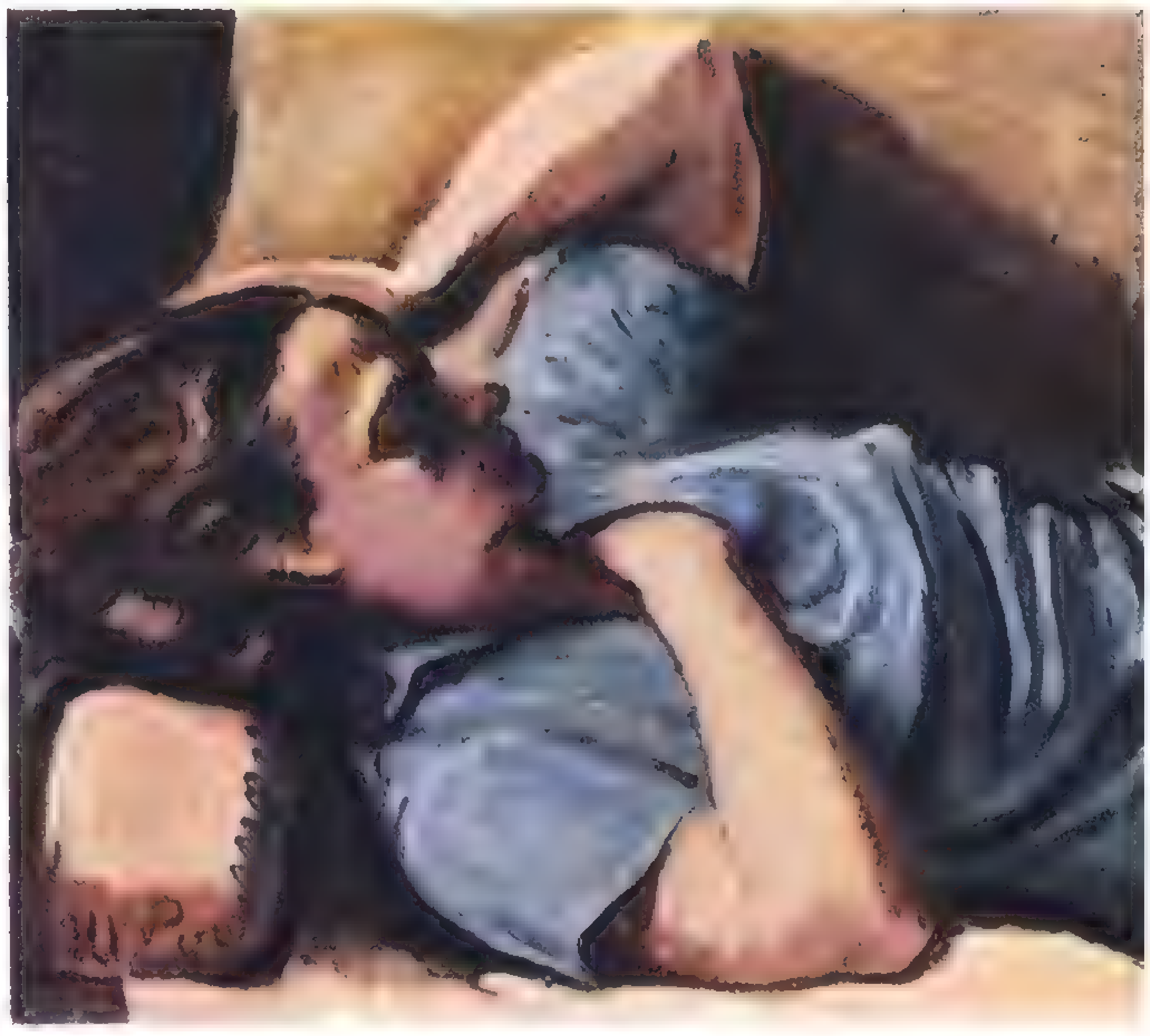
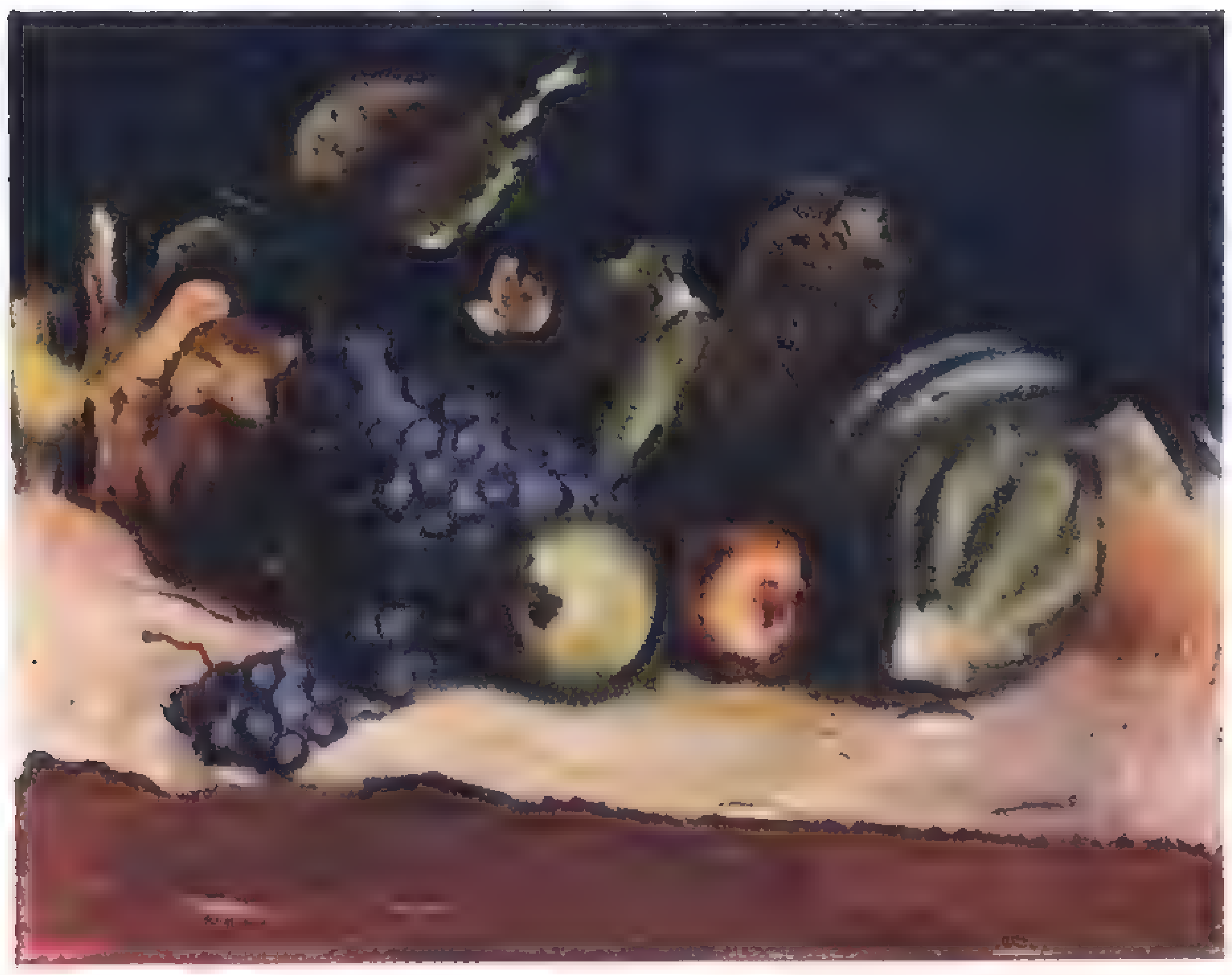
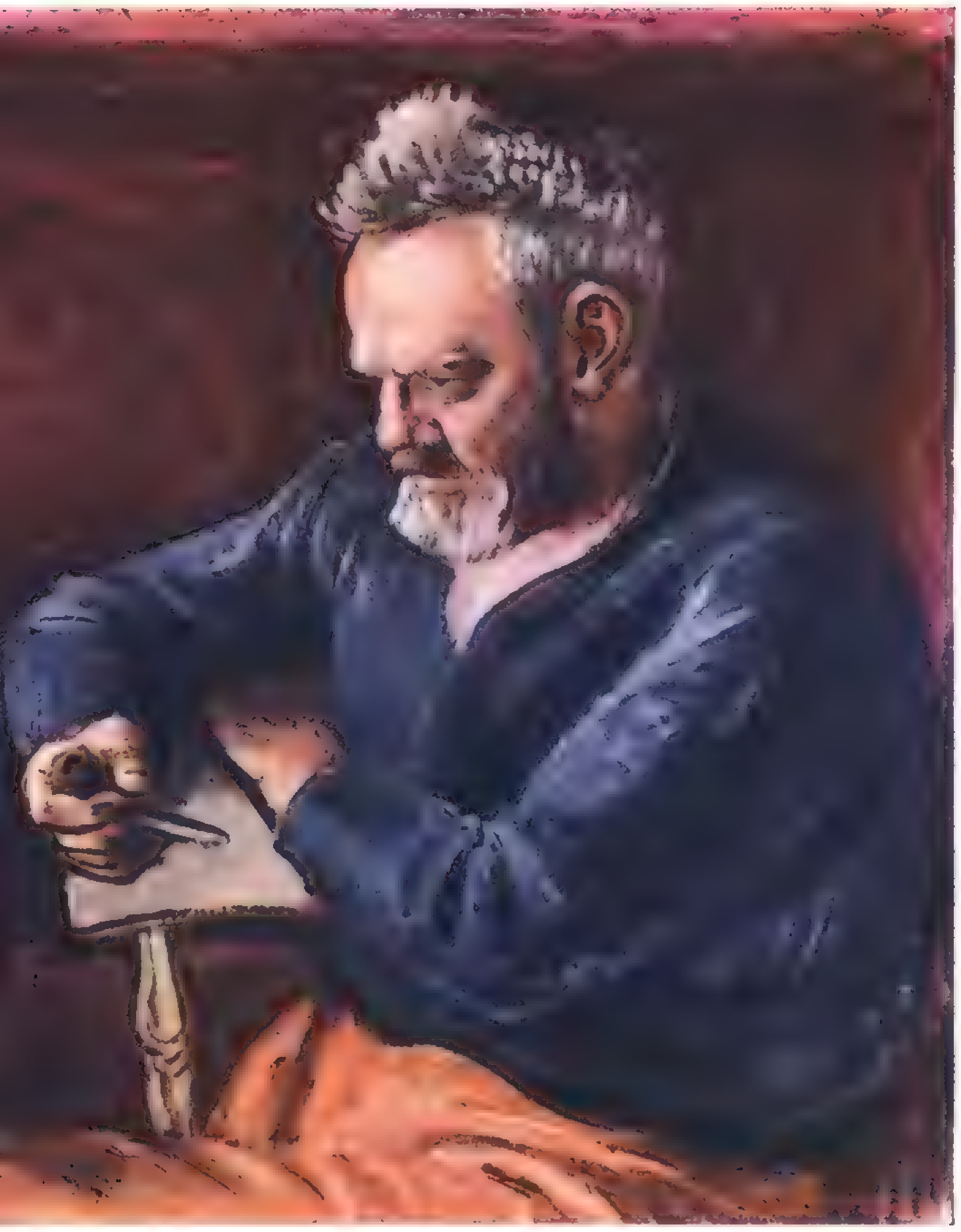


FIGURE IN BLUE

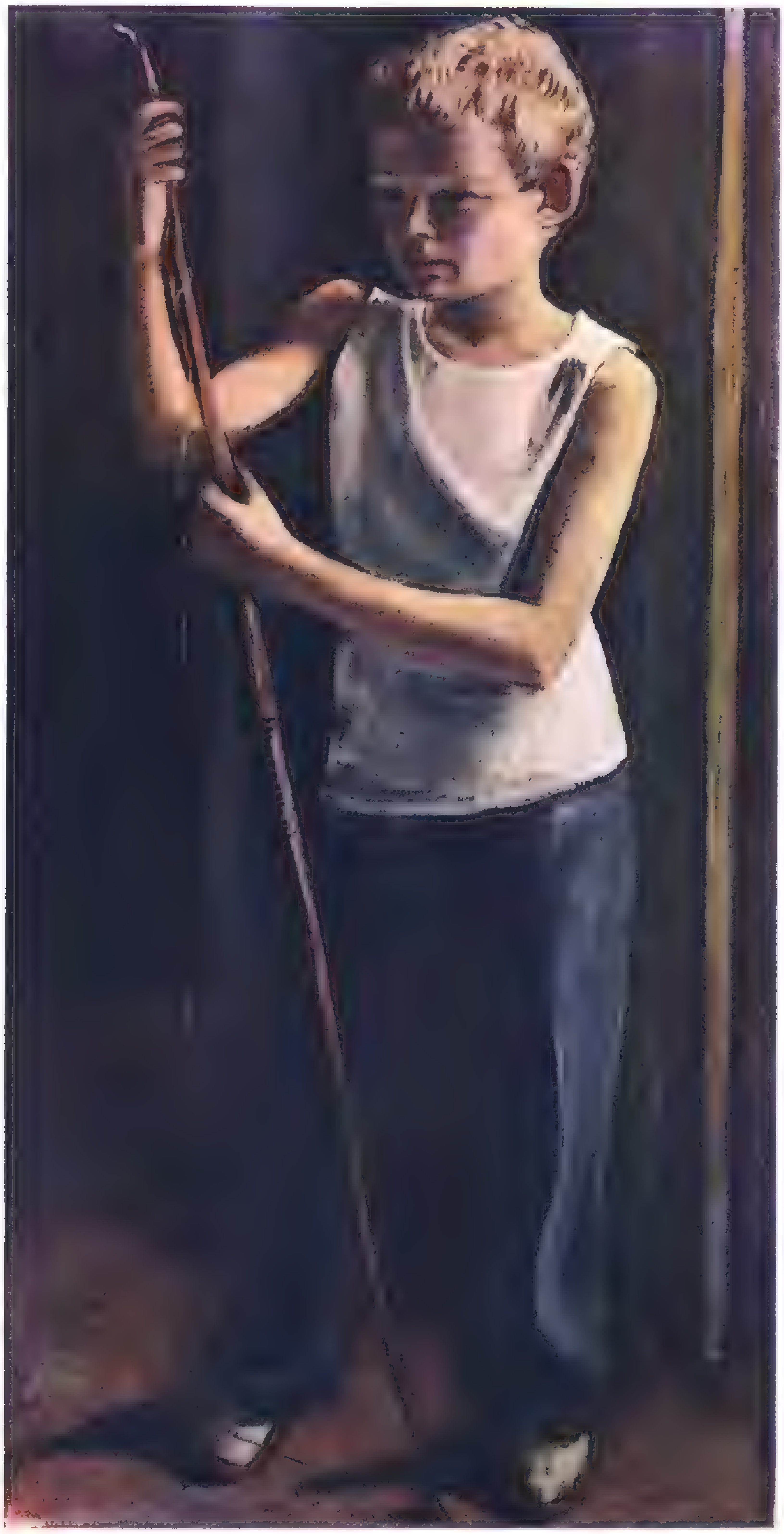


AUTUMN, STILL LIFE

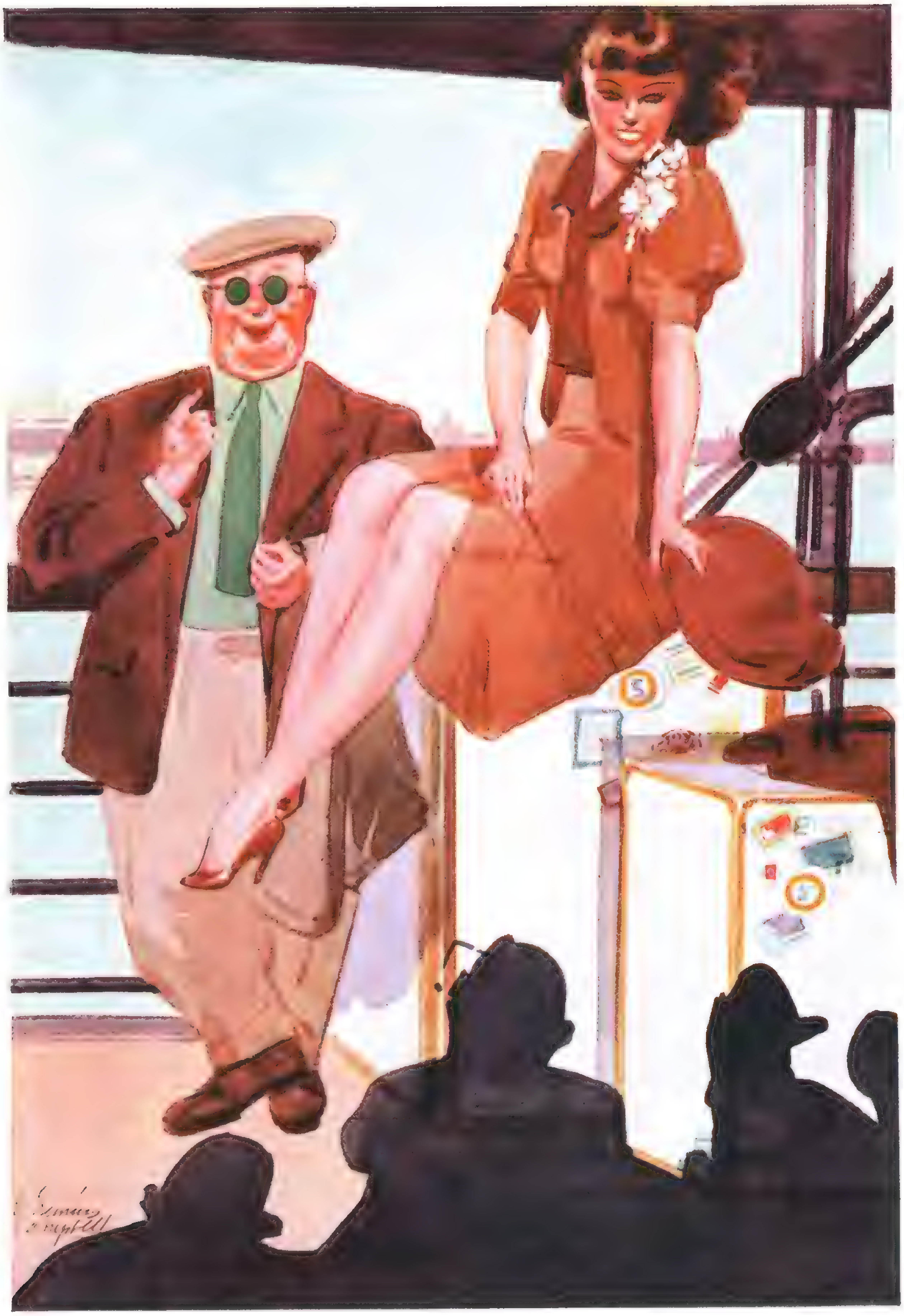


PORTRAIT OF WALDO PEIRCE

HENRY VARNUM POOR'S portraits as a whole are marked by simplicity and boldness, but he is more like a master in still life and landscape. He first attracted attention as a painter for his still lifes of fruits and flowers, especially autumn fruits. Subsequently, his landscapes became notable, but as a rule they were wintry, or, at least, late autumn aspects of nature. He is an intellectual rather than emotional painter, thin rather than liquid, disciplined rather than abandoned. He knows what he wants to say and he says it with decision. His color range is limited because he is concerned chiefly with essentials. He is concerned with direct statement and does not make even oblique appeals to the sentimental or the literary. In his most characteristic aspects, his are a potter's pictures. Working often with palette knife instead of brush, he is inclined to accentuate the line rather than the form. Since his return from Europe his recent work shows the impress of the French but without indebtedness to any specific artist. He is a man who can absorb much and remain victoriously himself. He reports he is now at the stage of his career where museums buy his work, judges give him prizes and curators ask him to judge the works of other artists—all the marks of artistic stodginess which he used to dread when he was younger. —HARRY SALPETER



BOY WITH BOW



"Shall I remove my glasses, gentlemen?"

The "Genius" Himself

That was Theodore Dreiser as his secretary saw him, in his days as editor of a woman's magazine

by WILLIAM C. LENGEL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

There is that early unforgettable picture of him in a mood so contradictory to his nature as it is known to most people. It was in the soft, warm days of early June. Leaning back in a swivel chair away from his massive black desk, methodically, yet almost unconsciously, pleating a handkerchief, then folding the pleated result until he had achieved a perfect cube of about an inch and a half in each dimension. Flicking it out and beginning the process all over again and then again. A habitual and sustained performance. Eyes expressionless, gazing into space, he hummed or la-la'd camp meeting hymns, *Bringing in the Sheaves*, *Jesus Lover of my Soul*, *Shall We Gather at the River*, and such like.

Turning and looking over the sorry mass of roof tops and beyond those, across the wide expanse of the lower Hudson, his mind dreaming, plotting. Sighing, taking up a paper or a manuscript, losing himself for a moment in his work, and after a while, fixing his peculiar eyes on me and saying, "Lengel, do you sleep well?"

Fearing to say I did not, I answered, "Yes, sir."

He shook his head. "That's wonderful. You're lucky."

"Don't you sleep well?" I asked him.

"No," he said, "I don't seem able to sleep at all any more."

"Well, what do you do?" I asked.

"I get up and walk about or I dress and go out and sit through the night in Morningside Park. Sometimes I sit under a street light and write poems."

"I'd like to read them," I said.

"All right," he said, "suppose you copy these for me."

The first one was called *The Street of Whores*, and the opening line read, "The street of whores, oh wondrous street it is."

"I think it's fine," I told him. But my youthful, Midwestern sense of morals was shocked. "But don't you think that is a pretty strong word? Don't you think it might shock a lot of people?"

He thought for a bit. "Well, what would you suggest?"

"You might call it a street of harlots. That's not quite as offensive as whores."

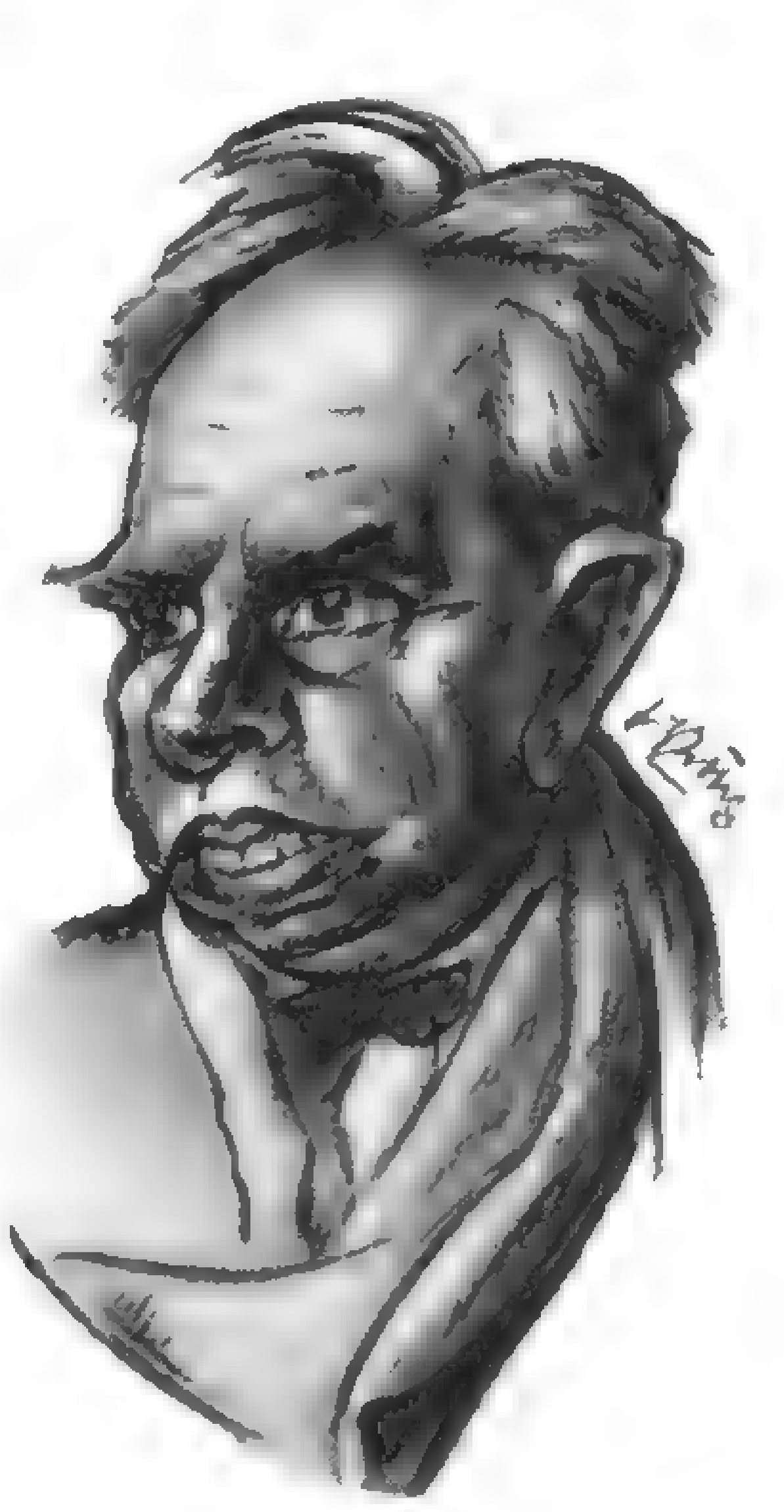
He pondered this, took up his pen, drew a line through that good, honest Anglo-Saxon word, crossed out the "oh" in the first line so that it would scan. How I marvel now at my temerity! The effrontery of youth!

There were many others that I read and copied. One about a scow in the lower bay, "dripping, red, yellow, green." These were experimental efforts at a verse form which resulted some twenty years later in a collection called *Moods*.

The two here mentioned were not included; today he does not even recall writing them.

That was Theodore Dreiser, author of one highly controversial novel and editor of a group of women's magazines, in this Spring of the year in 1910. And I was his assistant, lately promoted from secretary-stenographer.

I was here by merest chance. In New York for the first time, at twenty-one, bent on writing for the stage, after giving up a budding law practice in Kansas City and already at the end of my resources. In a sort of desperation, I answered a want-ad in *The Times*. An important editor-in-chief was looking for a secretary. I had practically no experience as a secretary, my knowledge of shorthand was meager, but I was a good typist. I answered the ad and wrote simply, "Perhaps I am the man you are looking for," hardly hoping for an answer, when one arrived. The letterhead read, *The Delineator*, and it was signed, Charles Hanson Towne, Literary Editor. To Mr. Towne had been delegated the task of finding a new secretary for his chief, and he asked me to call and see him. The already distinguished poet, author of *Manhattan*, was as unknown to me as was the name of his chief. He put me at my ease by warning me that Mr. Dreiser was a most exacting man, that his present secretary was a teacher of shorthand and an expert typist and efficient secretary. He was leaving to take a better paying job. "Now, I don't want to take you in to Mr. Dreiser unless you feel you are perfectly capable of doing this work," said Mr. Towne.



I doubt that I should have had the courage to see this thing through had I not been so desperate. And had I not been already sufficiently awed by Mr. Towne, I would have been by the magnificence of these editorial offices. Never had I seen any to surpass them. The reception room on the twelfth floor of this Butterick Building set in the squalor of an Italian colony below Washington Square must have been a hundred feet long and forty feet wide. Hardwood inlaid floors with oriental rugs, the walls and ceiling paneled in white pine. Large Louis Seize chairs set about massive library tables and against the walls.

And outside the door of the great editor's office, seated in one of these big chairs, was an exceedingly young and lovely girl—there for the sole purpose of responding to the tap of the bell on the editor's desk, to carry his messages to his staff and to usher in callers.

Mr. Dreiser's office itself was enormous—the woodwork, his desk and the chairs finished in black. All somber and impressive. The distance from the door to his desk near the large windows was interminable. He was busily writing with a stylograph pen, and it seemed at least five minutes before he took off his pince-nez glasses, looked up and recognized Towne.

As soon as I saw the great man, I knew that I had no chance for that job. His attitude appeared to me to be an "act." He had a large, finely modeled head covered with a rather obstinate, unruly growth of hair of the color of wet straw. His forehead was high and broad. He had bushy eyebrows and one eye was set lower than the other, a curious grey-blue—in one, a cast, which made it difficult to tell which eye was fixed on you. Fixed is the word. But they were unreadable. A large, well-shaped nose, and a large, full-lipped and strangely misshapen mouth. He wore a stiff-looking grey herringbone suit. All in all, a forceful personality, not as I had expected an editor to look. More like a college professor.

Towne did the talking for me, and presently Dreiser said, "I'll let you know Thursday whether or not I can use you." And he turned back to his writing.

Just outside the door, Towne introduced me to another sub-editor. His name was Homer Croy and when Croy learned I was from Missouri, he said, "You'll get the job; Dreiser never turns down anyone from Missouri. That's how I got my job. And the girl he married, he met in Missouri."

That heartened me somewhat, until Towne told me that there had been one hundred and twenty-five letters in answer to the advertisement and that he had to interview a great many more of the applicants. Again I thought there was little chance for me, but Towne wrote me the next day and asked me to come in for another talk. I reported early, and as soon as Dreiser came in, he sent for me. "Where's your book?" he demanded. "What book?" I asked. "Your notebook," he said. "I want to dictate. By the way," he added, "I'm starting you at twenty dollars." Two dollars more than my predecessor had received! Why, I don't know. Perhaps because I was from Missouri.

On this first morning, I learned that Dreiser

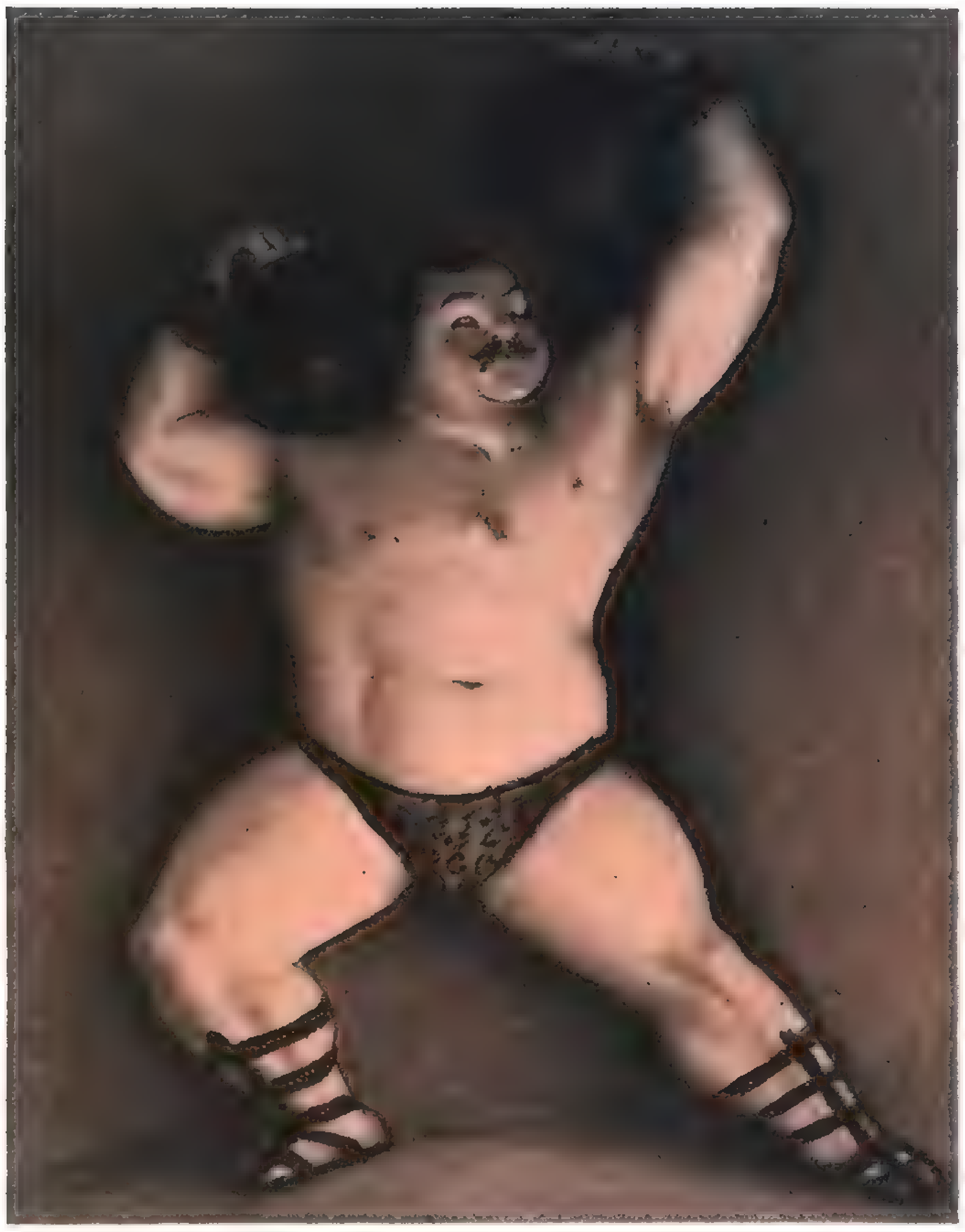
Continued in center of page 120

I'm a Strong Man

How to carry a horse, a stationary boiler, or a couple of autos around —as told to Charles Morrow Wilson

by GEORGE (FARMER) BAILEY

• ARTICLE •



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

George Bailey is the name. For the past thirty-five years on billboards, posters, and side-show tents, it's been Farmer Bailey. By growth, birth, and trade, I'm a strong man.

I count myself as an everyday American. Enthusiasm for strength of body is a real American way and appetite. Stout muscles may not be worth as much practically as they were forty years ago, when I started in the business. But the gazes and gulps of the U. S. at large keep right on following the strong man of the hour.

According to my notion we still live in a strong-man world. The crowd still watches the fight or the bout or the strong-man act because every man can picture himself as the winner. The knockout punch, the deciding hold or tackle, the red-line lift—that's what the onlooker would like to hand his boss, his landlord, his wife maybe, or all the blend of forces that serve to make him small and weakly. And there's plenty of vainglory and day-dreaming on the platform. Strong men are a pretty vain sort on the whole. They like to show off, to stand exhibit, to appear even stronger than they really are. Americans still revel in big bouncy muscles. Anybody in the strength business knows that big muscles don't necessarily mean big strength. With enough exercising most any man can build up big, wicked looking biceps to let his women folks feel. But the majority of these big bicep boys are really weak. Strongness builds with the whole body, not just one set of muscles. It sort of grows out of the bones and vital organs. It's born in a man.

I'm fifty-three now. I can still tip a ton weight if I have to. But I sort of half expect to see red when I do it. Strong men don't like to look at red. When you strain almost to the breaking point a thin red line comes before your eyes. That means stop quick. Because a split second later everything is apt to turn bloody red. That means you're strained; that your real strong-man days are over. So when I see the red line I stop. Once back in my pink of prime I lifted 4200 pounds before I saw the red line. That's within a hundred pounds of the world record lift by Louis Cyr, Canada's strong man, and probably the greatest ever to enter the trade.

Super-muscularity usually begins between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two. By the time I was eleven I knew I was wicked strong. That fall at the country fair at Brattleboro, Vermont (my home town), they had a free-for-all weight lifting contest. The weight was a granite boulder labelled 1,000 pounds. It probably weighed about 600. Anyway no man in the crowd could lift it. I strolled up, hoisted it, carried it about twenty feet and tossed it over a four-foot fence. By instinct I'd applied the winning principle in weight lifting, which is to hoist straight and quick.

When I was fourteen, I weighed about 160 pounds. I decided I wanted to wrestle. Instead I got in trouble with the police. I was still playful like a natural boy. One night a bunch of us decided it would be funny to get out the town firewagon and drag it down Main Street without a horse. I carried the tongue tree, but just as the rig got to the main corner of the town my pals ran off and left me alone to face the night policeman. He started whacking me with his club. I slammed both elbows down on his shoulder and the cop sat down with great force. Then he roused out the two other town policemen and I spread all three of 'em along the gutter. I finally got arrested, but they turned me loose on a promise of mine that I would behave.

I'd learned the surest promotion gag in strong-man business—which is to toss policemen cockeyed. The crowd notices a man who can handle a cop like a handball.

That draws the crowd—even in Chicago. Some years later after I'd gone in for professional wrestling my manager decided we had to make Chicago. Down by the Northwestern Depot a bunch of cops were closing a side-street to traffic. I started to push through the ropes. A policeman stopped me, wanted to know just who the hell I thought I was.

"I'm Farmer Bailey, and I want to walk down this here road."

"Why don't you use the sidewalks?"

"Shoe leather lasts longer when you keep to the middle of the road."

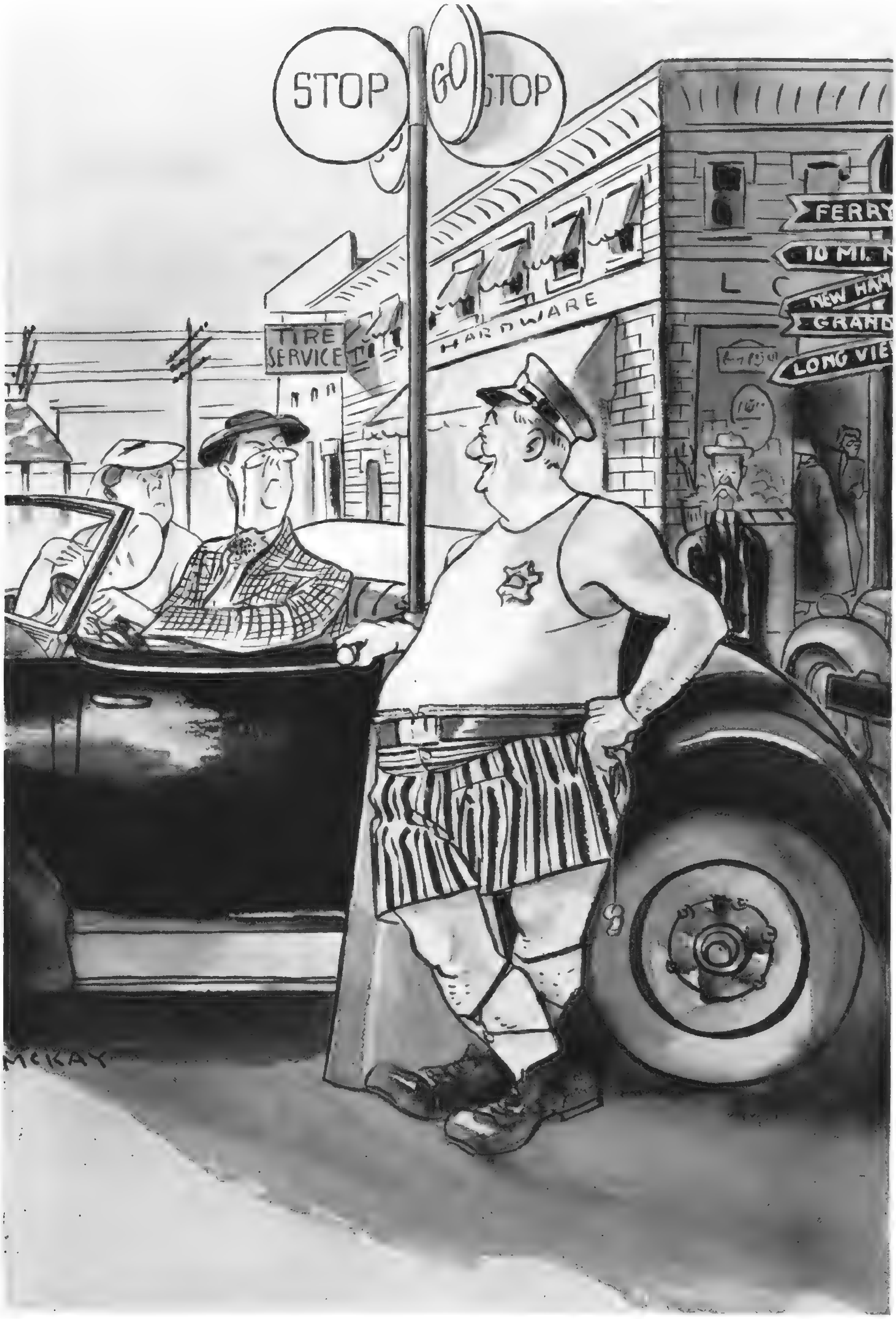
That opened the fireworks. One after another I tossed four policemen on their posteriors, which won me a free ride in the Black Maria and enough newspaper headlines to fill the house that night. Next night I was out in a suburb doing some road work—running through the dusk with nothing on except a pair of trunks and canvas shoes and carrying a hundred-pound dumbbell on each shoulder. I heard a housewife scream and slam her door as I ran by. A few minutes later a squad of policemen, hiding in ambush, tossed a canvas net over my head and hauled me into the Black Maria again. Arguing my way out of a strait jacket was about the hardest job I ever had. And the life of a strong man is lousy with hard jobs.

Funny as it sounds, I got off to an easy start. Next summer a professional wrestler came to my home town of Brattleboro, set up a studio in a local pool hall, offered wrestling lessons. I was hard up (my mother was taking in washings at the time). Old Bill Estey, a local manufacturer of pipe organs, staked me to my first lessons.

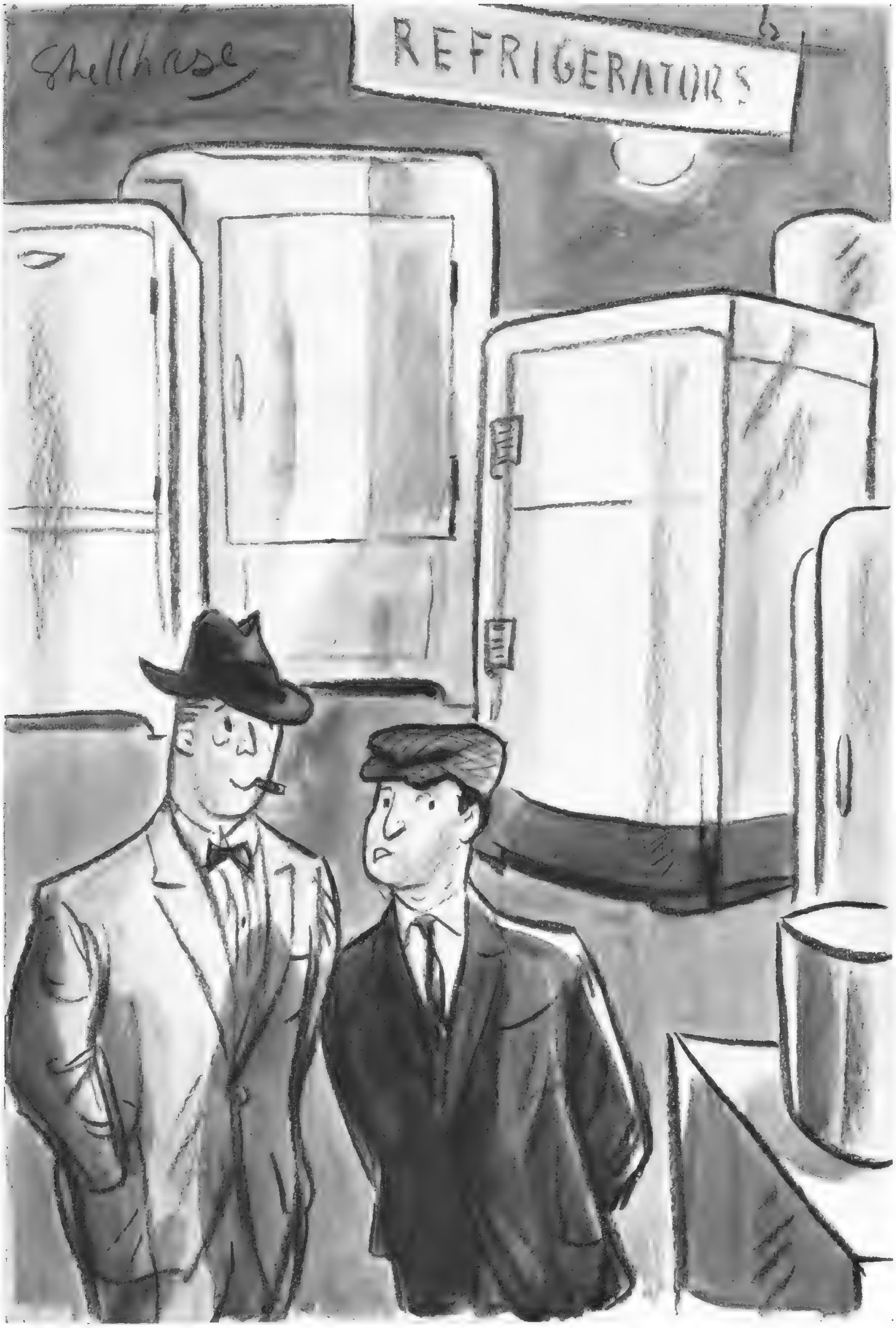
A crowd of us reported to the studio. The "professional" picked me out and says "Come on up Georgie and let me demonstrate." So I just strolled in, picked the sucker up in my arms and bounced him on the floor a couple of times. That ended the meeting. Next day the professional faded out of town.

Next fall the John Robinson Circus came to town. The circus carried a strong-man act, offered a reward of ten dollars to anybody who could hoist the big dumbbell with one

Continued on page 179


STOP
GO
STOP
TIRE SERVICE
HARDWARE
FERRY
10 MI.
NEW HAM
GRAND
LONG VIE
McKAY

"Warm today, isn't it?"


Shellhase
REFRIGERATORS

"Keep an eye on this—I'm about to make shoplifting history"

The Eight Ball

It seemed to Tom people were acting queer, as if they had a joke on him, a joke that might not end in a laugh

by C. W. MUDD

• FICTION •

TOM HILL has been working down in the southern part of the county, but today he is in Coal Run collecting old accounts. He parks his car in front of Mack's poolroom. It is eight o'clock and almost dark. Just ten hours ago he saw Julie Mathews for the first time in six months.

There are people who think that Tom Hill fell in love with Julie when he went to the house to sell her a washing machine. That isn't so. It was only an accident that he ever took her out. He just chanced to be driving through Coal Run that night a year ago and saw the light in her house and stopped for lack of anything better to do. She had paid the final installment on the washer the week before and he wanted to make sure that it was running all right.

Of course, Tom had an idea that Julie's husband would be away from home. There was a woman down at Volatile that got most of his attention and money. Ruby Smith was her name. She had bought a radio and told Tom that Joe Mathews was paying for it. However, it wasn't until Julie unhooked the screen door and Tom stepped into the parlor that a thought popped into his mind like the seven ball into the corner pocket:

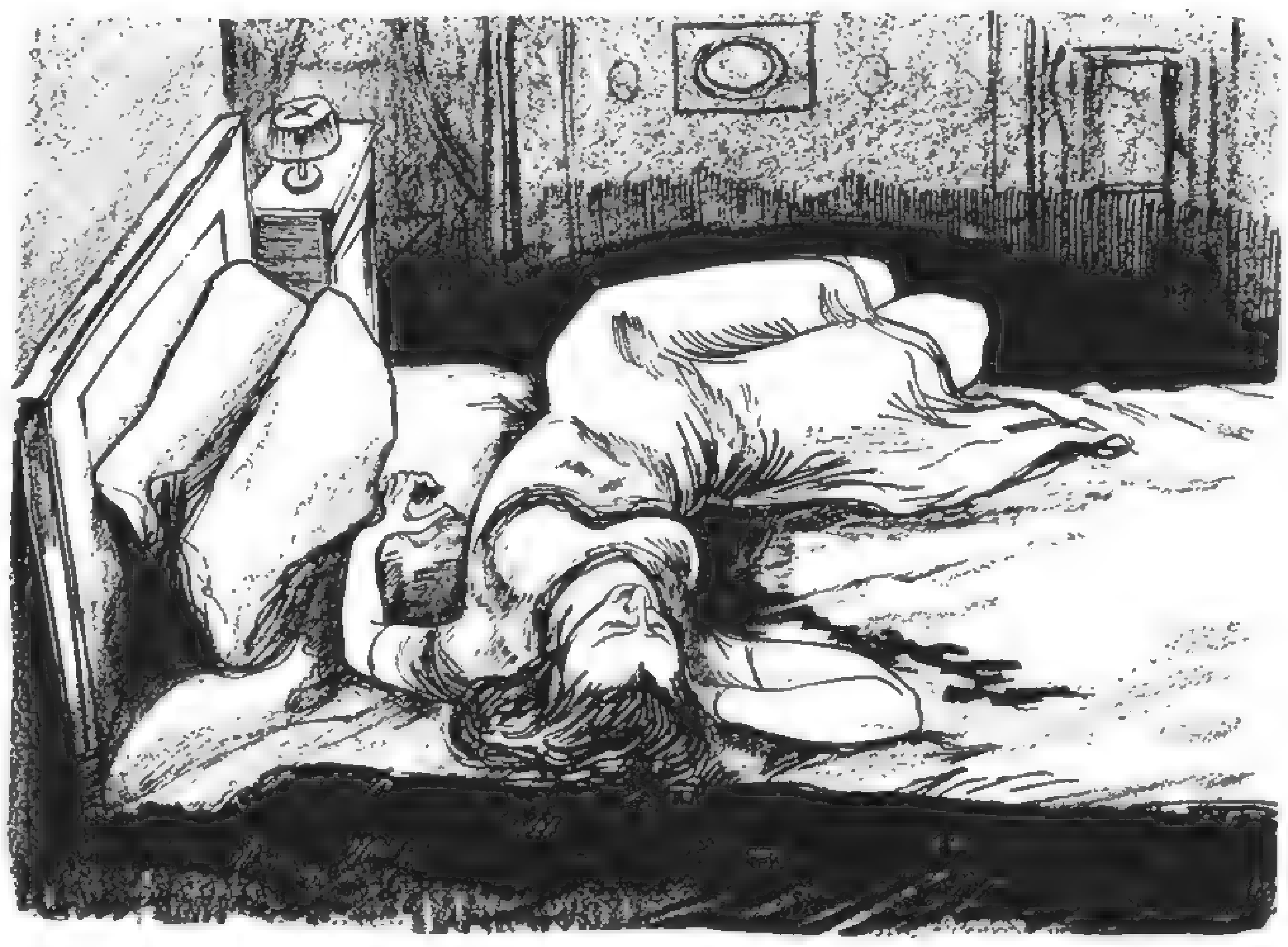
"I've a notion to take this old girl out, just for fun."

Tom is no little man, but Julie is nearly as tall as he is, and almost as heavy. And she isn't fat; she's hefty. That's what attracted Tom; just curiosity about so much woman. After he had got her to make a statement about the washer that he could use on the next prospect and after he had learned the names of some prospects in the neighborhood, he asked her:

"How'd you like to go for a little drive?"

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye just as she had the day he introduced himself and explained that he was making a census of homes with electrical appliances. Then she wrinkled her nose just as she had when telling him she didn't need a washing machine. She said:

"When you were here that last time collecting, I would have gone out with you. But since you didn't ask me then, I don't know."



Tom does not think of that, or of how they drove out on Pine Mountain and parked. It is all far away and of no importance; it happened a year ago, a year ago this month. Nor does he think about bringing Julie home after that first date. Her husband was at the house, but that didn't matter. Tom was reasonably sure that Julie had been out with other men and that Joe hadn't tried to do anything about it. Still, he was afraid that there might be trouble for her and waited to see before driving away. Joe began cussing as soon as she stepped onto the porch, but he quit when she went back to the kitchen.

"He was mad because I wasn't at the house to fix him a cup of tea as soon as he got in," she told Tom later. "He has to have his tea; won't drink coffee."

But Tom's thoughts are not concerned with any of that as he gets out of his car. There is a crowd in Mack's poolroom this night. The balls are clicking on all six tables, chance and cause-and-effect jostling on the green cloth. The radio is turned on full power; a woman is singing about June and love in June.

There is a Kelly game on at the first table, a dollar three ways. Alec Hardman is shooting. He is good. He makes the six; he banks the seven into the side pocket; he has played for position on the eight. There are eleven men in the game; the black eight ball is worth ten dollars. He sights along the cue at it. His lean face has been scrubbed pink, but his eyelashes and the rims of his grey eyes are still black with coal dust.

"Get in there, damn you!" Alec shouts. "Get in that pocket!"

The eight ball rolls across the table, indifferent to his curses. It is going wide, wide, but it strikes the fifteen and turns back toward the pocket. It is in!

"Pay me!" Alec exults. He readily picks up the dollar bills tossed onto the table.

Tom Hill leafs through the book he has taken from his coat. Hall, Hamilton, Hardman. There it is. Alec Hardman—radio—twenty dollars.

He goes around the table, slaps Alec on the shoulder.

"Boy, it looks like I got here just in the nick of time!"

The coal miner laughs most heartily.

"A lot of good it does me to win!" He thrusts a handful of bills into Tom's hands. "I'm not giving you but ten. Let you have the rest payday, unless I decide to whip you instead. That radio wasn't worth a damn anyway. I'll never buy nothing else from a crook like you."

Tom grins. He knows the type; Alec is good for a washing machine as soon as the radio is paid for.

Tom goes across to the bar. Mack comes away from the cash register and leans over to shake hands with him. Mack has a cold cigar between his teeth. He leans closer to Tom.

"Seen your friend yet?" He rolls the cigar between his tobacco-stained lips.

"Saw her this morning," Tom answers, wondering what is behind the question.

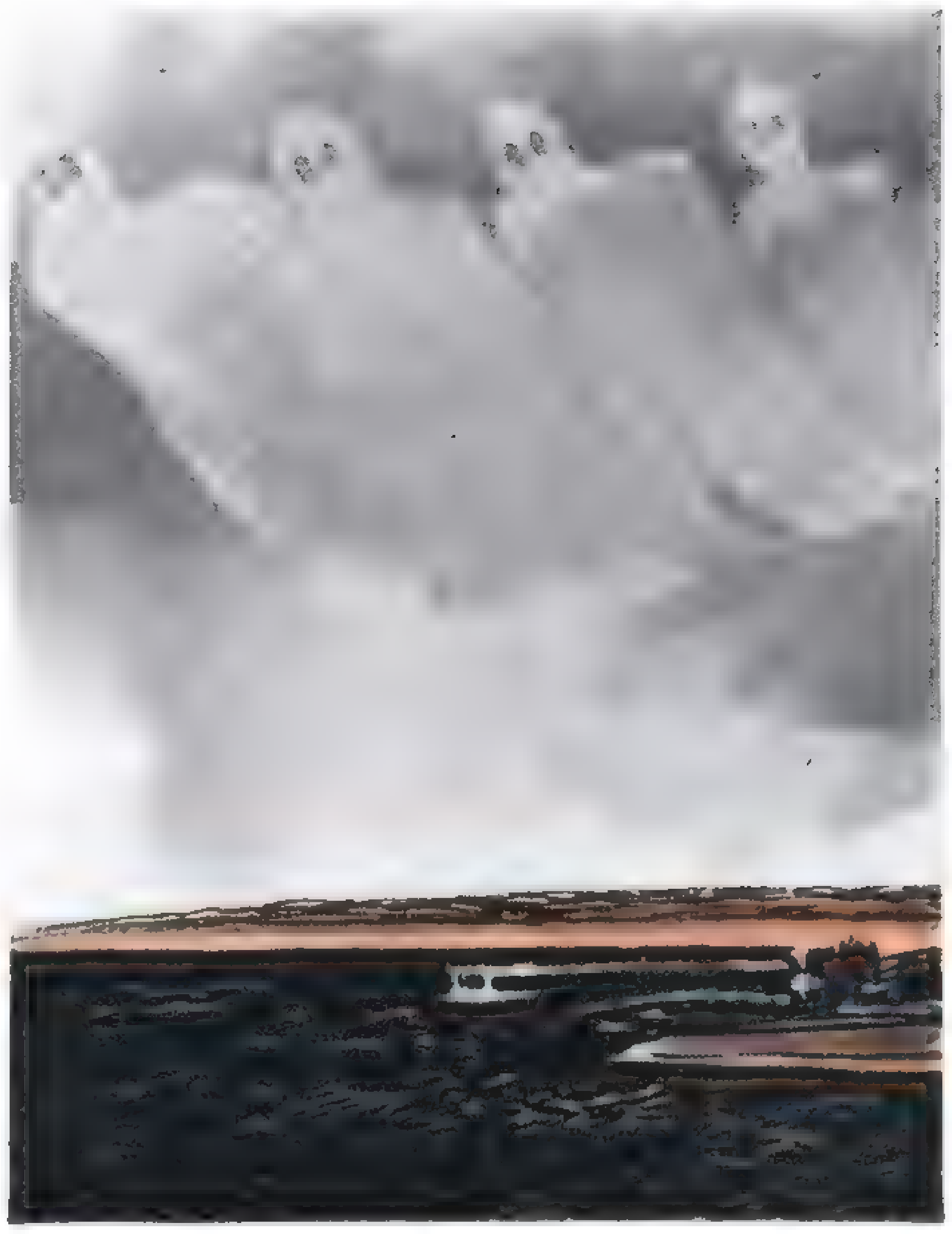
And now Tom thinks of his meeting with Julie just ten hours ago, the first time in six months that he has seen her. She was in front of the company store, sitting in that old car that Sam Price's wife keeps the wheels hot on. Julie looked good to him, her brown hair brushed back from her face and her dark eyes gleaming with a soft light he had not often seen in them and the white skin of her neck smooth and moist. Never before had she seemed so desirable. Tom heard himself saying:

"Suppose I come by for you tonight about nine? Just turn the light off in the parlor and I'll stop around the corner."

Then Mrs. Price came up behind him, her eyes glittering. She went around the car and got in the driver's seat and drove away.

As Tom leans across the bar in Mack's poolroom, the click of the ivory balls in his ears, the three little bones in his ears vibrating with the interplay of the mechanism of cause-and-effect and chance, and with the curses and the shouts

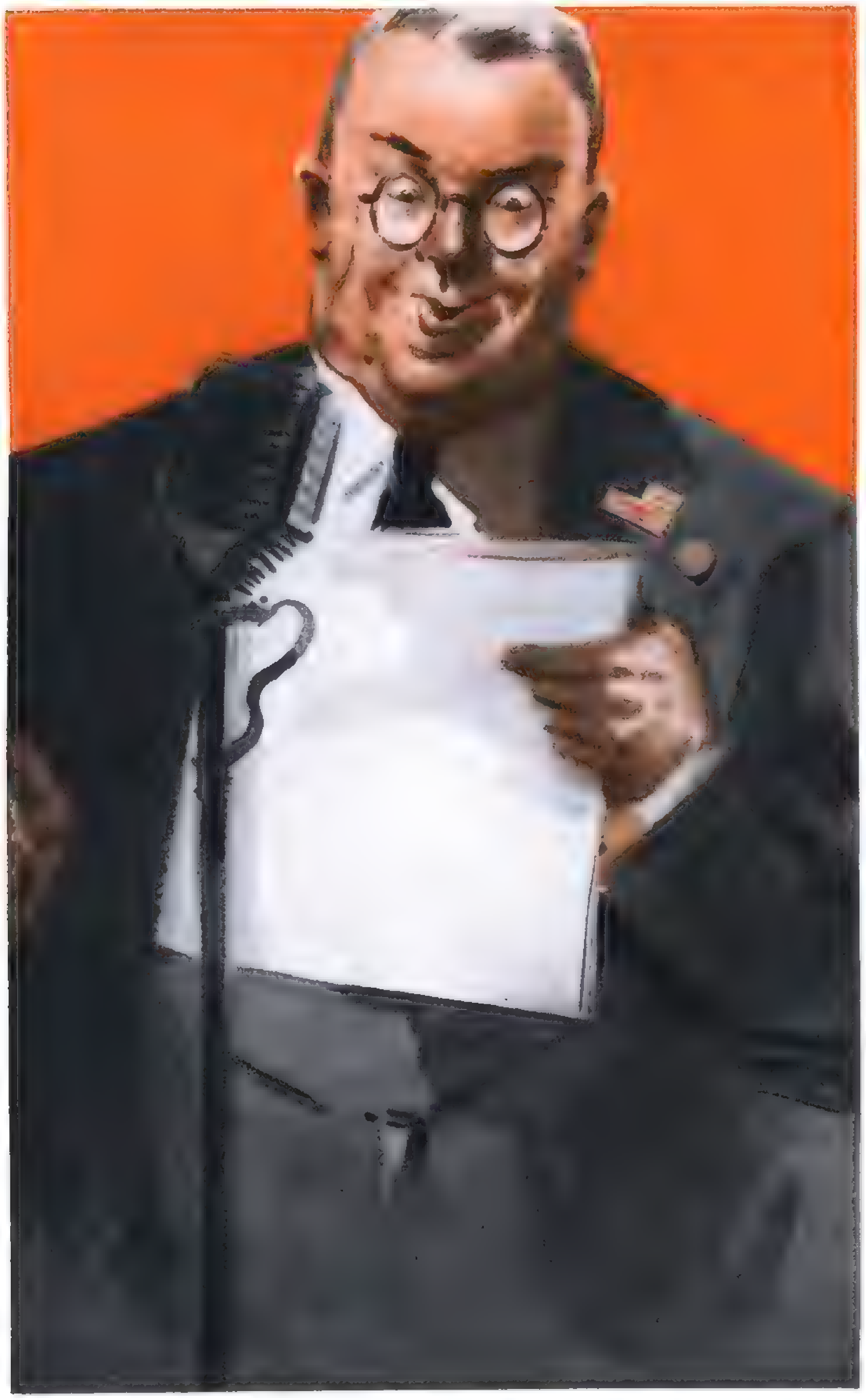
Continued in center of page 149



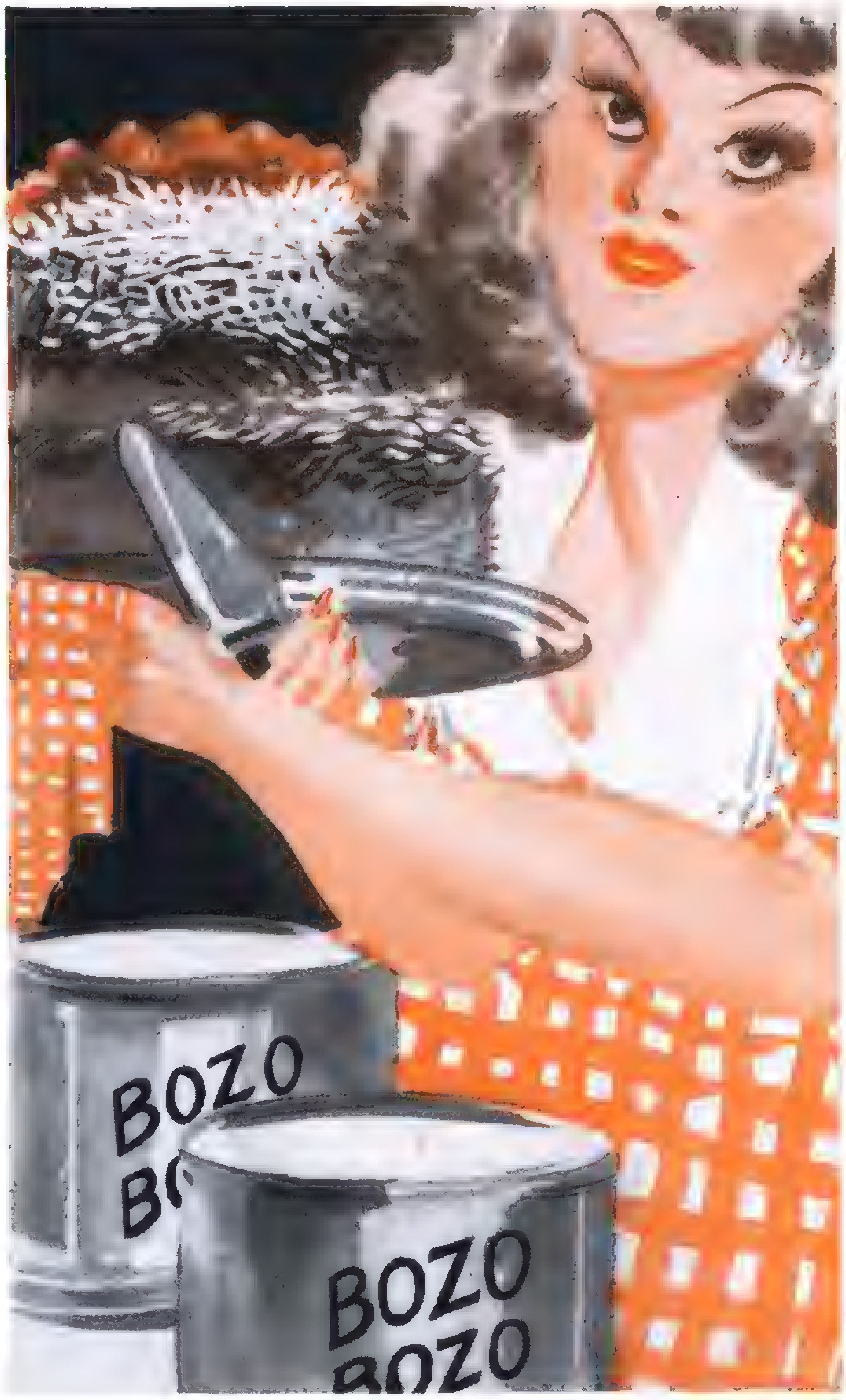
America—
LAND OF GHOSTS

We're a nation of wise guys. Discrete entities, that's us. Nobody can tell a self-reliant American where to head in, because we know what it's all about. Those poor lugs in Europe are regimented to the point where they can't even think for themselves. But nobody tells *us* what to eat, drink, or think—oh, hell no . . . As a matter of fact, whether we like it or not, our whole country is quietly and smoothly controlled by Ghosts. Every corporation executive, from the president down, turns a deferential ear to these useful little Svengalis. He has to. For a Business Exec. is supposed to be omniscient, omnipotent, and omnivalent. He must assume a panting interest in the problems of his stockholders, his employees, dealers, labor unions, and in other corporations. He is required to know more, write more, say more and get around more than Mrs. Roosevelt. All this required activity comes under the sacred name of good will. And this is where a ghost—in fact a convoy of ghosts—comes in handy.

First, there are the Public Relations phantoms, with experts in various fields—clerks, stenographers, camp followers and other impedimenta. They float about New York, with Regional bureaus scattered through key cities, and connected with the head office by teletype. Finally, there are the local committees in the factory towns. This well-oiled machine, manned by perspiring ghosts, works while you and I sleep—and while the Corporation President sleeps too, for that matter. They think up, and distribute for publication, Bright Sayings of Big Shots. They grind out editorial messages, radio speeches and commercial movies in which the Boss makes long, factual statements that bore him as much as they do you, and whimsical remarks calculated to sound cozily impromptu. The President is primed with words for dinners and press conferences—he's another Charlie McCarthy, and as well-paid as Charlie, too. No retiring bookkeeper is so small but the Prez notes his passing—with a watchfob, and a few well-chosen words. His fund of facts is amazing. He seems to know law like a lawyer, production



"And now my friends, we are gathered together in Sootville, our humming little city, so beautifully and ideally situated for water power and commerce, obliterat—I mean BATHED*, by the smoke of our great steel foundry. For it is your foundry as well as mine." (And other bromides about loyalty to the company, Americanism, and stick-to-itiveness, conceived and batted out by a ghostwriter.*



This little picture star has stirred up a ten-layer marshmallow apple-meringue coconut cake, for her press agent tells her she'd rather cook than get plastered. The props tie in with her newest picture, Coconut Land, *and with Bozo Bozo food products. Since that unfortunate mess in the papers, the company's given her a whiter-than-snow personality, and you'll be seeing* plenty *of Joyce in gingham aprons.*

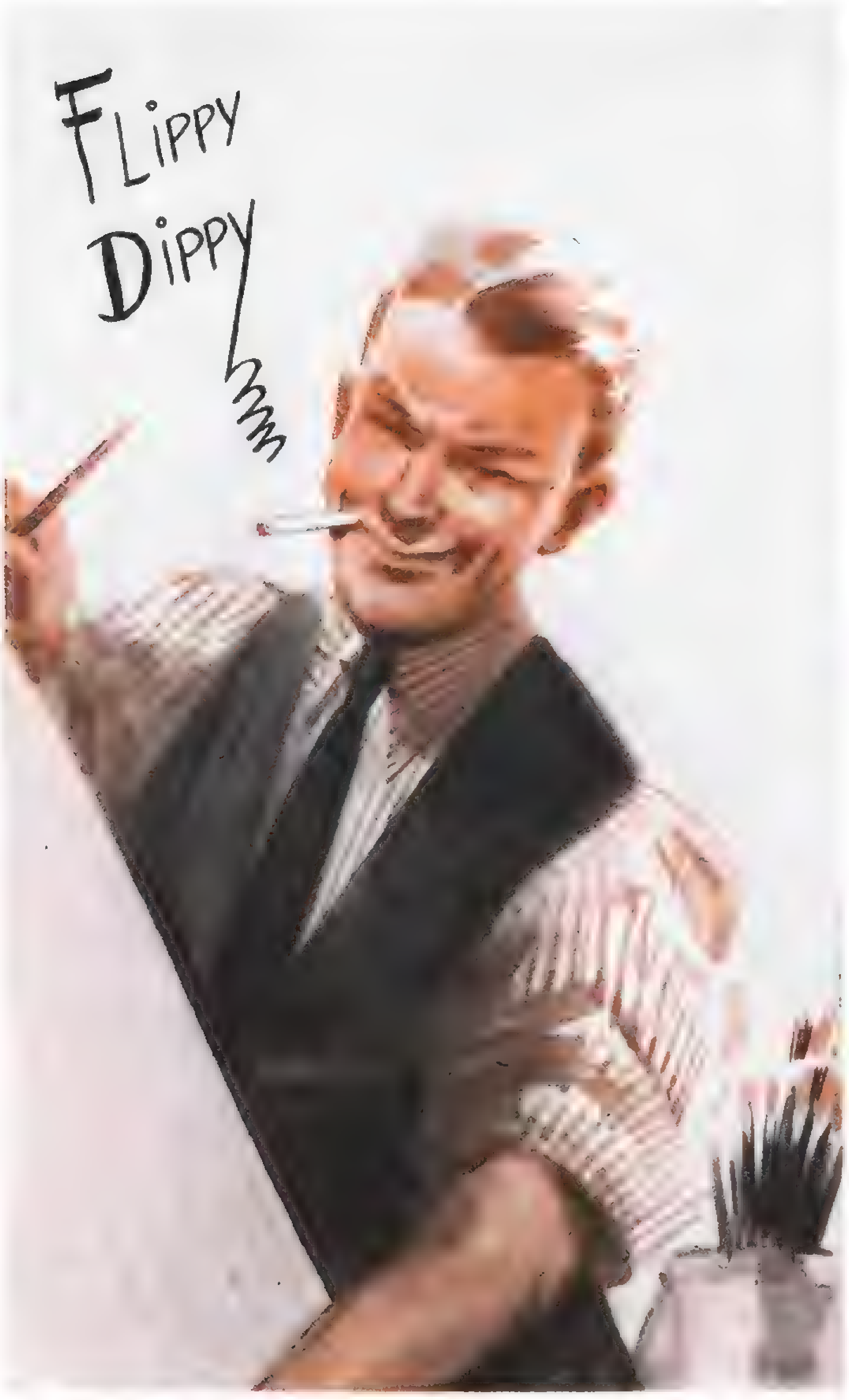
by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

methods like an engineer. He's armed with bromides to cover any national crisis. And before the camera he can be lovably simple—just as common as an old shoe. He's a regular guy, fellas! All wool and a yard wide.

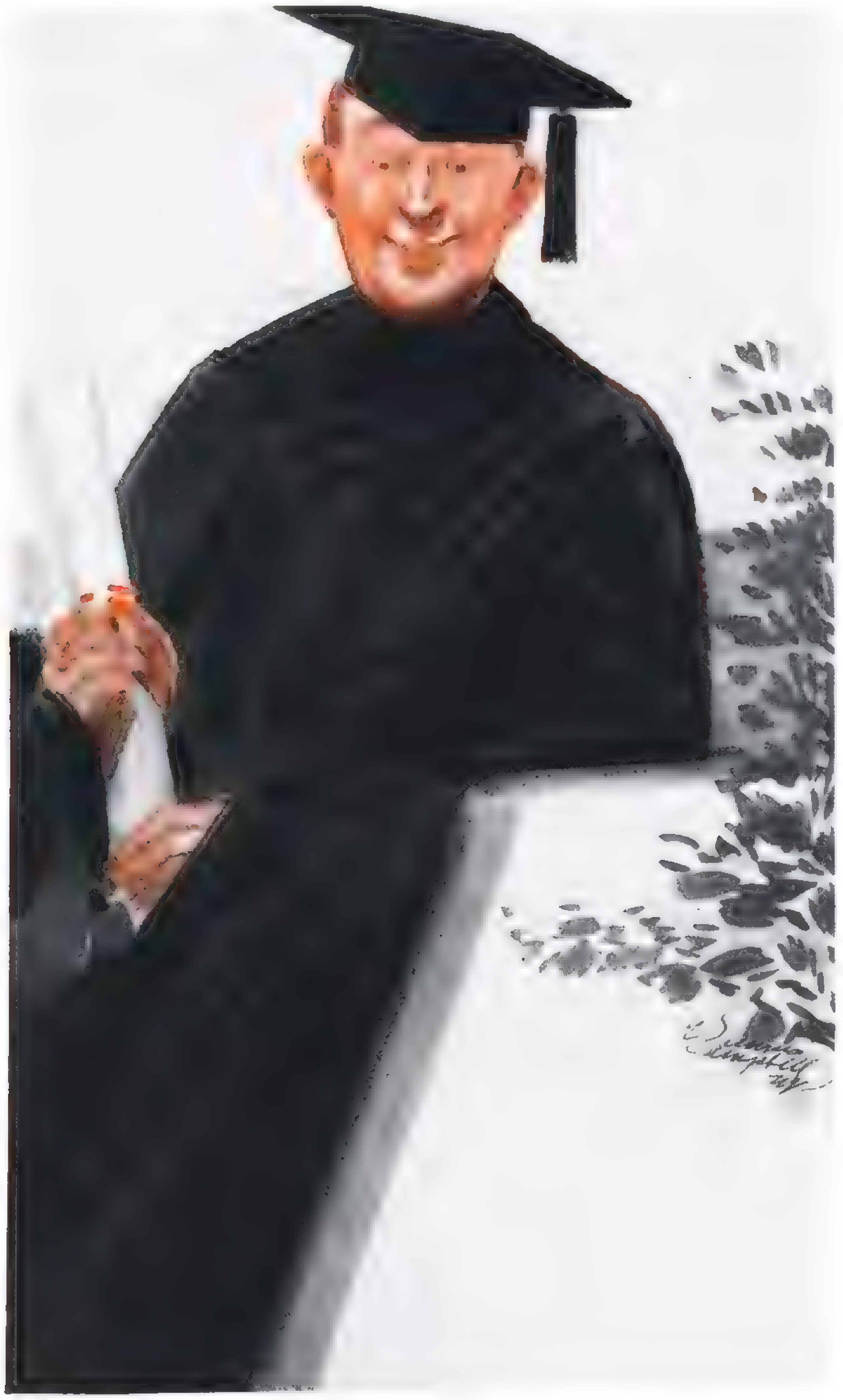
Now take Joyce Demure, the Cinema's Queen of Hearts. Who tells you that America's little pal is a womanly little woman, fond of dogs, cats and babies, and *loves* to work in her own sunny little kitchen? (If the photographer doesn't find her in her garden, pruning the syringa he can bet she won't be far from the kitchen sink. This, despite the fact that her well-tended hands, with long, lacquered fingernails, look incapable of lifting anything heavier than a pair of step-ins.) Who tells you her favorite hobbies, bath salts, books, sports, colors and husbands? Who makes copy out of all her heartaches? Who endows her with a soul? Who, in short, makes hay while the klieg lights shine? Why, that old reliable—her press agent!

Then, of course, there's politics. Our President maintains a group of First-class Shades who prepare papers, plans, bills and messages to Congress. Major figures in their own right, they are known as The Brain Trust. There is also a lesser group which writes and passes out whatever seems best for the man on the street to know. In the heat of a campaign, these boys get a workout. They write the speeches. After that, it's up to the People's Choice. He contributes the dramatic pause, the well-timed gesture, the smile, the tear.

Only honest-to-God Big Shots can afford to keep their own personal ghosts. Lesser men must share the favors of free-lancers. Of these, three formally organized services in New York have a gross or so of fair-to-middling spirits on call, all ready to whip up a speech, a biography, or a college thesis, at the drop of a principle. Ghosts are multiplying like oysters, and it's natural. It's all a part of the New Enlightenment or the Lesser Leisure, or something. And after all—who honestly believes what anybody says anyhow? Take yourself, for instance. You don't really believe that I did this piece, do you now? And you're perfectly right. A ghost did it.



Hya, kids, it's good ole Flippy Dippy, right on the job, cartoonin' for his little readers. Or, anyhow, his ghosts are right on the job. And Flippy Dippy deserves the three-year vacation he's taken in Pimlico, Hialeah and Santa Anita. Because he worked darn hard sewing up that contract. And why should the publisher beef, even if he can't give Flippy Dippy the well-known bucket. The ghosts are doing all right.



Most likely to succeed. No cloistered scholar, this boy. After four years of ghosted papers, he's graduating with a hey, nonny nonny and a cum laude. *And if you think he isn't going places, you're crazy. After all that training in getting his thinking done for him—with what he's learned about putting up a front, mixing around with the boys and yessing his professors—nothing can stop him!*

The Ways They Bet 'em

The If-money bet, the parlay, the back to back and the reverse play all make fat profits for the bookie

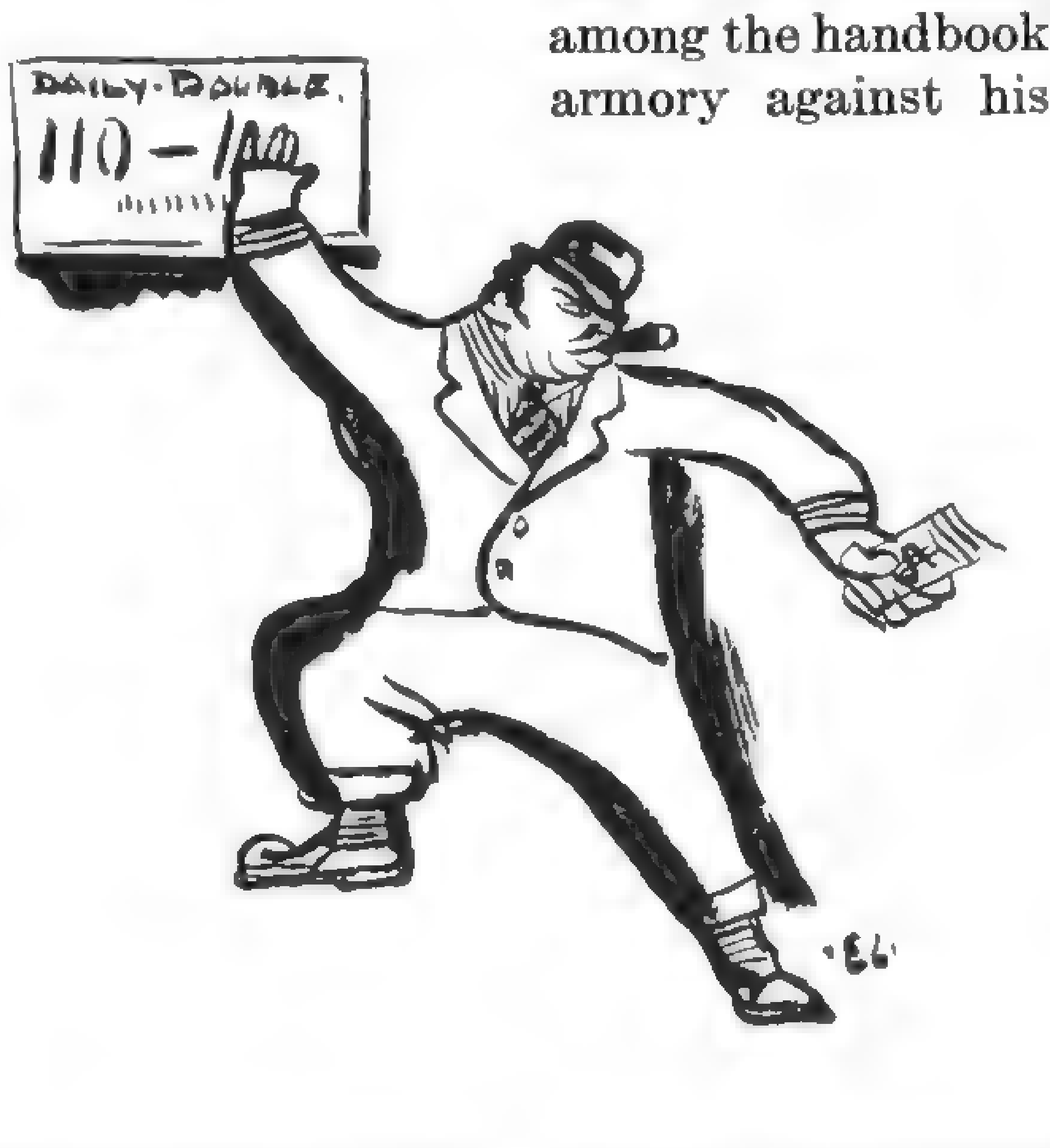
by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •

The chap who ambles into a horse park is differently situated, as regards what he can do with his money, from one who sneaks into a horse room. The man at the track can bet his choices to win, to place (run second) or to show (run third), or can wager win, place and show (across the board), win and place, win and show, place and show, or show only. But the lad in a horse room or poolroom—even if the "room" is only a corner cigar store with a bookie's agent lounging in it—has half a dozen more complicated and more superficially alluring ways of losing his money.

All of them are intriguing (until the results come in) and all derive their appeal to suckers from the age-old gold-brickism of the art of getting something for nothing.

Take the parlay. In making such a wager a player couples two or more horses to finish as stipulated. If horse A at three to one is parlayed to win with horse B at six to one, and if both A and B do win, then each dollar wagered becomes twenty-eight. One dollar at three to one on A becomes four dollars when A wins, and the four goes automatically on B at six to one, becoming twenty-eight dollars if B wins. Parlay pay-offs can be exceedingly juicy (within the limits established by handbooks) and it is the thought of the possibility of real money coming back from a lonesome buck or two that snares the stabber with fringes on his pants and moss on his brains. The public can't even get single winners as often as half the time, since favorites win less than thirty-five per cent of all races, so the boys that support the handbooks try for two or more at once via the parlay. It can be done and it is done—but not often.



Another kind of wager open to patrons of handbooks is the "if-money" bet. A dollar is wagered on horse A to win (or to place or show) "if-money" a dollar on B to win (or to place or show). Then, if A wins, so that the money is there, a dollar of it automatically goes on B, and, if B wins, the player gets the winnings of two bets although he put up only the price of one. This type of bet is alluring to the multitudinous army of horse players who "like" two to a dozen animals but happen to be a trifle light in the bankroll at the moment. If-money wagers, however, have a displeasing peculiarity. The first horse, bet unconditionally, often loses, so that no stake is available to go over on the second, which may win. Then the if-money plunger takes it out in cussing.

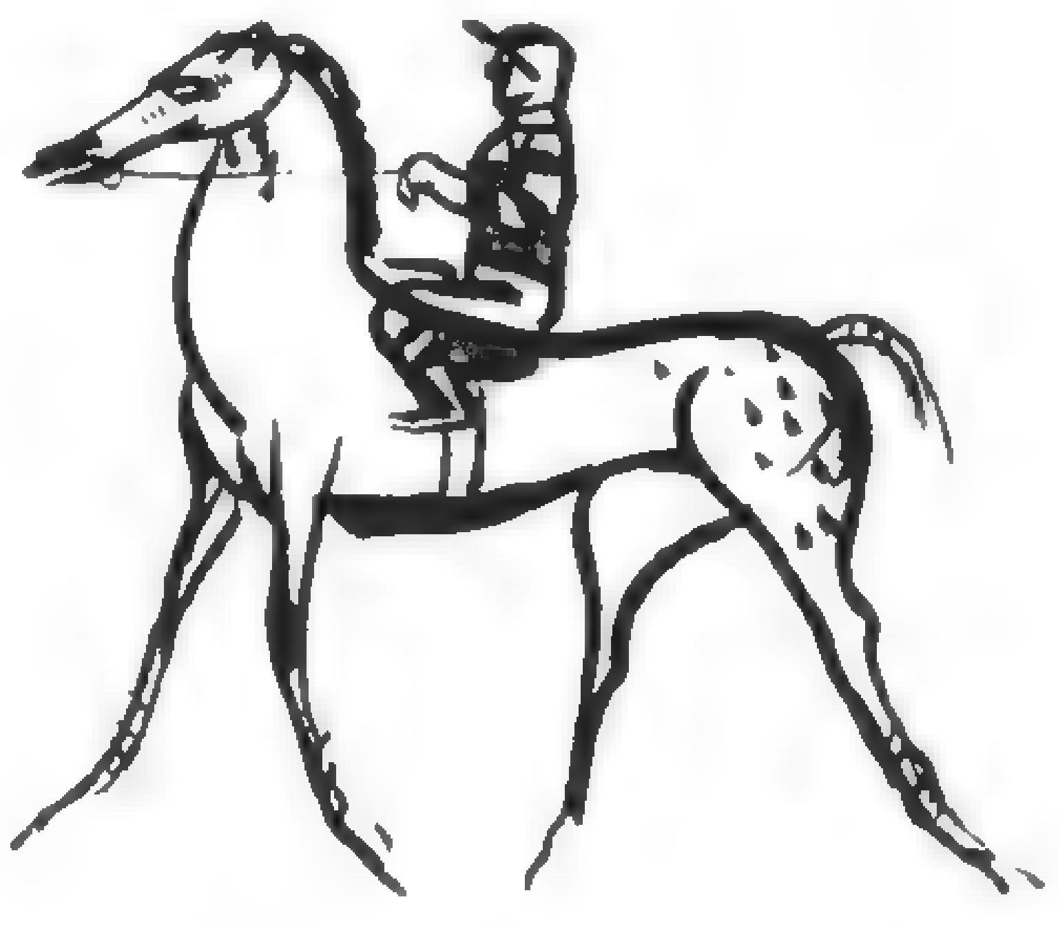
The fact is evident that both parlay and if-money bets ensnare their thousands daily because they offer a lot for a little—the old something for nothing appeal.

Another corkscrew type of bet is the "back to back" wager. One dollar is put on horse A to win and another dollar on horse B to win, both "back to back." This betting-slip slanguage means that if A wins, a dollar of the stake and winnings goes on B to win in addition to the dollar already bet unconditionally on B, and that if B wins, a dollar of the stake and winnings goes on A to win in addition to the dollar already bet unconditionally on A. The wager, involving a double and automatic "if," is in the nature of a timid or bastard parlay, an attempt to be at once conservative if one horse loses and to increase winnings if both come down in front.

There is still another shining if unreliable weapon among the handbook-bettor's armory against his bookie—the "reverse" play. This procedure involves an automatic if-money bet, like the back to back wager, also a reversal of the positions on which given amounts are hazarded. Thus, if horse A is bet two dollars to place and horse B two dollars to win, back to back and reverse, then if A does place, run second or better, two dollars automatically go also on B to place, a bet not unconditionally made, and, if B wins, two dollars automatically go also on A to win, another bet not unconditionally made.

All of these wagers, from the parlay to the back to back and reverse bets, are an attempt to make a dollar or two do the work of five or ten—and the overstrained currency usually goes into the bookie's overstuffed coffers. Almost invariably one using them is a small-money bettor, and, except in the aggregate, they are not the medium of heavy loss to the public.

Occasionally, however, a one or two buck plunger will go haywire and ride to the cleaners on bets of these types. I remember the Greek proprietor of a coffee pot, who could neither read nor write English, that some years ago used to ask me to write his betting slips for him. He would provide a stub of a pencil and a brown paper bag of substantial size and then proceed to dictate a string of names of bad horses tied up inextricably in parlays, if-money bets, back to back wagers and other such star dust of hope until he had managed to compile a betting ticket—on the paper bag, possibly in anticipation of heavy winnings—involving fifteen to twenty horses and fifty to a hundred dollars. His bets were so ingeniously arranged for his own destruction that if four or five of the nags failed to perform he could not possibly come out of the day with anything substantial. One morning he put up a total of seventy-two dollars on ten or twelve horses tied up together in this suicidal fashion and came out of the turmoil without a penny of come-back money, although half a dozen of the nags ran as he had stipulated and paid good prices—all "ifed" off by him or nullified by parlay-couplings with losers.



In my observation and experience the heaviest and most sustained public losses on horses result not from the making of bets of the types here discussed but rather from wagering back of the "win-hole," so called, or place and show. Each player who attempts to figure his own horses, pick his own bets, acutely realizes after a very brief time the great difficulty of getting winners. Likewise every player who relies on the selection of racing-sheet, scratch-sheet and daily newspaper horse-pickers acutely realizes after a very brief time that these men are far from infallible and that to follow them in day-by-day play is to invite serious loss. Therefore the bulk of the public, whether relying for choices on themselves or on others, in an attempt to be ultra-cautious and conservative, endeavor to make money by betting horses to run second or third rather than to win. Such public play at the tracks, in conjunction with

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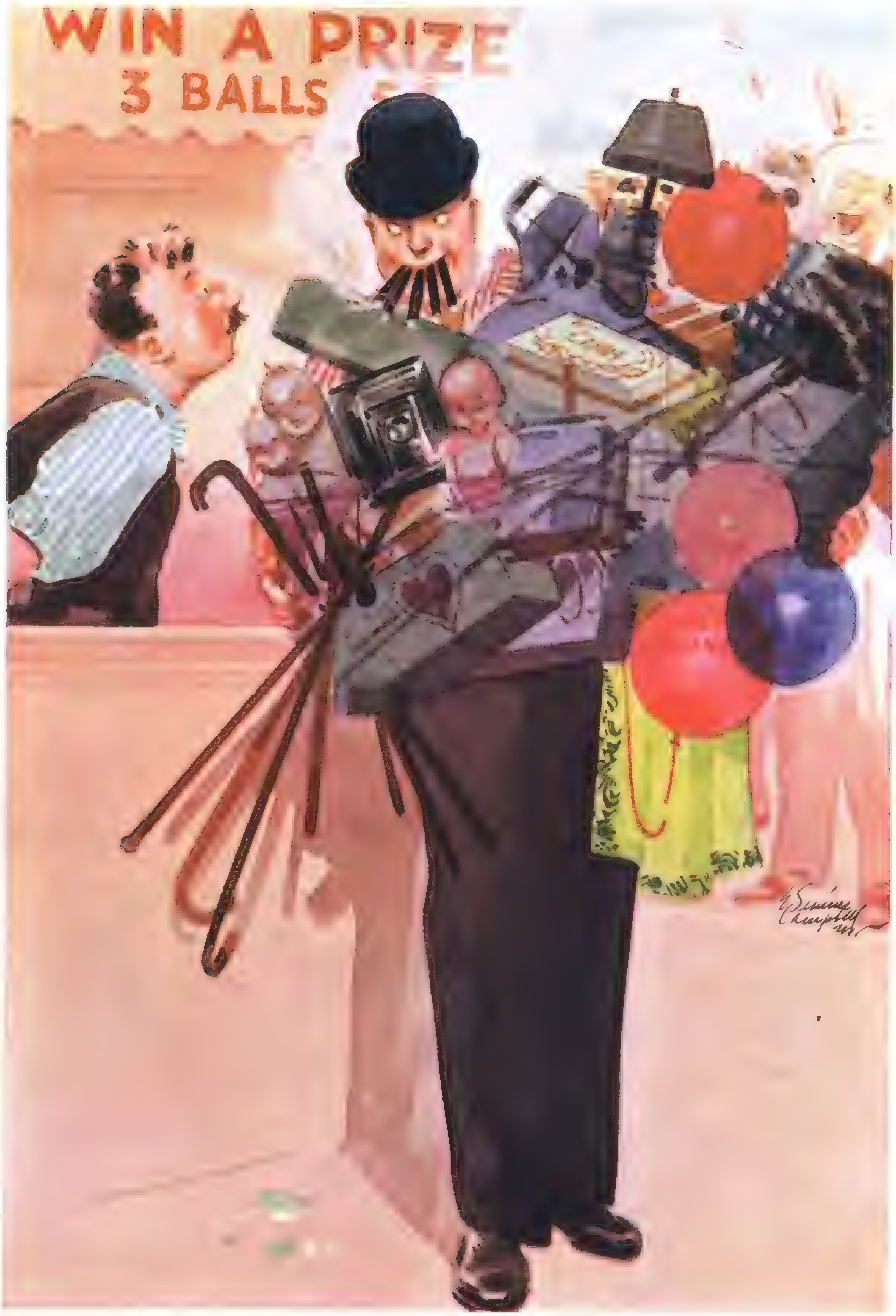
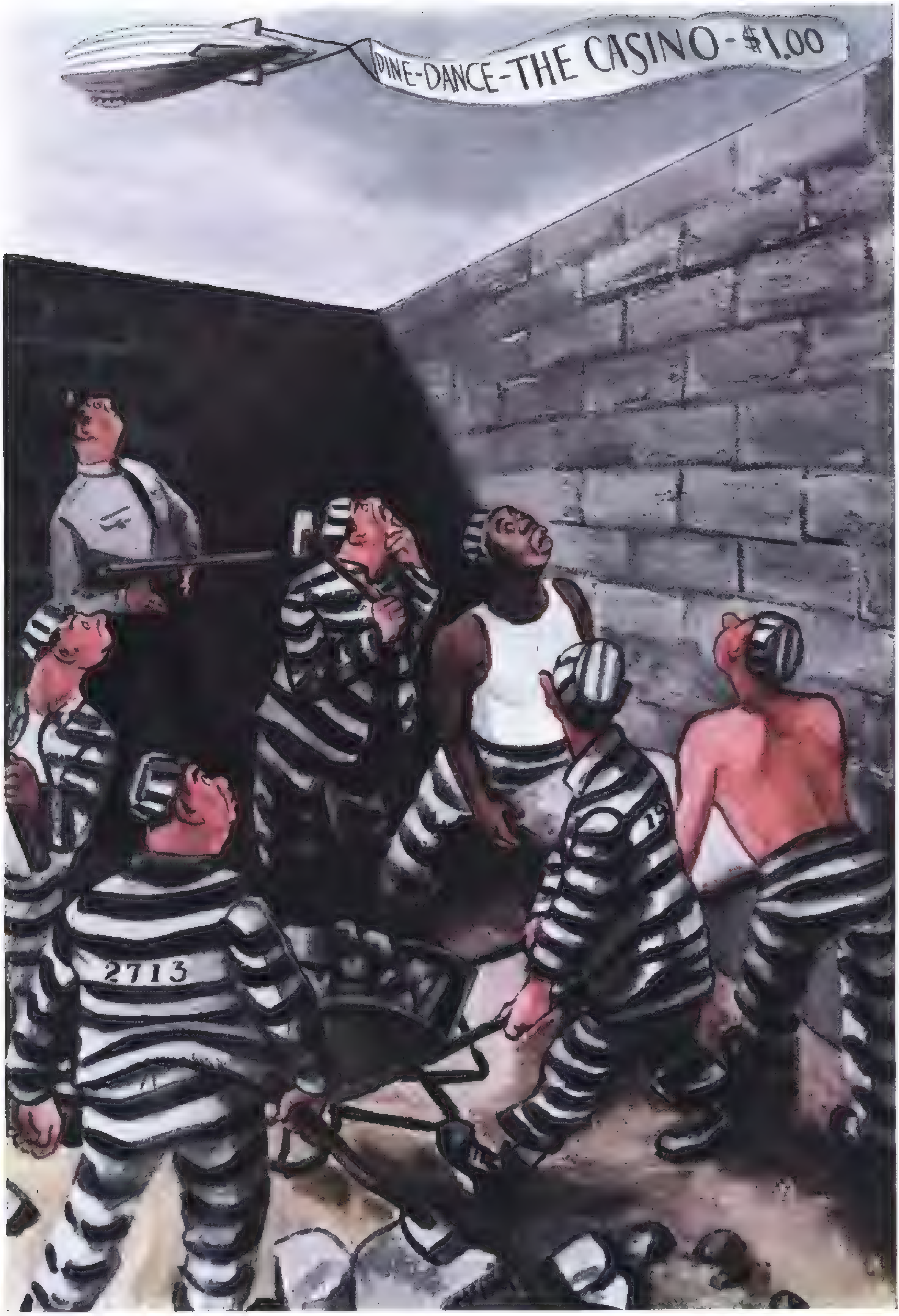

WIN A PRIZE
3 BALLS

"Tough luck, buddy—better luck next time"


DINE-DANCE-THE CASINO-$1.00
2713

In a Country Jail

The sheriff wasn't a mean man but he feared folks would talk if they heard he served chicken every day

by JOHN BENTON

• SATIRE •

SHERIFF ALLEN pecked at the typewriter and wished the political bug had never bitten him. Sometimes being Sheriff of Buckthorne County was better than farming. Just now, it was not.

The typewriter was an old one, inherited from a long line of his predecessors. The ADVICE department of his favorite detective magazine would think he was a hick for writing them on such a machine. But he needed advice and such as he got locally was so contradictory it only confused him.

He pounded away with one finger:

". . . so the judge give these three bums until dark to clear out and when they didn't go he give them sixty days in my jail.

"Right away taxpayers began to howl about me keeping tramps in comfort and idleness so I put them painting the building.

"Right away heck busted loose. The Union called it a scab job and picketed my jail and the W. P. A. went on a sit-down strike demanding the job for themselves.

"So I stopped the work and now I am right back where I started with everybody on my neck.

"To make things worse, my wife's the best cook in the county and she lost her two boys in the War and these bums like her cooking and my jail so well they intend to serve another term when this one is up.

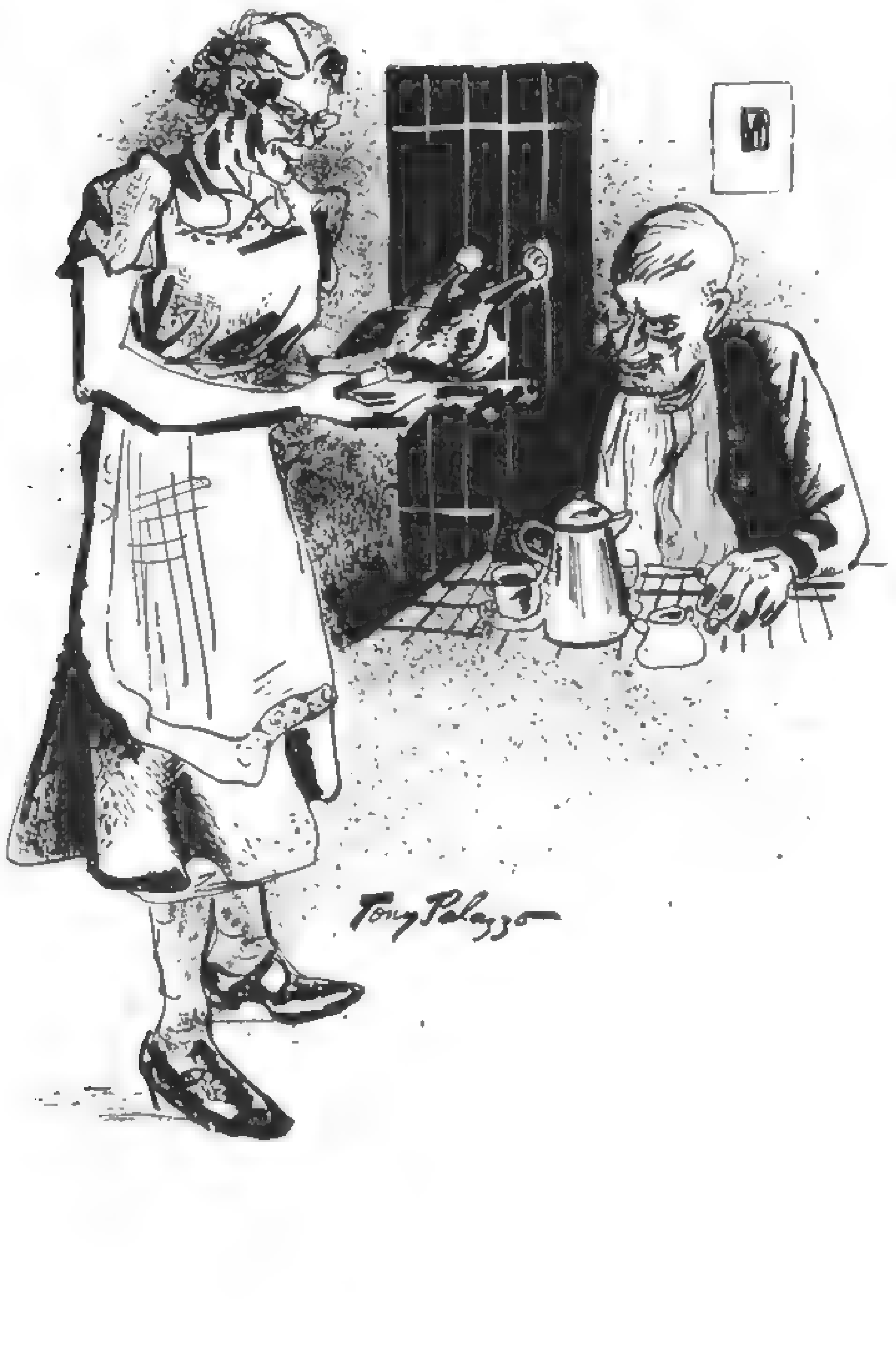
"My other prisoners don't give me no trouble. I got a murderer and a hog thief . . ."

"Henry!" his wife called.

"Well, Annie?"

"Where's the piece of string that came on that package from your niece in Georgia?"

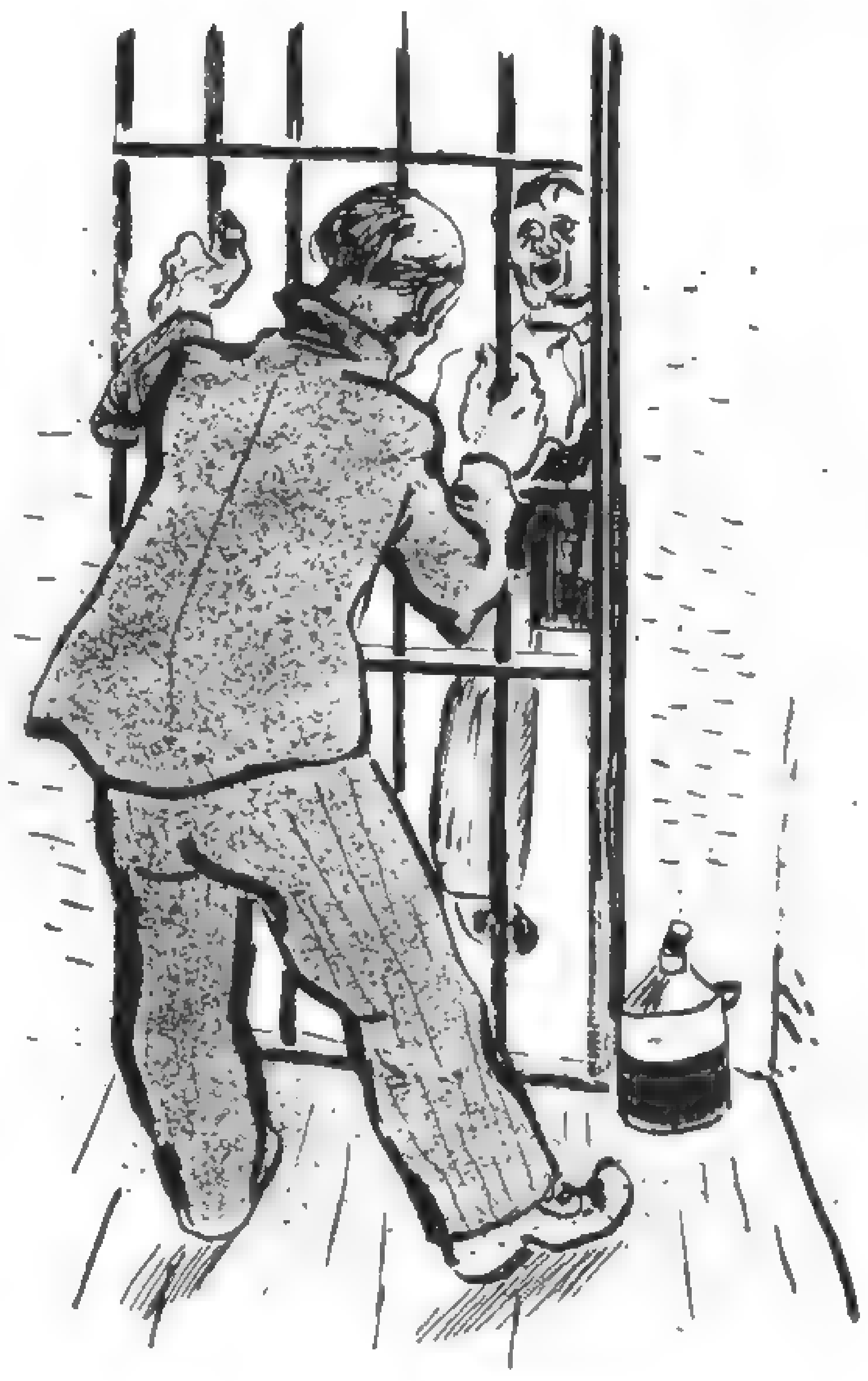
He did some rummaging in his pockets.



"I dunno. Right here's a piece of string."

She stood in the office door, a plump, motherly farmer's wife, holding a sock in her hand.

"Just any piece of string won't do," she explained. "I'm darning Willyum's socks. He knitted them himself and it took him more'n two years! There's a piece of string in 'em from every state but Georgia. I thought it would please him if I darned 'em with a bit of that Georgia twine."



"Well, dog my cats! Annie, are you washin' and mendin' for them hobos?"

"Some one has to do it, Henry. It isn't much extra work."

"You mark my word," he said darkly. "I'll lose my office over coddlin' them fellers. People are talking."

"Mostly Effie Paxton started it and that's just because you beat out Hax Paxton for Sheriff. Besides, if the voters don't like us, come next election, we can go back to the farm. Besides, nothing ever quite suits Effie. The last preacher paid too little attention to the ladies and this one pays 'em too much.

"Besides, I like those boys upstairs."

"Boys! Old Doc's older than I be!"

She poked around in the wastebasket looking for the string.

"I expect so," she agreed. "He practiced medicine twenty-five years before he got—what do you call it—disfranchised? I know I spent almost fifty dollars on doctors and never did perk up until he put me on that iodine ration. He's working on a vitamin supplement now to increase my metabolism."

"Them hobos are just feedin' you taffy to work you for extra pieces of pie," her husband said in disgust.

"Even so," she said equably, "taffy eats right nice. Doc is really helping me, Henry. Willyum is just an overgrown boy who never had a chance. And Dopey! I feel so sorry for Dopey. Imagine it, Henry! A man who used to own race horses and now he's in jail for vagrancy!"

"Them race horses made a bum outa Dopey," the Sheriff said sagely. "They'll do it every time. All horse players die broke."

"Well, so do all millionaires and farmers and preachers and kings, Henry."

"So do they what?" Henry was puzzled.

"Die broke. See if you can't find that piece of Georgia string. It was bright red—"

The Sheriff pulled open several drawers and shut them.

"But feedin' them hobos chicken every day," he complained.

"Well? They like it."

"I know they do. It's all right for Uncle Jeb. He's gonna be hung in a coupla weeks. As for Zeke, I think he stole them hawgs but I doubt if they can prove it on him. Them hobos, now—"

His wife straightened up from a futile search of the basket.

"As long as the county allows you so much a day to feed prisoners and you give the money to me, I'm going to feed them, Henry whether they killed somebody, stole hogs, or just happened to be out of work. I'm going to have dumplings today. Willyum says—"

A multitudinous agitation arose in the chicken yard where Elmer, the colored trusty, had gone to fetch a hen. There was indignant cackling, a flurry of feathers, a cry of triumph, and the squawk of a chicken in extremis.

From the jail upstairs a gladsome song rang out:

"We will kill the old red rooster when she comes!"

The Sheriff went upstairs as fast as his fifty-two years and fifty-four-inch girth would let him.

"We will have chicken and dumplings when she comes!"

"Boys!" he cried.

There were six cells in the jail. Two of these held his legitimate criminals—Uncle Jeb, the convicted murderer, and Zeke, the indicted hog thief. The three hobos held forth in the common room or "run around." Just now they stood at the hog thief's cell, the better to blend his banjo with their voices.

'Boys!" he pleaded. "If you don't quit advertising these chicken dinners I'm gonna have to stop 'em!"

The three came over to greet him.

"Well, dog my cats!" he said.

His unwelcome guests were assorted as to size and shape. Old Doc was tall and gaunt, with a professional Van Dyke; Omaha Bill, the Willyum of the all-state socks, ran to paunch and jowl and was so typically a bum

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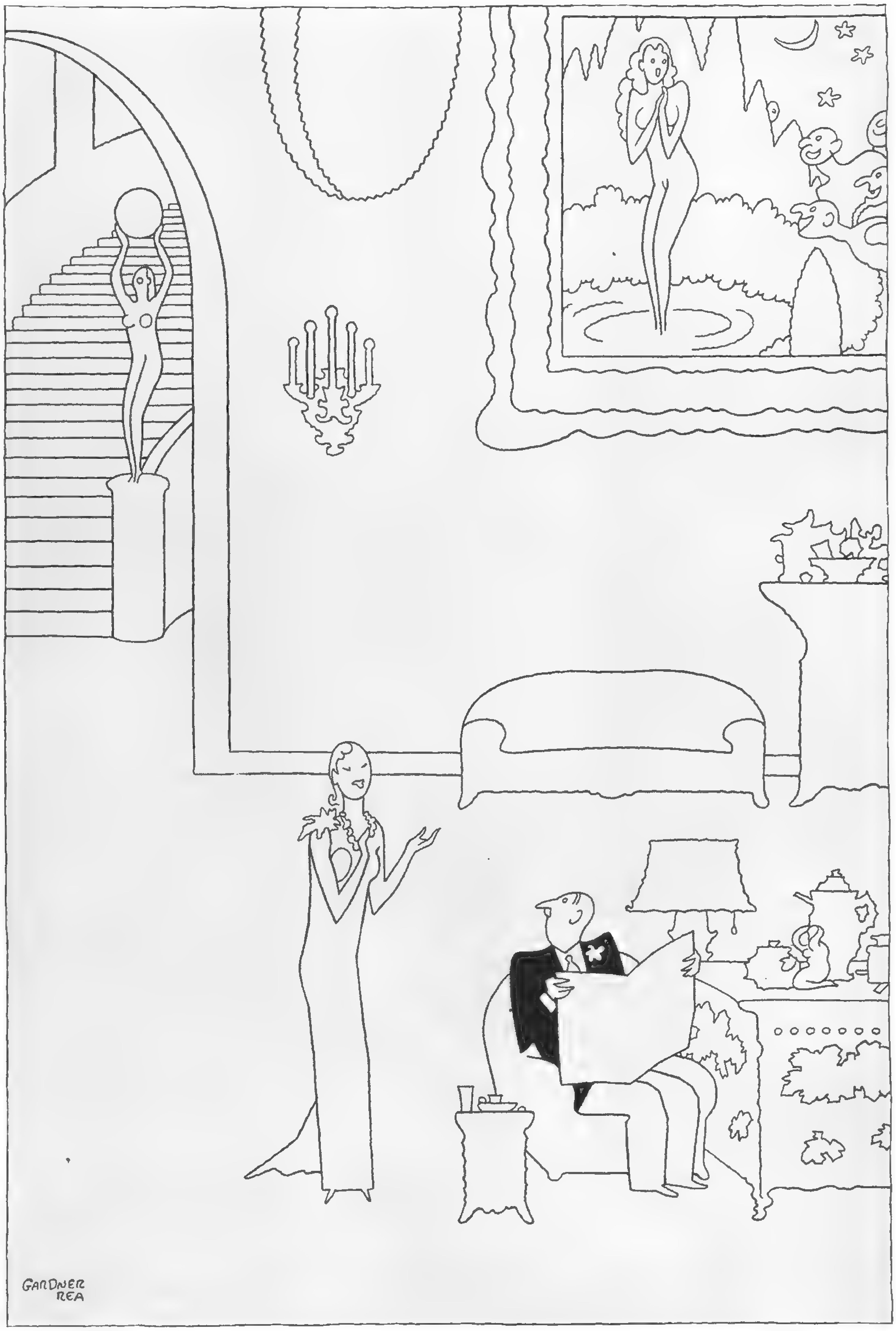

GARDNER
REA

"I've got a surprise for you, dear—we'll have to look up a larger apartment soon"

Laughter in the Tivoli

Scores left in fear, but the little brunette and the middle-aged blonde stayed close to the thin young man

by MARTIN DREYER

• FICTION •

At about the time the peculiar laughter began sounding in the Tivoli the hollow-cheeked young man in the center aisle slumped a little in his seat and his knees moved in sudden arcs until they came to rest against the legs of the little brunette at his left and the middle-aged blonde at his right.

The little brunette's heart went suddenly fast. Through the semi-darkness she had been able to make out that he was a nice looking young man—thin but so distinguished looking. She was very lonesome. Except for an occasional movie there wasn't much to do after a hard day's work at the department store but to go to her room and think about all the nice looking young men she didn't know. That was why she didn't care now, even if it wasn't the nice thing to do. She ached with the love that she could give as she returned the pressure of the young man's leg.

The middle-aged blonde started indignantly to move away. But she too had seen him and she too was lonesome. After the death of her second husband life had been oh so dull and all the money you had didn't make you any happier—cars, apartments, California, New York, Nice, Monte Carlo, always alone—and you read about it and saw it, wealthy women with their young men, and you felt why not yourself. After all what was money for if not to buy you a little happiness. She too returned the pressure of the young man's leg.

The laugh was faint at first. It was neither unhappy nor gay. It lacked personality and quality. It came from somewhere in the center aisle.

The movie was a drama with very little comedy relief. The broad-shouldered hero had just met the slim-waisted heroine. He was murmuring things into her mouth.

The laugh suddenly divided and issued from the side aisles. It grew gradually and implacably in volume but the tone was the same, failing in character and warmth.

The ushers in the three aisles moved uneasily. They took a step forward, stood at attention, another step forward, at attention.

The laugh moved closer, almost upon them, then receded to the orchestra pit, growing in volume with the recession, strangling into idiocy the passionate murmurings of the hero.

The audience was going "Shhhhhh!" and there was a ripple of excitement as heads turned and faces questioned.

The ushers converged.

"Who's doing that laughing?"

"Christ, I don't know!"

"Somebody's screwy idea of a joke."

The little brunette shivered. What a strange sound! It made her feel more lonesome than ever. She stole a glance at the young man. He was looking straight ahead at the screen. Such a nice face, even handsome. There was still the contact of the leg. She felt her heart going out to him and she pressed her leg against his, closer.

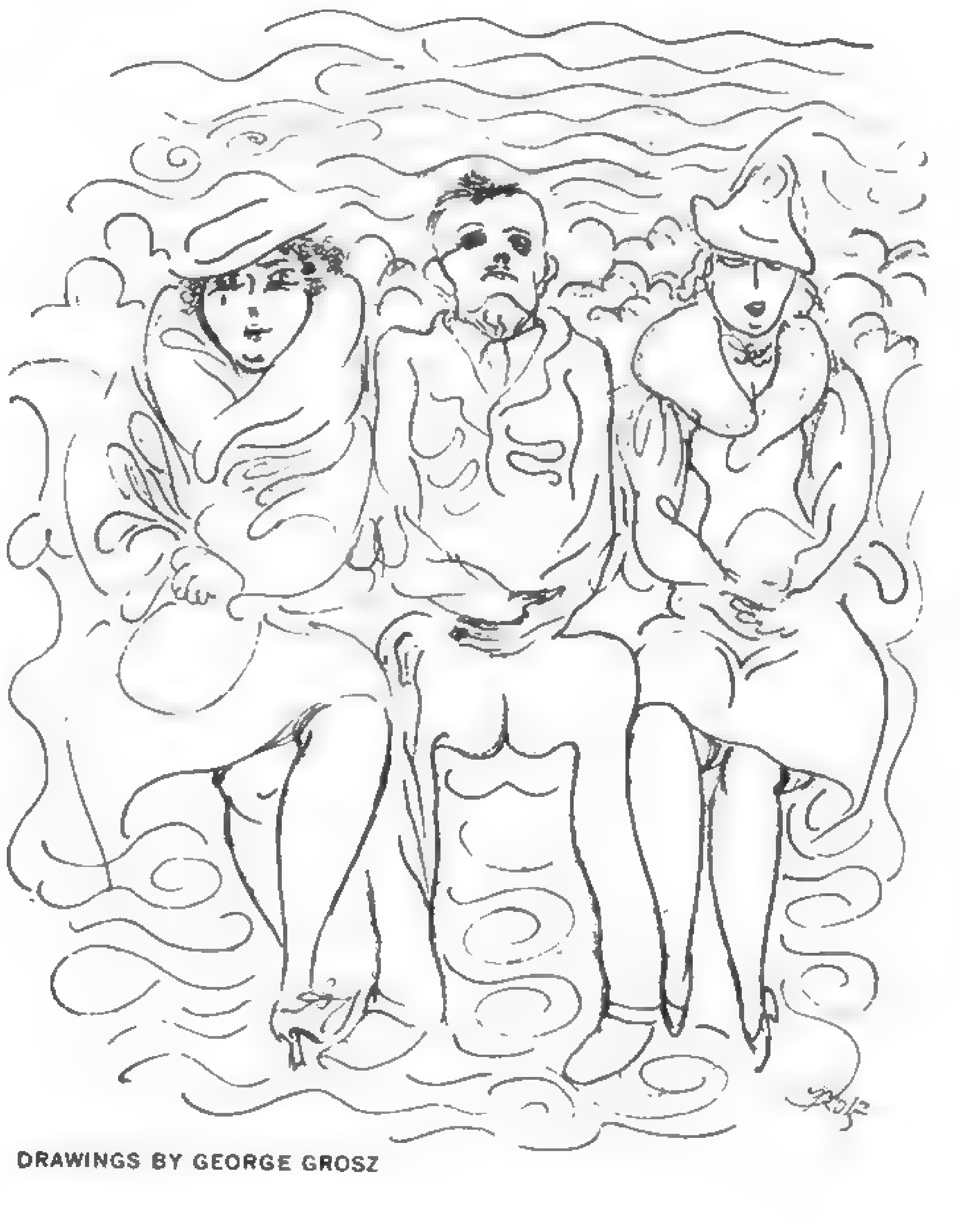
The middle-aged blonde shiveringly drew her fur coat closer about her. That laughter! She thought about her second husband and how he had died, groaning and screaming until the very end. She leaned closer to the young man and kept tensing her leg against his until that was all she could think about, the contact of their legs.

The laugh cackled through the house, like someone mocking at things with an intolerable smugness.

Heads twisted and necks strained. Someone said, "Good God!" Others said, "Shhhh! Shhhh! Shhhh!"

The broad-shouldered hero had just encountered Menace in sleek black hair.

The head usher marched up to the other ushers: "We got to find out who's doing that!"



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

The laugh was in the center aisle but as they went down this aisle the laugh shifted to a side aisle and they looked at each other with an undignified gape.

"Keep your eyes peeled for some kids," said the head usher. "Some high school punks."

They took an aisle apiece and they marched up and down, up and down. It was hard to locate the laugh because now it was here and now there and when they got to where they thought it was it was somewhere else.

They moved tensely through the aisles with their flashlights going suddenly on and they studied the mouths of people. An usher stood peering at a kid, then took him by the arm. They plucked two other kids from the audience and ushered them to the door.

The kids said, "Whatsamatter, mister, I ain't done nothin'?" And they said, "Hey, whatsa big idea, I paid to get in here?"

They kicked the kids out and the laughter stopped. The head usher mopped his forehead. Thank God, he thought, I'd lose my job. That big shot punk of a manager would tie the can to me sure for this. I get blamed for everything.

The audience became one with the actors on the silver screen again. The men were heroes leaping blithely over obstacles to reach the beautiful girl. The women were heroines who some day would surrender their all to an international profile. They all had a beautiful vision of the villain dying of slow torture. Everything was the same as it was before laughter began sounding in the Tivoli.

The little brunette sighed. Oh, if he'd only speak to me. I must get him to speak to me. He's like that hero—that wonderful Robert What's-His-Name. I've never felt so funny. That funny laugh. It gave me the creeps. Oh, God, my leg against his!

The middle-aged blonde twitched with thought. My first husband he was a nice man always so young. Like that beautiful boy in the picture. I wonder what it would be like—a young man again? My second husband I hated him. Oh, that awful groaning—just like that laughing! I wonder why he doesn't talk. Such a young young man. Our legs touching touching touching.

The laugh tinkled through the darkness. Again. This time gay, bright, joyful. The laugh caught on. Ripples of laughter from the audience. Everyone laughing with the contagion of it.

The heroine had just had a quarrel with the hero and she was now doing business with the villain.

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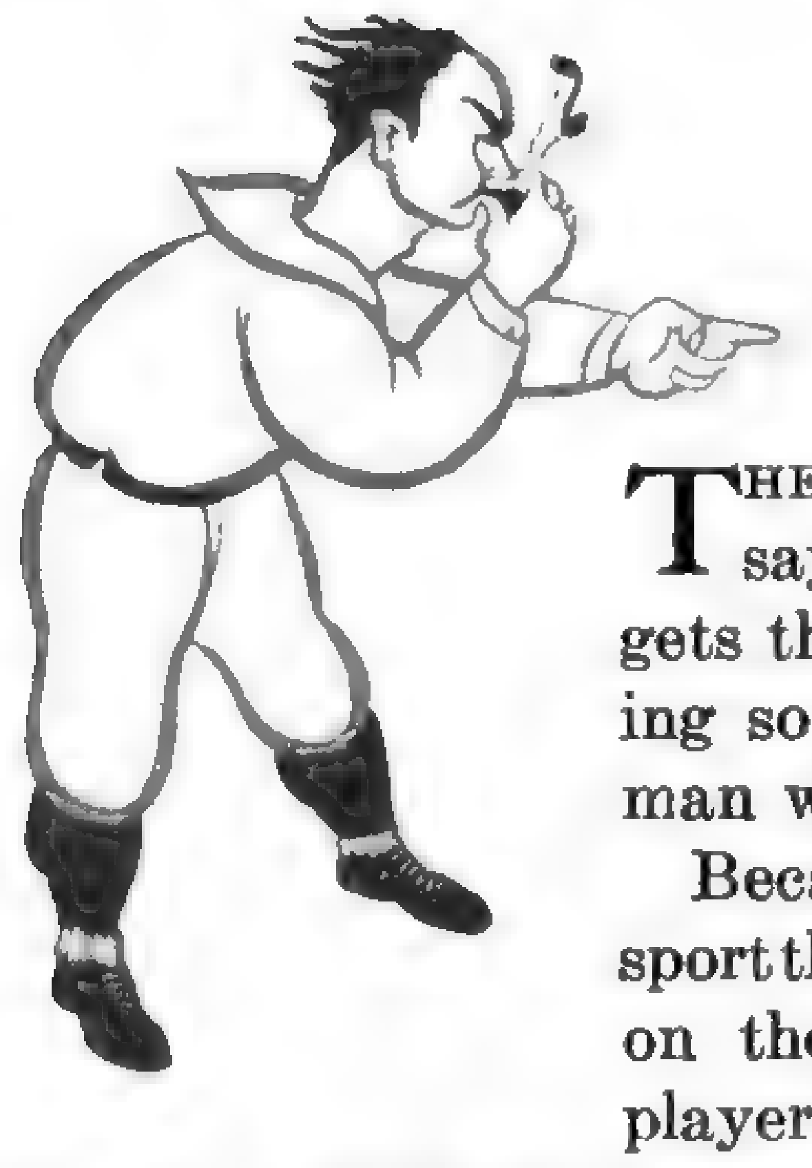
To Hell with the Referee

We may as well call the whole thing off and just give the game to those important little men in white pants

by JOHN R. TUNIS

▪ SPORTS ▪

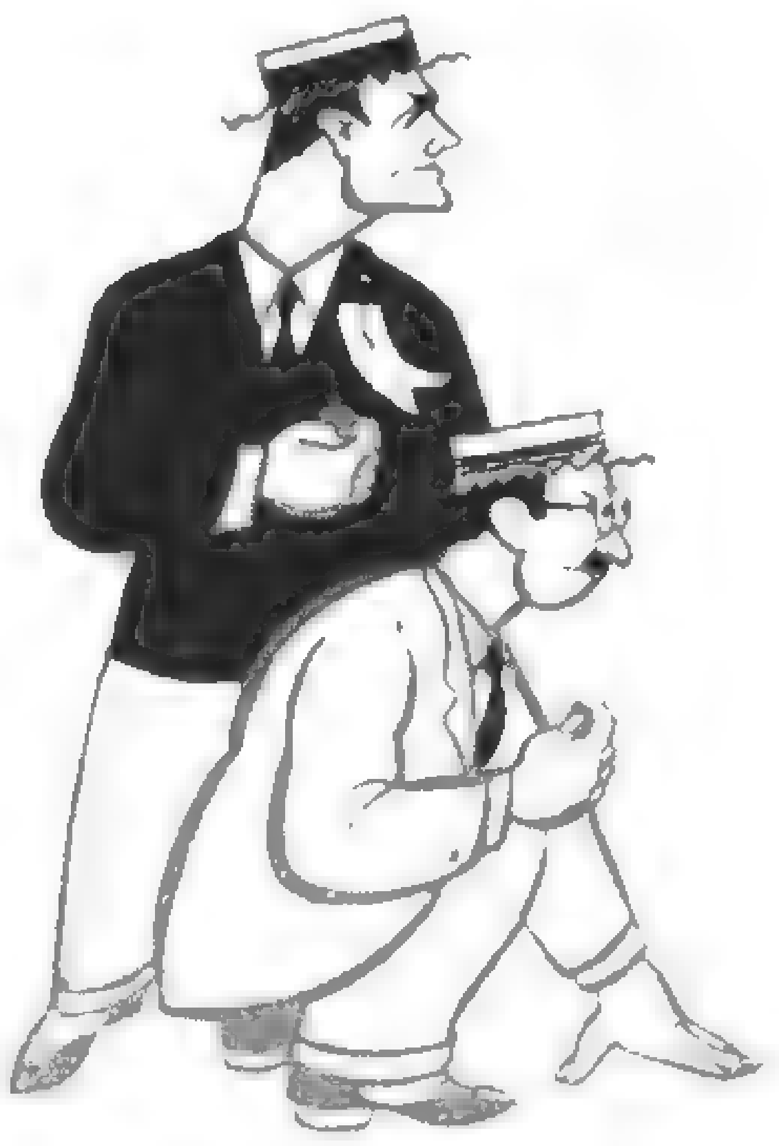


THE champion, they say, is the man who gets the breaks. That being so, the referee is the man who makes them.

Because nowadays in sport the result hinges more on the referee than the players. Remember that game in which your team was finally able to shake Spike McGlurk free for the winning touchdown? Then just as he bowled over his last opponent and was in the clear, that imbecile in white pants managed to get in the way. Down went McGlurk. And nothing to do about it, either. A stubbed toe cost you victory? Remember? Probably everyone does who ever watched a game of modern football.

The fact is that in the days when there were no rulebooks or referees, this gent in the white pants didn't exist. Up until 1887, the batsmen in baseball could call for the sort of pitch he wanted, and ask for a high or low ball. The referee is a product of this streamlined age. His importance is increasing so rapidly that it's a question at present whether on the whole it wouldn't be easier to call everything off and just give the game back to the referee. He owns it anyway.

It wasn't always so, Dr. Watson. No, hard though it is for us to appreciate, back when men were men and Walter Camp was football they didn't need this imposing array of horn-tooters, whistle-blowers, stake-carriers and the rest of the galaxy who now infest the playing fields of our great nation. Things were run more informally. History tells of a Harvard-Yale game at Springfield, Massachusetts in which the referee didn't show up from Boston as promised. So they simply drafted a man from the crowd to officiate. He did and no lives were lost



This happened fifty years ago. Little by little in the interim we have increased the number of officials in every sport, as well as their power. When the number grew, so did their importance. Today the game's no longer the thing. It's the official. To be strictly kosher, a football match between Shotgun College and Eastern Livestock Aggies calls forth the services of six officials; Hizzoner the Referee, an umpire, a head linesman with two adjutants, and a field judge. Rules have become so complex that it now takes six tiddledypants on the field to make decisions for twenty-two players. An average of one official to every four contestants. Naturally the Referee as the king of the noncombatants has become more necessary than the game. Or so he thinks, anyhow.

Don't assume this spread of Officialitis has captured only football. Such, as the saying goes, is not the case. In hockey, in track, in baseball and basketball, in rowing and racing, in golf and tennis and practically everything we do outside of chess and checkers and outside prison, it is necessary to have an officious jasper in white pants shooting a pistol, blowing a whistle, tooting a horn or banging a gong to make the crowd aware of his presence. If not, someone may consider he isn't earning his dough. At the Amherst-Williams football game last fall, an Amherst runner named Pattengill made a good gain, and was helped to his feet by Vic King of Williams, a personal friend. King gave him a pat on the helmet by way of congratulating him, yet although both men were laughing, the officials took this as a chance to inflict a penalty, and measured off fifteen yards for slugging. Or as it's termed in sport where everything goes by a different name, "unnecessary roughness."

It's hard to get even with an official. About the only person who has scored off them yet is John Nance Garner, Vice-President of the United States who will go down in history as the sole human being able to tick off one of the fraternity in public. Seems when the Washington Redskins were meeting the Green Bay Packers in one of those crucial games last fall, Mr. Garner was requested to throw out the football before the kick-off. Selected to present the sphere to the second citizen of the nation, was Referee Bill Crowell who was in charge of festivities that afternoon. Unfortunately just at the moment of presentation, the urge came on him to make a speech. We're all like that, even officials. Reports state that it was an impressive speech. Referees don't get the chance often to sound off before vice-presidents, so the newsreels started clicking and Mr. Crowell, the ball in his paw, started his tongue wagging. While Mr. Garner stood up in the first row of the stands.

Everything ends in life, even speeches. So finishing his discourse, the official shoved the ball up to the Vice-President, and waited for him to toss it forth. Maybe Mr. Garner had never been to a big league baseball opening in the spring. Maybe he didn't know what was expected. Maybe he was just sick and tired of listening to speeches in the Senate, and got sore. Anyhow nothing happened. Finally the referee nudged him on the arm, pointing to the ball at his side.

"Well, son," said the Vice-President with some condescension, "what can I do for you?"

Nowadays it isn't a question any more of whether the best team will win. It's a question of whether the team or the referee will win. If you follow sports in the daily press you come across the situation frequently. Maybe you were present at that Ohio State-Northwestern game at Columbus last fall. If so, you'll recall that Ohio had finally scored and was trying for the goal from touchdown. The kick was blocked, but the kicker seized the ball and hauled it across the line. Was the score good? No, said the officials. Yes, said the entire Ohio team. An argument took place. The whole stadium joined in. The officials settled it. The game was theirs. After some consultation they reversed their decision and allowed the point to stand.

Hockey is another sport that's become completely over-officiated with the passage of the years. Back in 1881 when McGill and the Victoria hockey teams were formed in Montreal, there was one rule, "shinny on your own side," and one official, a referee. He kept time, decided the game, and prevented the players from committing murder. Today things are so complicated that seven officials are considered necessary; from left to right a referee, an assistant referee, a timekeeper, a penalty timekeeper, and two umpires, one behind each goal. As often as not it's the official who settles the result of the game, not the players.

Whenever the score is close, and it usually is in big league hockey, the importance of the officials is increased. During the fifth and final game in the deciding series for the Stanley Cup in Detroit last spring, the Red Wings were leading the New York Rangers one to nothing, and being hard pressed. It was the turning point of the game. In a hot scrimmage before the goal, Neil Colville of the Rangers had a clear shot at the Detroit goal. Forward Herb Lewis of the Red Wings saw a chance to interfere, thus drawing a two-minute penalty but possibly saving the goal. He did interfere, but Colville got the puck away and scored the important goal. However Referee Mickey Ion ruled the whistle had blown be-

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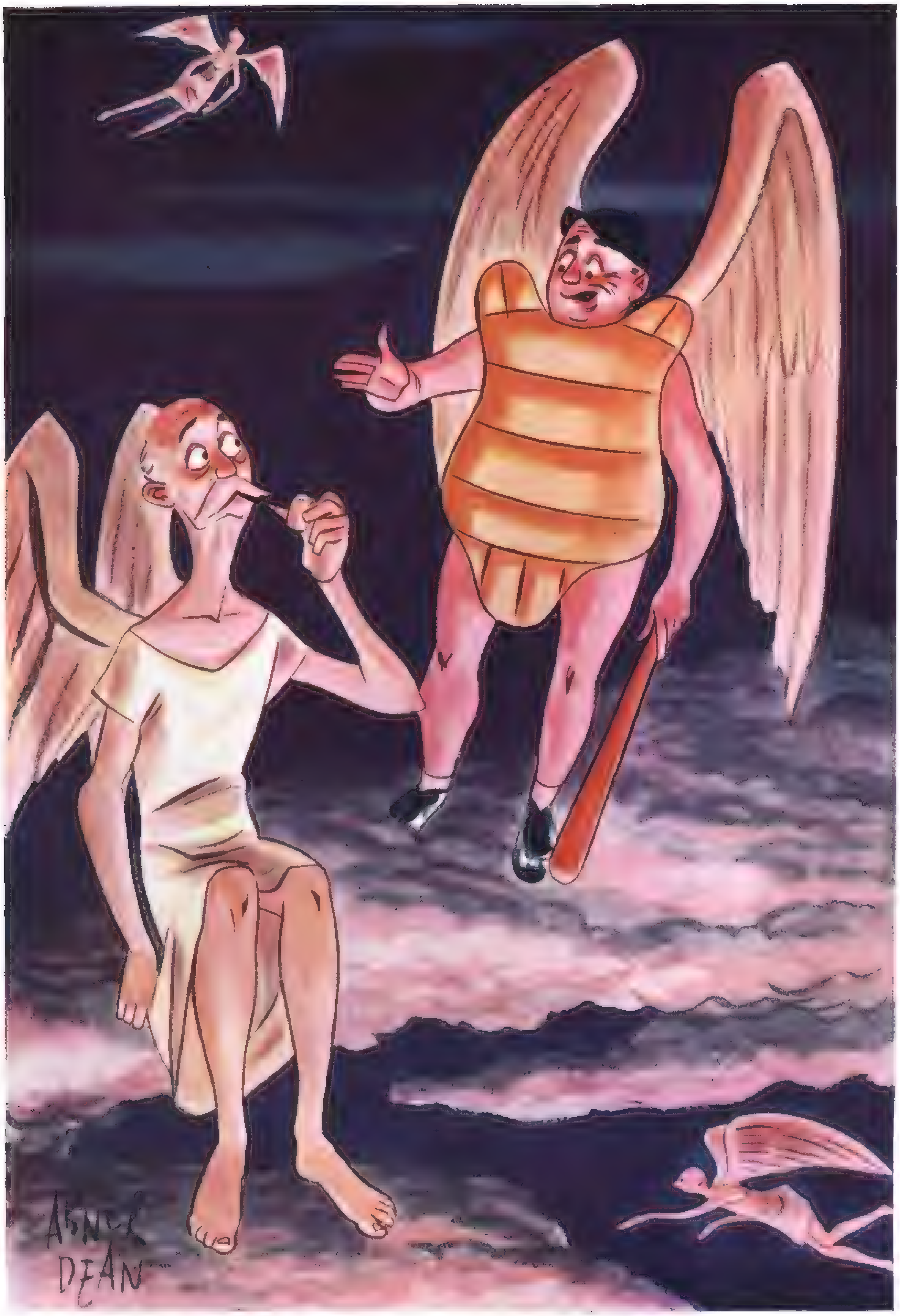
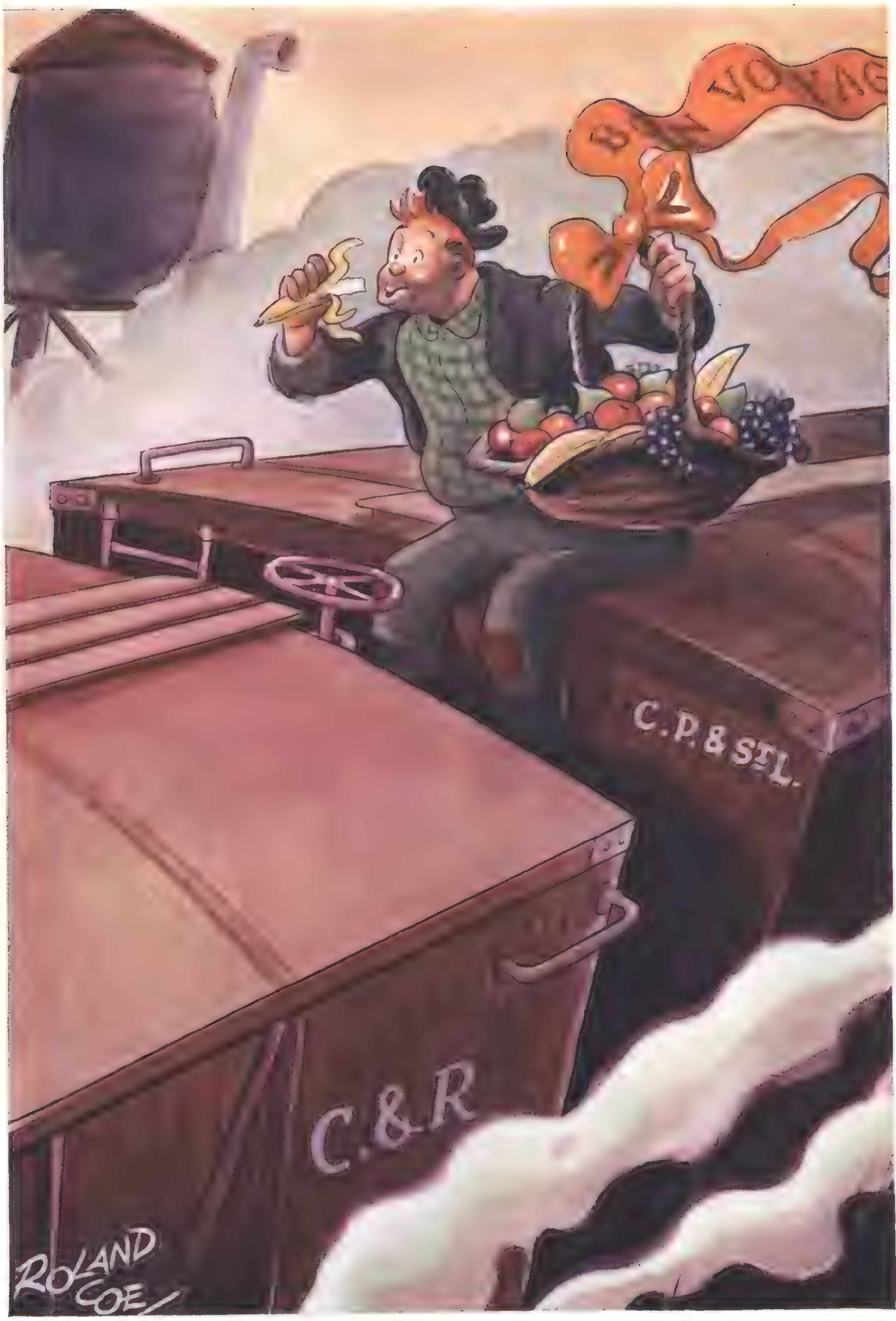


"It was a perfect strike, but I called it a ball just for the hell of it"


BON VOYAGE
C.P.&STL.
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ROLAND COE

Bowery Beauticians

Grillo and Xigues each dress around thirty shiners a week, most of them female, and their formulas are secret

by CARLTON BROWN

• ARTICLE •

ALL right, all right! So you collided with a doorknob. Or you were chopping wood and a piece assaulted you. Or you had your binoculars trained on the third toots from the left when the lug in front of you lunged back and rammed them home. Or some exterior decorator just damned well didn't like the color scheme of your puss, and decided to touch it up with a few rich purples and browns. The point is, you've got a black eye, a shiner, a "mouse," or ecchymosis of the lids, and you want to get rid of it. The late Dr. Royal S. Copeland, M. D. (Dem., N. Y.) said to apply cold water continuously for an hour or more, followed with diluted witch hazel or a mixture of lead-water and laudanum. Dr. Eddie Xigues, 16 Bowery, is for ice and pure witch hazel. Dr. Rocks Grillo, 9 Chatham Square, recommends hot towels. When such specialists as these can't see eye to eye, what's a man to do?

Unless you can make a personal call to the tonsorial parlor of one of the last two, there doesn't seem to be much you *can* do. Just sit back and wait the sixteen days they agree it takes for a bad one to fade away, and swab it with whatever feels best. The application of beefsteak profits no one but the butcher, and leeches (an important item in the bindle-stiff's Materia Medica) are denounced by Xigues and Grillo. "It is unwise to cut the skin to remove the blood, or to apply a leech," conservative Dr. Copeland once said. Very few people nowadays will stand up for a leech. Even the pharmacies that handle them say they're a drug on the market, that they haven't any idea what their purchasers do with them, and, furthermore, they don't give a damn. Now go on with the story.

On New York's Bowery, where the motion picture academies advertise their winter attractions in such forthright terms as ALWAYS WARM AND COMFORTABLE INSIDE, and where a good cigar is a half-inch crimp, a man who has nothing worse than a black eye is a shining model of pulchritude. Still and all, there are some fops who can't tolerate even such a minor disfigurement. They are the patrons of Professors Xigues and Grillo, each of whom has his own secret formula for eradicating shiners. And each, of course, insists that his is the best, the oldest, and the Only Reliable. They scoff at Dr. Copeland's advice that "a stick of grease paint, such as is used by actors, may be employed to smear the surface and hide the discoloration." To hear them tell it, big cosmetic companies have offered them fancy prices for their secrets, but they've spurned them, remaining loyal to the injunctions of their original tutors.

Grease paint, yes, agree Grillo and Xigues, but something—the mysterious, all-important "X" of the equation—must be added to make it durable. Neither of the therapists can do anything to reduce the swelling that you couldn't do at home, but once the optic has lost something of its toasted-marshmallow aspect, their unguents will effect a nifty camouflage. The operation takes five minutes and costs fifty cents, with no group rate for a pair, and no increase for mammoth mice. One application lasts three days. You can even wash your face, if you go in for such ostentation, but it won't last much longer if you don't. "Afta while, she's-a poosh out," Dr. Grillo explains. At that rate, you're good for from $1.00 to $2.50 worth of tintings before you're cured.

Rocks Grillo started barbering on Chatham Square when he was eleven years old (he turned fifty this Valentine's Day). He'd left Italy with the folks two years before, and he had to stand on a soap box to get at his customers. And don't think the patrons of Number Eleven avoided the kid—he was an expert coiffeur even then, having practiced, under his father's tutelage, on the whole family and an occasional neighbor. By the time he outgrew the soap box, he was making eighty and ninety dollars a week. That wasn't far from the heyday of the Bowery, and its sporting traditions were still lingering on. There was a cabaret behind the barber shop, and they stayed open all night to catch its trade. At the peak, a haircut cost a dollar—and well worth it, because a fashionable bounder in those days sported a power of hair.

"They don't go in for the fancy stuff no more," Rocks told me nostalgically. "Useta be all bushy in back, like a hedge, you know, and big sideboins that hadda be trim just right. Sometimes a coil down the forrid, too." The mustache business was a handful then, and mouse exterminating was enjoying its boom period. Sometimes when Rocks would come to work at ten o'clock in the morning, he'd find that the boss, Louis Alterisi, had already rectified nine or ten shiners. It was Alterisi who taught Grillo the black-eye magic, he having picked it up from a Dutchman across the street. Funny thing—neither Alterisi's son nor any of the other barbers in the shop ever took to the science. Grillo has been perfecting it for twenty years, the last nine months of them at his present location.

It's not something you could pick up in a minute. For one thing, you need an artist's color sense. Epidermis comes in a wide range of tones, from peachblow blond to boxcar rind, and you've got to blend the bruise into the ensemble with all the skill Whistler lavished on his *Mother.* To make a peaceful landscape out of a storm-tossed kisser, Grillo and Xigues employ make-up of light and dark red, yellow, white, and black, combined with their secret oils and mixed to order to the exact shade required. From adjacent Chinatown come battered Orientals, who are harder to do than whites, since their skin turns a queer shade of orange when pounded. Negroes are even tougher—theirs turns a lighter tone of black. Neither of the artificers has ever been confronted with an Arab, an East Indian, an Eskimo, or an albino, but they're confident they'd be able to meet any contingency that might arise.

Rocks mixes the colors with his fingers right on the face, after applying hot towels. Eddie Xigues, up the street, is fancier—uses a small artist's palette, which seems to him as it should be, because, "It's an art, see? You gotta harmonize them colors just right or you'll look like a rainbow." Grillo's barber shop is a five-seater in the basement; Eddie's, on street level, can accommodate ten. They're both clean and old-fashioned, heated by coal stoves, and as busy as any uptown hairdresser's. A shave is a dime in either place, but for a haircut Rocky gets twenty to Xigues' fifteen cents. Both concur in the opinion that a bruise anywhere else is easier to disguise than a pasted peeper, and neither will do anything about an open cut—the Board of Health likes to have that sort of thing done by profs from somewhere but Barber's College.

Eddie Xigues says you can believe it or not but he's a Spaniard. He talks and looks like an Irishman, from his blue eyes and light hair to (the day I saw him) a gray stubble that one of his men might profitably go to work on. He was born in the building above the shop, started barbering at eighteen, and is now forty-two.

"I'm sorry," he said when I asked him about his ecchymosis emollient, "but I wouldn't care to tell you just what we use. It's been a *study,* see? It's a secret that's been handed

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Hamstringing the Hangover

Before you let your well-wishers try to treat your hangover, it's wise to learn what a hangover is

by DON WILLIAMS

• ARTICLE •

Few afflictions are more horrible than a really first-rate hangover—one with long, matted hair and a guttural voice. One of the few things more horrible is the hangover remedy which each well-intentioned friend forces down your gullet the morning after.

The hangover is a malady without a country. Scientists have never accorded it a professional standing. The attitude of the medical profession, apparently, is that you have made your own hangover so you can groan in it.

The truth of the matter is that no one has ever gone to the trouble of finding out exactly what a hangover is.

This much has been learned: All of the commonly known treatments (with one or two exceptions) only make the hangover worse.

The Hair of the Dog, as we shall see, is a downright assassin; most of the rest have just enough truth in them to be plausible—and enough untruth to make them poisonous.

To prevent mass suicide by readers at this point, let it be stated that there *is* one way to beat a hangover. It is the result of research on the part of an anonymous group of physicians—perhaps the first serious study ever made on the subject. The method requires fortitude, however, and to explain its logic we must first examine into the matter of what happens when, driven by despair, joy, or just plain boredom, a fairly human being steps up to the bar and says, "A quick one, Joe."

Alcohol, when tossed into an unsuspecting stomach, behaves as no other poison does. It goes directly into the blood stream, without being affected chemically by any of the digestive juices. The walls of the stomach suck up about one-third of the pure alcohol in your rye highball almost before the bartender has time to ring up the sale. The remaining two-thirds is absorbed by the intestinal walls, generally within an hour of the time you first bend your elbow.

Once in the blood stream, alcohol acts both as a narcotic and an anesthetic. First of all, it has the narcotic effect of relaxing the walls of the blood vessels. This causes increased heart action and a rise of skin temperature. Hence the warm glow of the first or second drink.

Next, alcohol has an anesthetic quality which is entirely unique. Carried in the blood stream to the capillaries of the brain, its first act is to put to sleep the so-called inhibitory centers. It gives them a shot of ether (for, as a matter of fact, alcohol and ether are closely allied chemically). The inhibitory centers of the brain are the watchdogs of our conduct—something akin to the "conscience" of which moralists speak. With them safely asleep, our worries disappear, our sense of responsibility vanishes and our shortcomings are forgotten. Hence the "lift."

But alcohol does not stop its anesthetizing at the brain. It continues to creep about the body with its little can of ether putting the various motor centers to sleep. The knees become wobbly. Speech becomes thick.

Here is the important fact: A concentration of 0.25 per cent, or more, of alcohol in the blood brings about a pretty general sleepiness of all the organs.

We have arrived, then, at an understanding of an old saw: When you become "paralyzed drunk," all of your organs, actually and technically, are paralyzed.

We will attempt no detailed explanation of the whys of a hangover beyond this fact. The parched tongue and the dry gullet which scream for a flood of ice water; the head which feels like one of Dr. Piccard's ill-fated balloons; the sickening conviction that one's stomach has turned into a lump of cold whale fat; the sensation so aptly described by a fiction writer of "being actually about one step to the left and five feet above one's own physical body," and the frightful taste which makes one suspect he has been sitting up the entire night licking Lithuanian postage stamps—none of these symptoms has ever been thoroughly diagnosed in the laboratory.

One fact, only, is known with certainty: Much of your morning-after misery is due to the anesthetizing after effects of ethyl alcohol. Or, to put it more simply, to the fact that you and all your organs are still partially paralyzed.

What happens, then, when our unhappy victim, awakening with all these dread symptoms, rushes to the kitchen, gulps two glasses of ice water, downs a Prairie Oyster, quaffs a tomato juice cocktail and then completes this fearful ritual by swilling four cups of black coffee? What happens? Are you asking me? At the very best, he departs for the office with the vague hope that he will be run down by a truck, struck by lightning, or become accidentally involved in a Chinese tong war.

He is in such a state that he believes nothing could possibly make his condition worse. Consequently, he is fresh meat for all the hangover specialists in town. And he is not long in falling into their hands.

The elevator boy says, with a smirk, "So you flung one last night, did you, Mr. Blop?"

"Uh," our Mr. Blop confesses.

"Try a Flippant Hen," the boy suggests. Mr. Blop looks at him blankly.

"You know," the boy confides. "An egg in a short glass of beer. It's the McCoy for a hangover. Shall I take you back down to get one?"

Poor Mr. Blop hasn't the strength to argue. He surrenders.

The Flippant Hen clucks and cackles in his paralyzed stomach. For a few tense moments Mr. Blop has hopes. Then the Hen suddenly rolls over and gurgles to her death in the pool of tomato juice, tobasco, ice water and black coffee. Mr. Blop is forced to swallow rapidly to keep alive.

In rapid succession, determined friends dose him with aspirin, which only makes him more sleepy; with a "Spirit of '76" (teaspoon of spirits of ammonia in a bromo), which makes his ears ring for a few minutes and then makes his stomach wobble like a foundering ship; with a large shot of baking soda, which starts kicking around the carcass of the no-longer-Flippant Hen; and then with all the various and fearful cocktails composed of sauerkraut, pineapple, or any other kind of juice.

If our Mr. Blop is a very strong man, he may hold out until noon before staggering to the nearest bar for something that will either kill or cure him.

At the bar, other friends will flock about him and dose him with one of the following mixtures: (1) A suissette, composed of absinthe and white of an egg; (2) A sazarac, gaining its strength from rye and absinthe; (3) A Picon Bitters, made of Picon Bitters and lime juice, or (4) A Fernet Branca, a thick, black bitters with quinine in it.

As a last resort, if our Mr. Blop is still suffering, some wise one may give him a Sea Captain's Special, so named because it was invented by a genius named Harry Porter in a bar on the Seattle waterfront to treat the hangovers of the tramp freighter captains who docked there for a spree, and who were notorious for the ferocity of their morning-after heads.

The Sea Captain's Special is distilled dynamite. It is mixed as follows: In an Old Fashioned glass place half a lump of sugar and douse it with Angostura. Add one and a half jiggers of rye and one lump of ice. Fill the glass with champagne. Top it off with two dashes of true absinthe.

As our Mr. Blop swallows this concoction, there is a sudden roar and the ceiling of the bar comes crashing down about his ears. He stands dazed for a moment, too stunned to move. Then, gathering courage, he dares to raise his eyes. There, shining through the gaping hole in the roof, in all its splendor, is the sun!

At this point we will leave Mr. Blop. He is feeling fine.

As a matter of fact, he is drunk again. Tomorrow his hangover will be even worse.

What is even more serious, he is courting alcoholism. If you do not believe the moralists who warn against the Hair of the Dog, then take the word of Mr. Richard R. Peabody, one of the world's greatest authorities on alcoholism, author of the book, *The Common Sense of Drinking* (Little Brown & Co., Boston, 1931), who classifies alcoholism not as a habit but as a disease. Mr. Peabody says that the man who drinks in the morning to combat his hangover is courting the disease. Scientists, generally, support Mr. Peabody's contention. The Hair of the Dog is an assassin.

AQUATINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Now let us consider just what happened to Mr. Blop so that finally he was forced to get drunk again to halt his suffering.

It can be explained very simply: When Mr. Blop awakened, his stomach was paralyzed.

The fallacy of all hangover remedies lies in this fact.

Whatever is poured into a paralyzed stomach just lies there and, to use an inelegant term, rots.

Cold water poured on a paralyzed stomach only makes the stomach more miserable. Black coffee will help a drunken man only if it is siphoned into him while he is still drinking.

The stomach, while still paralyzed, cannot handle any kind of food or liquid. That fact should be easily recognized by anyone who stops for any length of time in order to consider the physiological effects of alcohol.

What, then, *should* one do to fight a hangover?

Nothing!

It sounds ridiculous at first blush. It is certainly the hardest course to follow. But when one stops to think, the logic appears at once.

The basic truth to be recognized is this: When you awaken with a hangover your stomach is completely worn out, drugged and paralyzed.

More than anything else, it needs rest!

The correct procedure is to treat the anesthetized organ as gently as possible and give it a chance to sleep it off.

If our Mr. Blop had had sense enough to dose himself thoroughly with soda or any of the commercial alkalizing salts before going to bed, while his stomach was still awake and functioning, he might have felt better in the morning.

These alkalizing medicines taken while the stomach is still twitching under alcoholic irritants, manage to do some good. Unfortunately, though, when Mr. Blop came home, he couldn't even spell "soda," much less remember to take it.

To combat his hangover, Mr. Blop should have used some of the self-control which he forgot to use last night. And so must the rest of us.

When the throat cries out for ice water, we must firmly shake our heads. If you were resting peacefully after a long hard night, how would *you* like to have someone come along and throw a pail of ice water on you? Your stomach feels the same way.

If the mouth is so dry that it is unbearable, then simply wash it out with water.

Upon arising, try to force yourself to do a little mild exercising. If exercise seems impossible, go to the open window and breathe deeply as many times as you can stand it. An oxygen tent is the one real aid to a hangover, but so few homes are equipped with oxygen tents nowadays that deep breathing must be accepted as a substitute.

Don't take a bath unless you feel you absolutely must.

If you *must* sit at the breakfast table, then call for half a cup of warm water and sip it slowly. The warmth may help your stomach. At least it won't hurt it.

Clench your teeth and go to the office. Use a quick right hook on the first person who suggests a nostrum. It will discourage others. The exercise will be good for you, too.

Use all your will power and concentrate on your work. Or at least go through the motions.

Don't look at the water cooler.

By ten o'clock or ten-thirty the cold whale fat in your stomach will start to melt and that organ will begin to stir slightly. By eleven o'clock you may feel actually hungry. If so, the worst is over. Your stomach has slept it off. You are going to live!

You may now safely take an alkalizing salt or a laxative. Your stomach is ready to handle it.

Earlier, it was stated that the Prairie Oyster and the tomato juice cocktail had just enough truth in them to make them plausible. At this point, the element of truth emerges.

When the stomach begins to show signs of awakening and demands food, feed it something like a Prairie Oyster—or even one of those awful Flippant Hens! The Prairie Oyster, as you know, consists of a teaspoon of Worcestershire Sauce, a tiny drop of tobasco, a raw egg and a sprinkling of salt and of pepper.

The theory is this: Your stomach is still half asleep; so you send it down something to give it a kick in the pants, and then hand it something easily digestible to eat. The tobasco and other condiments provide the kick in the pants. There is nothing more easily digestible than a raw egg.

All hangover remedies, aside from the alkalizers, are based on this theory. Your tomato juice doused with Worcestershire, salt and pepper; your various other highly-seasoned or spicy mixtures—all of them are designed to give the stomach a kick in the pants and start the gastric juices flowing.

But all of them fail if foisted upon the stomach while it is still incapable of reacting.

The strange alcoholic mixtures intended as pick-me-ups are likewise based on the same idea.

Most of them contain absinthe, because there is no more powerful stomach irritant than the infusion of wormwood root in that New Orleans delight. The others use some type of bitters as a substitute. The bitters are nothing but a stomach irritant: In ordinary drinking, they step up the absorption of alcohol; in case of a hangover, they provide the swift kick.

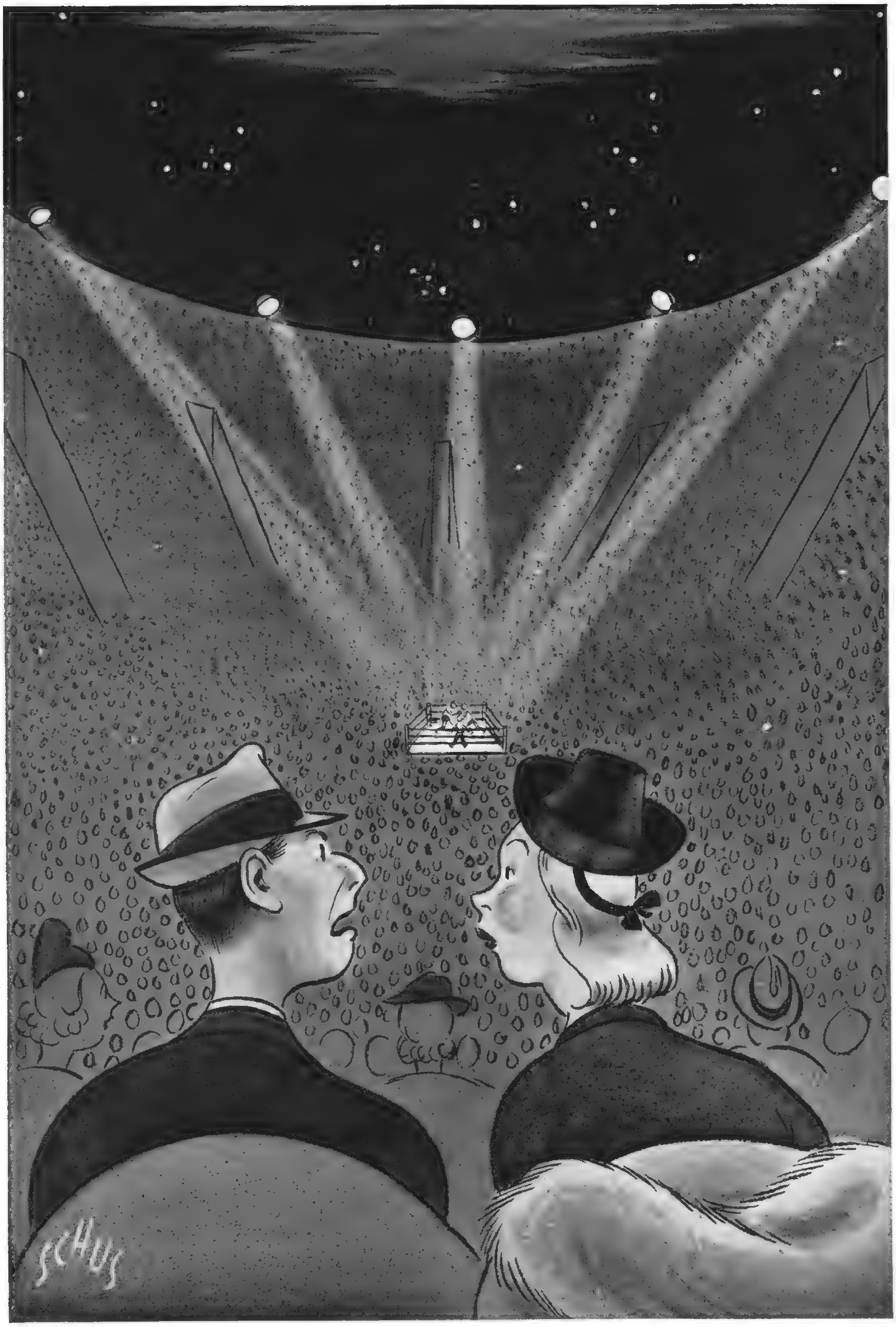
If you will stick to your Prairie Oyster at about eleven o'clock, however, you will find yourself quite hungry at lunch time. *Eat lightly!* Eat something spicy or something covered with mustard—but don't eat much of it.

Your stomach is still too tired to take on much work at this time.

By mid-afternoon, you should begin to feel amost normal.

By dinner time, you should be ready, with a fairly healthy stomach, for another round of drinks.

And remember: If you can shake your head sideways until six o'clock in the evening, you're safe . . . Until the next morning, anyway. ⵌ



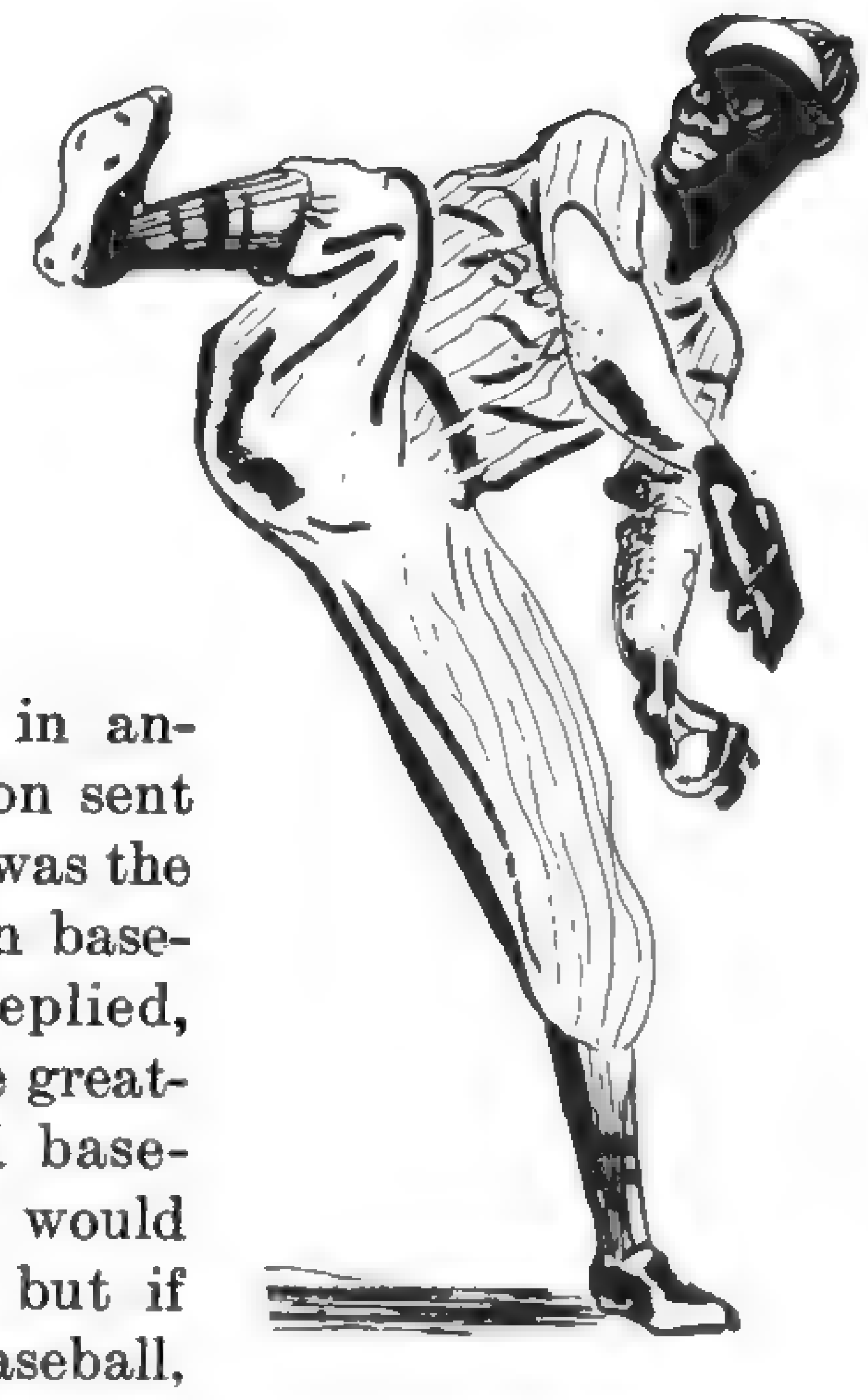
"I hope they're taking movies down there—I'd like to see this fight!"

Unrecognized Stars

Some of this country's best baseball players are unknown because they are Negroes, barred from the major leagues

by ALVIN F. HARLOW

▪ SPORTS ▪



When the New York Giants went down to Havana in February, 1937, to begin their spring baseball training, they started off with a series of seven games against Cuban teams which, it was supposed, would provide the big league boys with a nice bit of batting practice. Instead of that, they spent most of the time in standing on their heads. They won only two games (one from a rank amateur outfit), lost four by such scores as 6 to 1, and 4 to 0, and managed to tie one in a long battle. And a goodly portion of the opposition was supplied by Negro players; for there is almost no color line in Cuba, and whites and Negroes play on the same team with no thought of the difference in skin pigments.

Several of the members of the two clubs which tamed the Giants had also been playing for three summers with the New York Cubans, a Negro National League club of this country. Two of the pitchers who upset the big leaguers most effectively were colored. One of them Ramon Bragana, pitched two of the games, and the Giants accumulated exactly one run in each. In the second game he held them to a 1 to 1 tie in twelve innings, allowing five hits. The Giant manager, Terry, said after the first game, "This Bragana is just about as great a pitcher as I ever saw. He had speed, a wonderful assortment of curves and perfect control. He didn't pass a man, and eighteen of the outs were pop flies or fouls." It was Bragana who gave a team of barnstorming major leaguers a terrific battle in Havana in 1930, with Carl Hubbell pitted against him, Hubbell finally wrenching a 2 to 1 decision away from him

Tony Palazzo

When Jesse Owens and other American Negro athletes surprised Berlin and the rest of the world with their victories over white contenders in the Olympic Games last summer, a common topic of discussion in Negro circles was the question whether these episodes and the spirit in which they had been viewed by press and public brought Negro baseball players any nearer to the goal on which they have set their eyes—namely, participation in white baseball.

Major League magnates would be willing to strengthen their teams with some of the best Negro players, but that will remain impossible until the big hotels throughout the country change their discriminatory attitude as to the races. Thus some of the best baseball talent in America will continue to be unknown to the majority of sport lovers; for there are unrecognized Mathewsons, Cobbs and Wagners among the colored players, whose names never appear in the white man's newspapers. Every large city in the country has at least one colored semi-professional team; and there is a Negro National League, with its "czar" or high commissioner, Ferdinand Q. Morton, a colored man born in Mississippi, but Northern college-educated and a member of New York City's Civil Service Commission. But this league's games and players are never mentioned in the metropolitan dailies, and comparatively few white people know of its existence. It is comparable in quality at least with a Class A white league and perhaps Class AA; but the newspapers continue to regard it as a semi-professional organization because it is not included in the National baseball agreement. Nevertheless, I have seen some games played in that league which were distinctly superior in quality to not a few that I have witnessed in the National and American Leagues.

White experts have frequently paid tribute of praise to fine colored players. John McGraw did more; he tried to sneak a star Negro second baseman, Charlie Grant, into his Baltimore team early in the century, representing him to be an Indian. But the indiscreet enthusiasm of Grant's friends gave the trick away, and McGraw was forced to release Grant. John was always interested in Negro players, however, always thinking how nicely some of them would fit into his own baseball machine. Twenty years ago, he regarded Richard Purdy as one of the greatest in America at short-stop, and some years later, he spoke of Martin Dihigo, for three years past manager and all-around player of the New York Cubans, as one of the greatest natural ball players living. Many veteran critics agree in placing John Henry Lloyd, a short-stop, in the highest niche in Negro baseball's hall of fame. A St. Louis sports writer, speaking on the radio some time ago, in answering a question sent in to him, "Who was the greatest player in baseball history?" replied, "If you mean the greatest in organized baseball, my answer would be, Babe Ruth; but if you mean in all baseball, organized or unorganized, the answer would have to be, a colored man named John Henry Lloyd." Lloyd, long since retired from active service, now lives and has a baseball team of his own at Atlantic City.

Negro baseball has just passed the half-century mark in age. The first salaried Negro club in history was organized at Babylon, Long Island, in 1885. Negro boys and men had been playing the game in a primitive way ever since the Civil War, although often compelled to manufacture their own bats and balls. The waiters at the Argyle Hotel at Babylon had been playing on a vacant lot near by between meals and showed such cleverness that Frank Thompson, the head-waiter, organized them into a team. That summer of '85 they played nine games with the best white semi-pro clubs of New York City and Long Island, winning six, losing two and tying one. By September, Thompson had decided to start them out as professionals, under the name of Cuban Giants.

Most old-timers today are vague as to the origin of this name, but Sol White—who joined the club four years later, and who may now be seen sauntering about Harlem on pleasant afternoons—says that the version which came to him is that when that first team began playing away from home, they passed as foreigners—Cubans, as they finally decided—hoping to conceal the fact that they were just American Negro hotel waiters, and talked a gibberish to each other on the field which, they hoped, sounded like Spanish. The New York Giants were even then baseball idols, and so the name, Cuban Giants, was settled upon the new club—a name which during the next quarter-century, was one of the most famous in semi-professional baseball, and which has long since become a legend in Afro-America. That word Giants, by the way, was thereafter fixed ineradicably upon Negro baseball clubs, and remains a favorite name to this day, when the Brooklyn Royal Giants, the Bacharach Giants of Atlantic City, the Mohawk Giants of Schenectady, the Chicago American Giants, and the Washington Elite Giants of the Negro National League, are among the most prominent of colored clubs.

Other colored clubs were rapidly organized

Continued on page 119

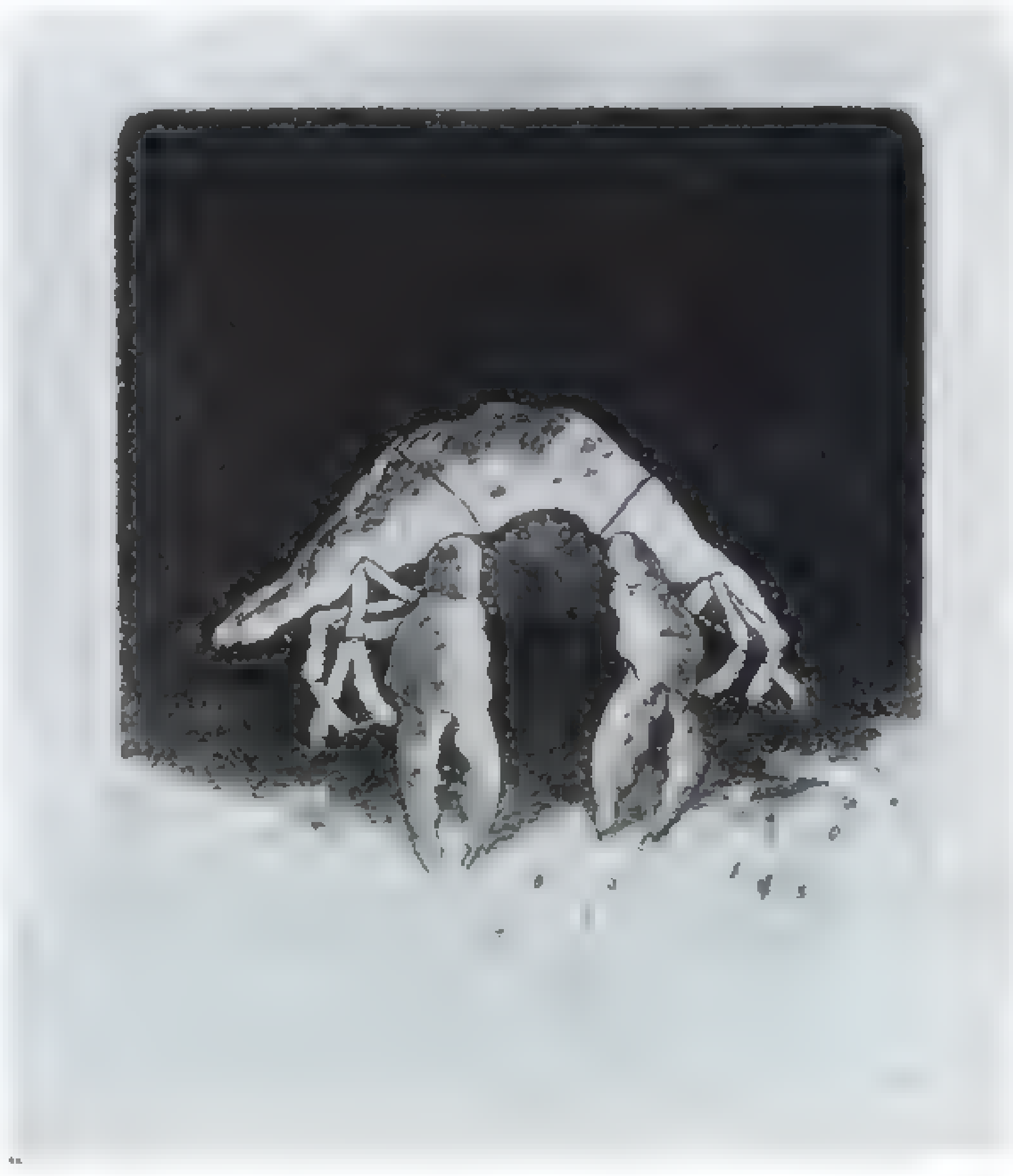
Drama on the Sea Floor

The shellfish showed no more animation than polished pebbles, yet murder was going on, silent, vampirish and terrible

by PAUL ANNIXTER

▪ FICTION ▪

The long rampart of the barrier reef stretched for unnumbered miles along the coast line, its honey-combed crest formed by the successive life and death of trillions upon trillions of microscopic coral animals. Seaward its rock base sank away in a series of mighty ledges and thousand-foot slopes to depths unfathomable, forming one of the great walls which deflect the Gulf Stream eastward and northward below the Florida coast. Here the grimmest, swiftest assassins of the sea passed in pageant, hunted or lay in ambush among the rock-fanged caves. Vast tarpon and bonita, the speedsters of the sea, flashed by in ravenous packs; schools of dolphin basked and played there; swordfish and ten-foot barracuda, their fierce jaws armed with double-edged teeth like mowing machines, lancing by on the trail of smaller fish, or snaking up from the foggy green depths like lead-gray destroyers. And now and then at long intervals, a vast bull rorqual or right whale, a hundred and thirty feet long and one of the mightiest living creatures, would come nosing in from the deep to rub and curry its great sides free of limpets and clinging barnacles against the reef wall, just as an elephant on land will scratch its rough hide against a tree.



But the shoreward side of the reef was a vastly different world, of milk-warm surface waters. A realm of only two dimensions, up and beyond; and most of the lowly dwellers there possessed but two senses, touch and smell, but these were sublimated to a degree which answered for the other three combined.

The chief denizens there were a colony of mussels and their relatives, the blue-lipped oysters, who lived just within the shelter of the weedy reef wall. Solid, substantial citizens these, not given to roaming; the flightiest of them moving no more than five feet in as many years. Food was plentiful in the teeming Gulf current; fish spat and spawn and the minute floating crustacea which all shellfish love. The reef offered ample protection from the pounding seas, as well as from the more dangerous enemies of the deep. Wherefore the mussels had thrived and multiplied for unnumbered years.

Then upon a day their ancient enemies the whelk folk found them out. Or rather upon a week, for it took that time for the advancing army to arrive, from the time they first scented—if one may use that term in a submarine sense—the quarry upon the tide. The word had come to them in their habitat over two hundred yards distant, as smells are carried on the wind in the world above, and they had followed the line of scent along the reef wall, moving over the sandy bottom in the infinitely slow and snaillike manner of their kind. None seeing them would have said they moved at all, so stealthy and gradual was the process. But the shell people get there in time, and they get results. They are the conqueror worms of the sea.

They settled round about in crannies in the reef wall and a slow and deadly war began. The whelks began preying upon the mussels, and lesser whelks and occasional cannibal crabs began preying upon whelk, oyster and mussel alike, perpetuating that state of intermittent horror and sluggish bliss which is the normal tenor of underwater life.

Again an observer would have been unaware that anything was taking place, for visible action was not a characteristic of these armored warriors. Here and there a whelk could be seen glued to the closed shell of a mussel, that was all. For hours they would remain thus, evincing no more animation than the polished pebbles roundabout, their pretty spiral shells—the sort children love to treasure—reflecting the sunlight above in a pinkish glow. But in reality murder was going on there, silent, vampirish and terrible. The attackers were boring through limestone shell substance with their wonderful unseen tongues which were edges with microscopic teeth sharp as saws. Like pneumatic drills they bored through bone and flesh in a grim and cannibal lust. Cannibal, for all parties involved were of a single family. Whelk, mussel, oyster and starfish are distant cousins, and even the crabs are relatives on the Crustacean side.

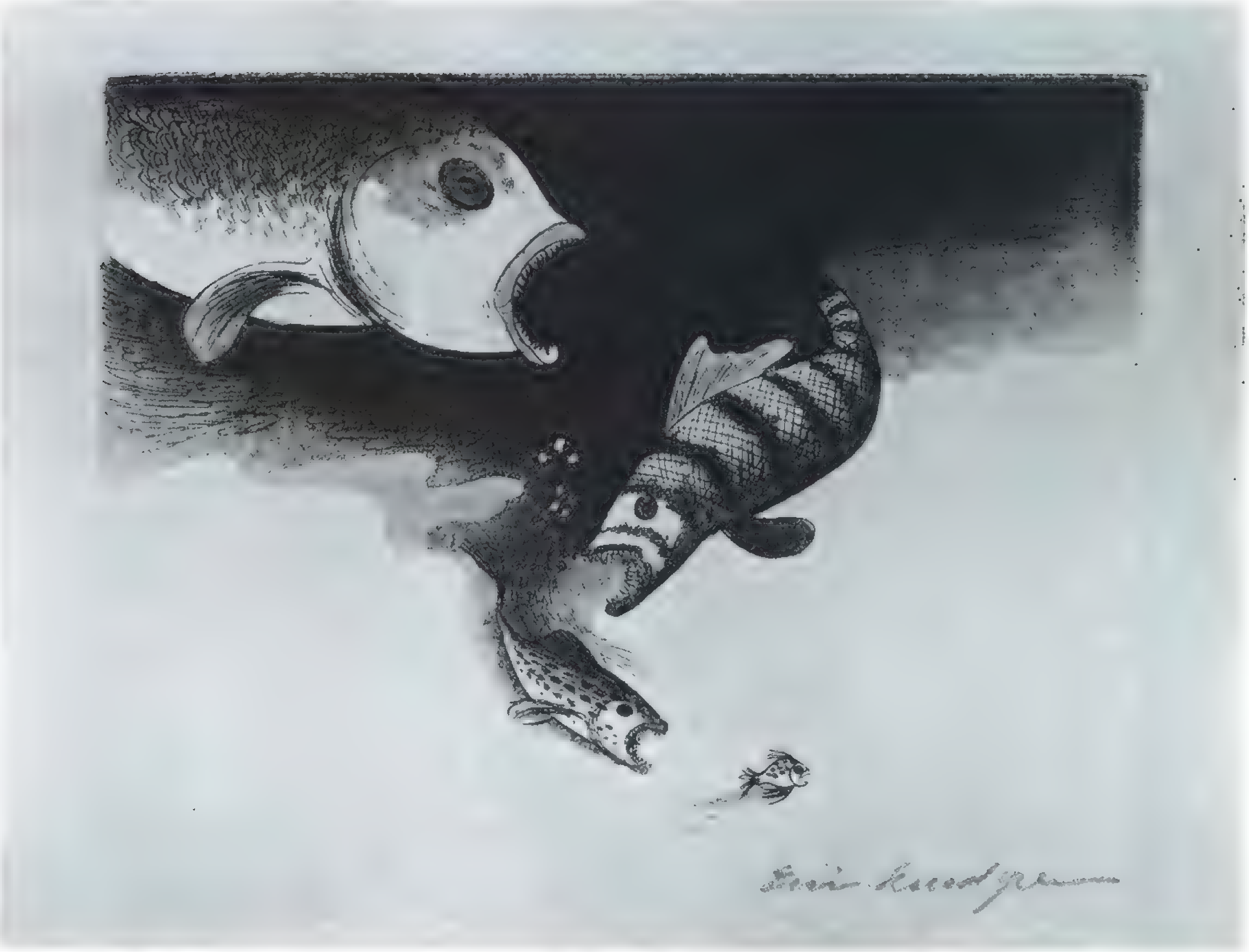
Time and tides passed. The waves rose and fell with a punctual slap. The war went on. Others began to be drawn to the scene of the fray, certain wily carpetbaggers who had learned to utilize such carnage. Armies of crabs came swarming sidewise over the rocks, to battle one another for the inconsequential bits and morsels, locking together in silent but hideous melee, leaving broken legs and nippers lying round about, for when crabs fight they go in to maim and kill—anything short of the ripping off of a leg or two is but a mild argument for them (but the legs by the way, would grow again). Among the weeds and grasses in the rocks, strange forms, carnivorous yet vegetal came to life; pale sea lilies whose deadly blooms were like the mouths of leeches; cruel sea anemones, all carmine, rose and salmon, awaiting some prey with stealthy tentacles. Tiny soft-shelled crabs and other miniature monsters undermined the battleground, like fleas of the sand, screening the very silt for particles too small for any eye to see; and a half-grown lobster, blood-bright and blue, came over the reef top in his armor, waving his claws aloft.

Of all these, the most terrible were the smallest, in direct reversal to all other creatures. The diminutive dog-whelk, for instance, and the still tinier oyster-drill. The former attacked their own larger kin. While the larger whelks bored for mussel meat, the lesser bored them, clamped fast to their relatives' shells, and so small as to be quite negligible. Often doom and victory were simultaneous for the bigger killers. At the very minute they won over their own quarry, the terrible tongues of their relatives would sink into their vitals.

In the wake of all these came one who sought not food but a home. All claws and waving feelers, the Hermit Crab came slipping through an incredibly small opening in the reef wall. Stealthy as temptation's own shadow, came he, and he had need to, being unlike any other crab that ever waved a pincer. Though intimidating as to size, his long tapering body boasted no armor whatever and was furthermore delectable eating. His bright black eyes grew out on short stalks and he approached deliberately, yet with cautious craft, keeping within the swaying stems of a thicket or turtle grass, his big murderous looking nippers held out like ice-tongs before him.

Just on the edge of the battleground, he backed into the heart of a weed clump to wait, his slim feelers held aloft like aerials and keyed to a hair to catch the pulse of near-by water affairs, looking exactly like the grass stems themselves. His body was deep red in color and formed not unlike a miniature lobster. Non-gregarious he was, non-destructive, and incredibly intelligent, the most interesting of all the vast crab family.

From his ambush he watched the clock around, or rather the tides around, while the life of the bottom moved on in its usual course. Lazy ground swells rose and fell with sighs and hollow murmurings amid the rocks,



AQUATINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

sifting and resifting the silt of the sea floor, fertilizing floating fish spawn, absorbing dead matter and flinging up gases, according to Nature's unknowable plan. Grasses and seaweed rocked and swayed; small whirlpools of silt rose from Lilliputian struggles, forming pillars of cloud by day and pillars of fire by night, even as in ancient times, for this was the latitude where infusoria swarmed, making the waters gleam like phosphor in the dark.

Once at high tide a dog-fish who had slipped through some break in the reef, came nosing along through the green fog that hung like a curtain all around, at the waving reprehensible gait of all the sharks, seeking stranded carrion; its staring, cruel expressionless eyes, its ugly spotted sides and the evil curve of its back likening it to a hyena on land. It paused to crunch up a starfish and a mawful of young crabs as a man would crunch peanuts, and passed on within six inches of the Hermit, without seeing him. Once the Hermit fed by snatching up one of a passing party of prawns, the "white wings" of the sea floor, their long legs paddling like ship's oars. Their stomachs were almost as transparent as glass and showed plainly what they had had for their last meal.

All this time he had been concentrating upon one particular whelk, the largest of the lot—or rather upon the whelk's shell—with a farsighted craft, having already picked it out as a future home and fortress. As to size and shape it was perfect, the only one of the lot in fact that would fill the bill, our Hermit being a particularly large specimen of his kind. The only rub was that the shell was already occupied. Sagacity, however, told him that it would soon be empty, conditions being as they were.

He was right. A big starfish came wavering onto the scene, all five arms of him, moving every whichway and pointing in all directions at once as the myriad sucking feet on his undersides gripped and let go. For a starfish there is neither forward nor backward, right nor left; nor, it might be added, right nor wrong. He can move with equal ease and speed in any direction over any surface—one of the mysteries of the number five.

It was not long before the starfish espied the biggest whelk and slid over to him, feeling over the prettily twisted whorls of the shell like a connoisseur with his waving legs which appeared to be covered in hip-high orange-leather leggings. By and by he found what he wanted, the valve openings in the whelk shell and to these he applied his pneumatic suction feet, closing up the vents which were to the whelk like the air tube is to a diver.

Long time passed in which nothing visible happened. Neither creature stirred. But the battle going on was nonetheless grim and terrible for all that. The starfish had covered the entire whelk with its boneless flabby mass and was exerting the whole of his, her or its —whatever the gender of the weird cactus-like creature was—five-ply strength upon the whelk shell, and doing his worst to suffocate the latter into opening up for lack of air. It was a battle to make one creep, it was so still, so unexciting, so frankly ghastly. But the end was never for a moment in doubt.

The whelk finally gaped wide and a watcher might have chuckled "what of it," viewing the starfish's small mouth opening. It was now that the latter showed his peculiarly deadly and insidious powers. He took out his stomach, a sack-like organ so flexible that it could envelope a creature fully as large as himself, and put it into the whelk's shell; and when he drew it back into himself again where it naturally belonged, the whelk came with it, leaving the empty shell gleaming on the sand.

Abruptly the watching Hermit Crab rushed forth and took possession before other importunate ones could intercept him, shell houses coming at a high premium in these parts. Burrowing into the sand he thrust his body hind-foremost into the shell opening with the deftness of experience—he had lived in a spiral apartment before, but never one like this. He had outgrown his last one. Room to expand here; light, plumbing and ventilation to suit the most finicky. The former occupant's valve openings and the ribbed whorls of the shell itself facilitated all this. So far so good, but still not quite enough. As a dwelling it was perfect, but it had its vulnerable points as a fortress; there were still those at large who could crunch down crab, shell and all at a single gulp, if so minded. Camouflage was needed to make all perfect, and the Hermit knew where to find it.

He lay in wait for a time until an apricot-colored crayfish came by, aimlessly waving his cluster of attenuated legs and feelers, flashing his lilac-colored lights that were like a row of electric portholes along his sides, so that none who were of a mind to slaughter him might miss him in the shadows, or so it seemed. The Hermit rushed him, ending his foolish existence, and holding the succulent morsel in his nippers, backed quietly into the flaming bed of sea anemones and began to feed. Maddeningly slow and provocative he was about it, carving the meal into little bits and waving them just out of reach of the anemones' clutching tentacles. For ages his forefathers had developed a craft in the solv-

Continued in center of page 111

Roulades and Cadenzas

Oh-h-h-h-h, come, come, come, come,
come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the dale!

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

For years I have puzzled over what happens to the annual crop of debut recitalists, the hundreds who spend a grand or more for a New York criticism. I have tried to figure out where Major Bowes' Amateurs, particularly those with a bent for music, finally end up. The other day, quite by accident, I found out. They retire into church choir lofts.

The recent hot spell drove me deep into the country, where the Sunday church service and the Wednesday evening prayer meeting are the only particles in an otherwise permanent tonal vacuum. To get on speaking acquaintance with the art—and to save myself a drenching in a sudden thunderstorm—I stopped in a church.

The organ was blowing full-blast on a tune that I swear was *Roll, Billows, Roll.* As I stepped in the vestibule, a gust of wind blew off my hat and put out the candles at the other end of the church. I was unable to determine whether this was caused by the organ's bellows or the too vigorous *tremolo* stop.

The choir stood and rendered *Hark, the Loud Celestial Hymn.* Loud, but by no means celestial! Then it made an intolerable noise revealing instantly all nineteen tones in its octave, evidently under the impression it was reading a motet at sight. After the scripture, the soprano uttered a series of screams called a solo. In the quartet the same lady consistently hit the melody three-eighths of a tone too low. Through seven out of eight verses the tenor, confident and in his brightest vein, vibrated above the pitch while the bass hurried things along by halving the time between his fog-signals. The alto, her ears on edge, pulsated in the middle of the road. As the paeon progressed, it was obvious that the race was between the swift and the strong, with odds on the swift.

I left before the collection plate reached me, not wanting to put in an I. O. U. But, I left alone. Among the worshippers there was not one other experienced voluptuary like myself, who knows that the only orderly way to enjoy pleasures of the senses is to take them in small doses and not founder on them.

By Wednesday night I was again sufficiently bored with rural life to risk divine service, this time leaving my hat at home and equipping myself with a wallet. The prayer service, it seems, has everything in it but prayer. The brethren sang old tunes with new, strange words and made more shocking interpolations and variations in their rhythms than do the choral societies which every spring infest Carnegie Hall. As near as I could gather, they were practicing deck music for a Hudson River Day Excursion. Anyway, half the flock appeared in beach togs. They *Gathered at the River, In the City Four-square.* They shouted *Chilly Water, Fierce Was the Billow, The Breaking Waves Dashed High,* and *Throw Out the Life-line.* Then, when my soul was about to row away to more arid promontories, they held me back by daring to blame the Lord. *He keeps me singing,* they repeated.

Why do people with not the vaguest notion of what music is about persistently claim they are singing *Music's Sweetest Strains?*

Any operator of a buzz-saw will testify that they are not. The single truthful text I heard in my church-going was *Hark, an Awful Voice is Sounding!*

In cathedral and kirk alike, authorities who choose the hymns seem mystified and totally in the dark about the time of day, the seasons, the weather. Invariably, they program *Fast Falls the Eventide* for the noon service and *Work, For the Night is Coming* when the night is already there. They select *Adeste Fideles* ("Oh, come all ye faithful") for Labor Day and *Summer Suns are Glowing* for Epiphany. I have actually heard them singing *The Sun is Shining Brightly* when it was pouring outside. Nowhere else have I confronted such a highly developed sense of the ridiculous.

* * *

You will before now be aware that the I. Q. of the practicing American pilgrim is low. He is as guileless of any penetrating knowledge of the current drama of world forces as an unborn babe. Lulled by the old platitudes about the Just and the Righteous, he lives in a world shouting with injustice and fails to demand that the hymn books be brought up to date, or, at least, change their text to conform with reality.

Moreover, he suffers from the delusion that music is a Scotch treat. He spends thousands to build a spiffy manse, to design a new transept, a vestry, or a belfry for the parish church. But behind the lattice concealing the organ pipes he puts an accordion that in sincerity of tone couldn't compete with the Salvation Army's. He persuades one of the young ladies from the parsonage or the local garage mechanic . . . any dunce who can play *We Won't Be Home Until Morning* in two keys . . . to manipulate it.

The church must have a sexton to ring its bell. Its plumbing is in the hands of a Master Plumber at union rates. To decorate the pulpit, a canon, a curate, a chaplain . . . and now and then a revivalist posing as a theologian, are employed. But the three-fourths of the service that is musical is left in the care of an illiterate waistcoat whose idea of tempi approximates that of the man who holds a stop watch at a football game . . . and who either loafs along with the congregation at about one-sixth the speed necessary to sustain life in the anthem, or improvises, modulates, and bounces through the voluntary until everyone is certain he is about to break into *Pop Goes the Weasel.*

* * *

Those of you who wear striped trousers and frock coats probably worship under the delusion that conditions at your place are better. Do not be too sure. Very few prayer places in this country are equipped with a knowledgeable music expert and, when they are, the clergy and the music committee usually hamstring them into uselessness. Then, swank congregations are notoriously penurious. In an *Avenue* temple I know they still play *The Trumpet Shall Sound* without a trumpet. With all the great organ music from before Buxtehude and Bach to César Franck begging for a performance, they have twenty renditions a year of *Moonlight and Roses* and thirty-one of Handel's *Largo.* The most irreverent guy on earth is their organist. And with reason: he's underpaid, given a social status between that of a sacristan and a grave digger, and is nauseated alternately by condensed hypocrisy and unadulterated dullness. In addition, he can anticipate and give you the timing on the clergyman's every trick. He watches from the stage.

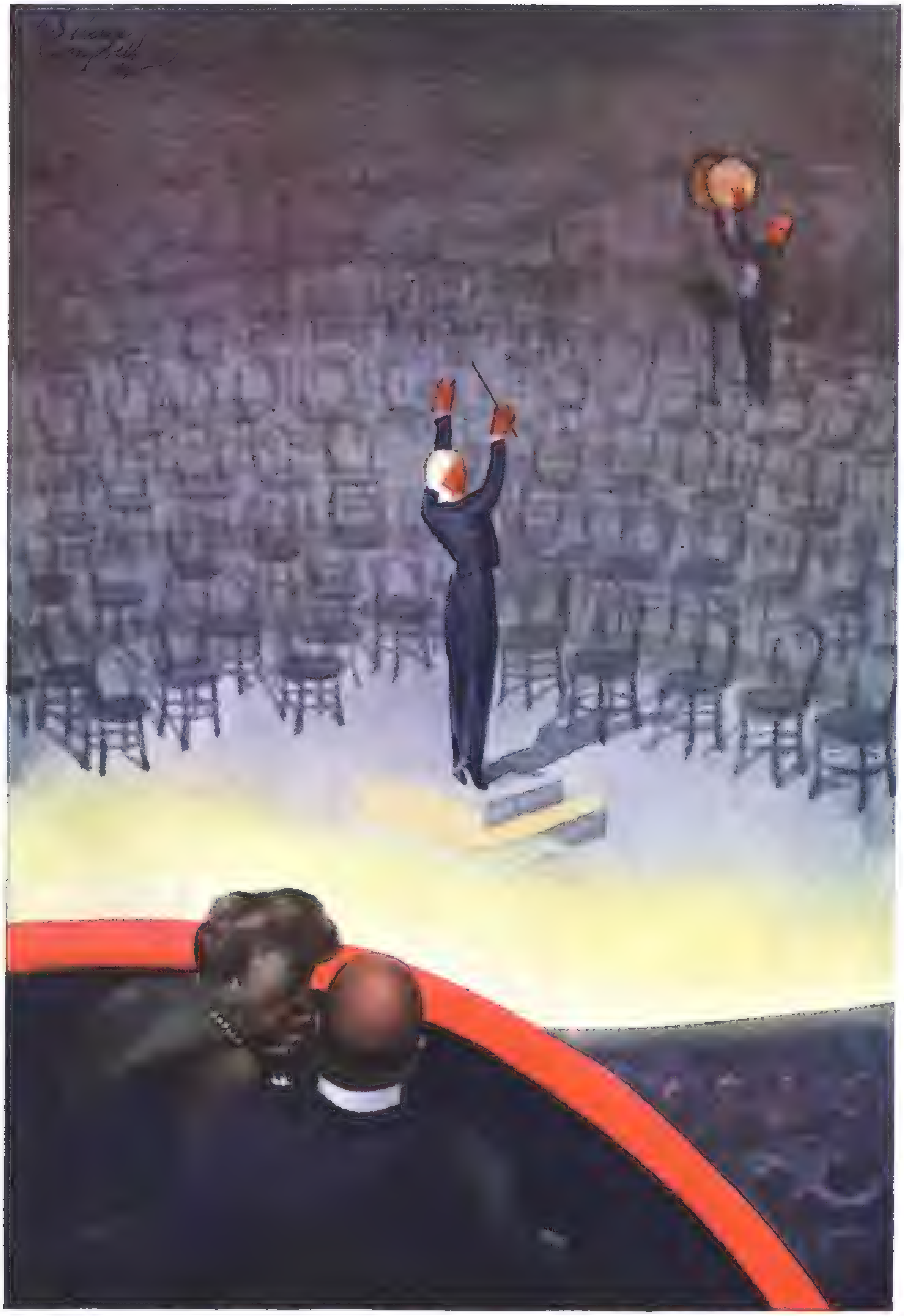
In the Catholic church where the organist is kept discreetly out of sight, the music should be better. The highest aspirations of the soul of man are those written for the liturgy of the Roman Missal.

But, with a treasure of the world's greatest music to choose from, the Catholic churches show a persistent preference for light stuff that is not worth the performing.

* * *

If you are one of the sixty per cent who don't go to church, you should try it sometime . . . simply to see in what a ruthless manner sensitive souls are pushed into the lap of Satan. He, at least, sees to it that his followers hide their defects and make the

Continued at top of page 136



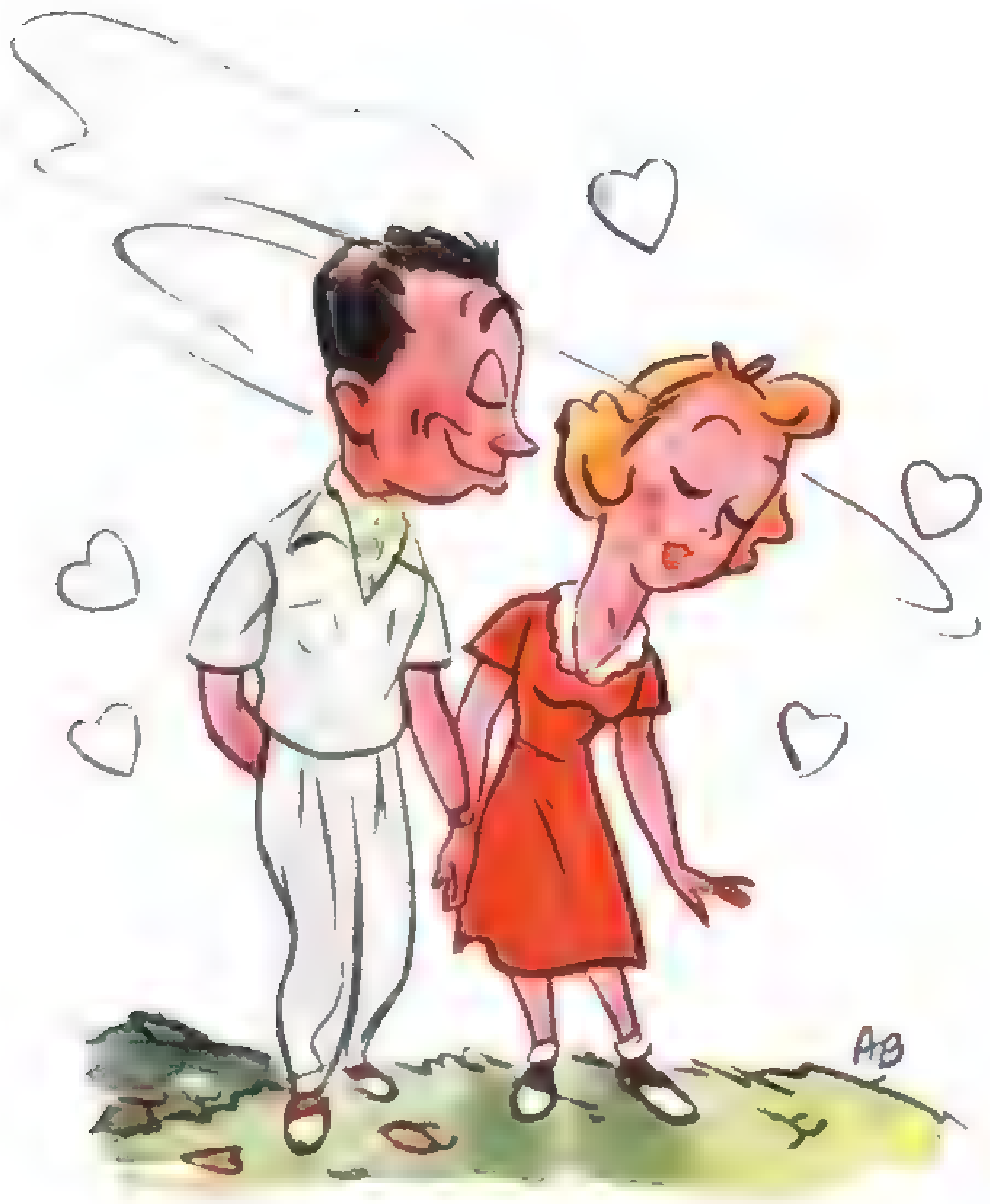
"I understand he's having trouble with the Union again"

Heigh Ho, Off to the Country We Go

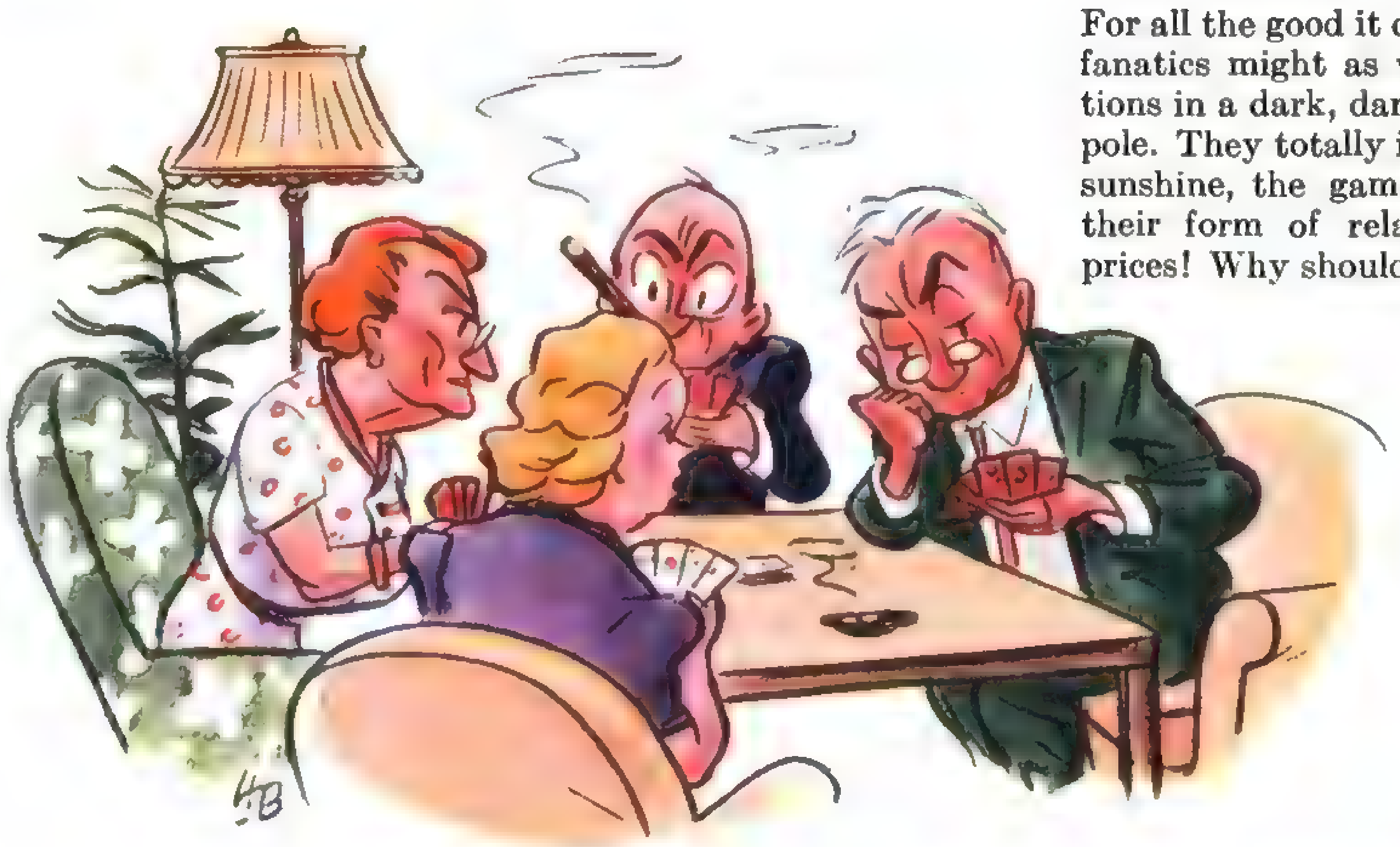
by MURRAY BOLTINOFF

DRAWINGS BY HENRY BOLTINOFF

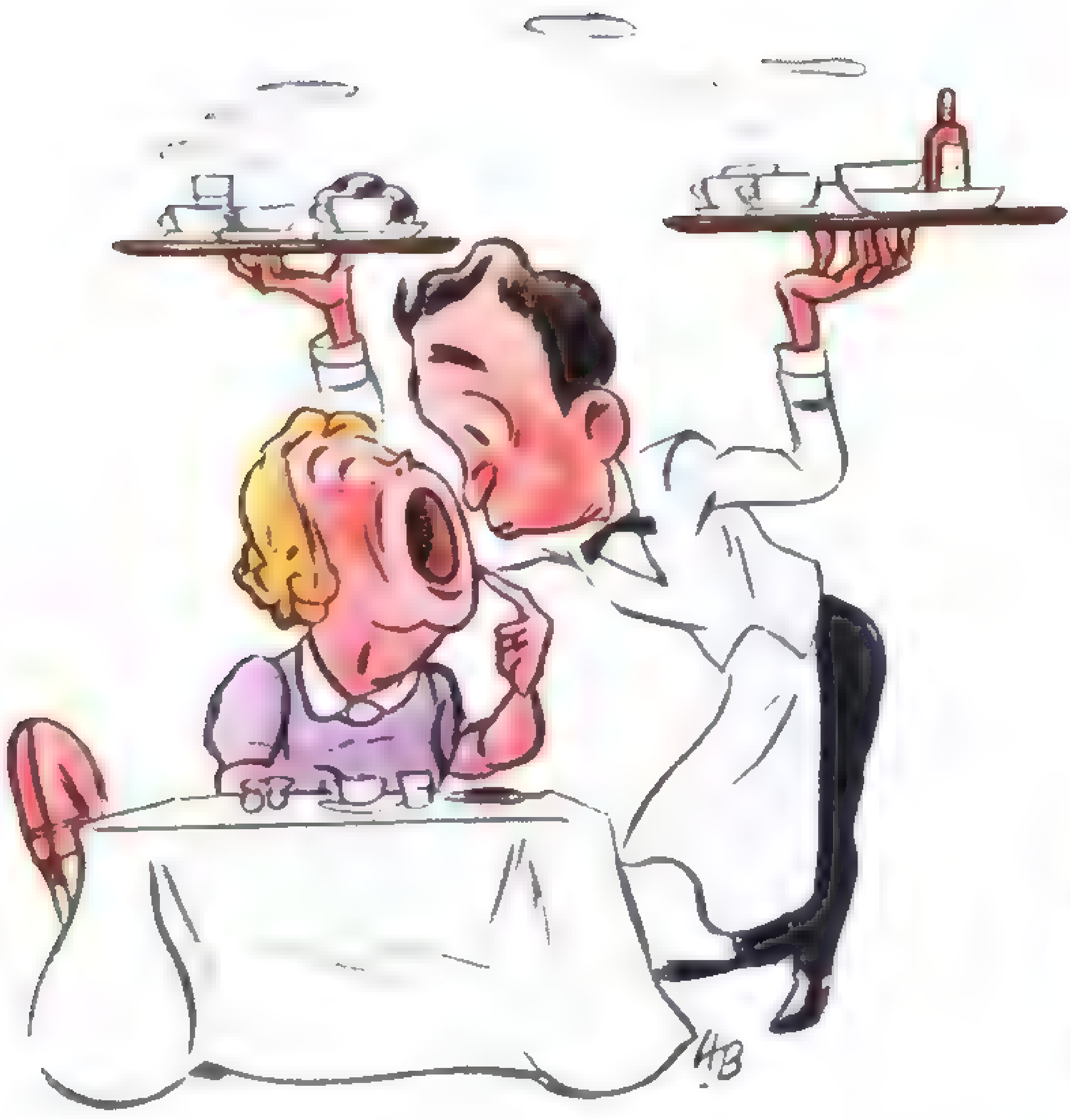
A PORTFOLIO of sketches representative of the vacationists who migrate seasonally where the shepherd watches his flock, the mountains slumber in peace, where the moon looks twice as big as it is, where the poison ivy grows.



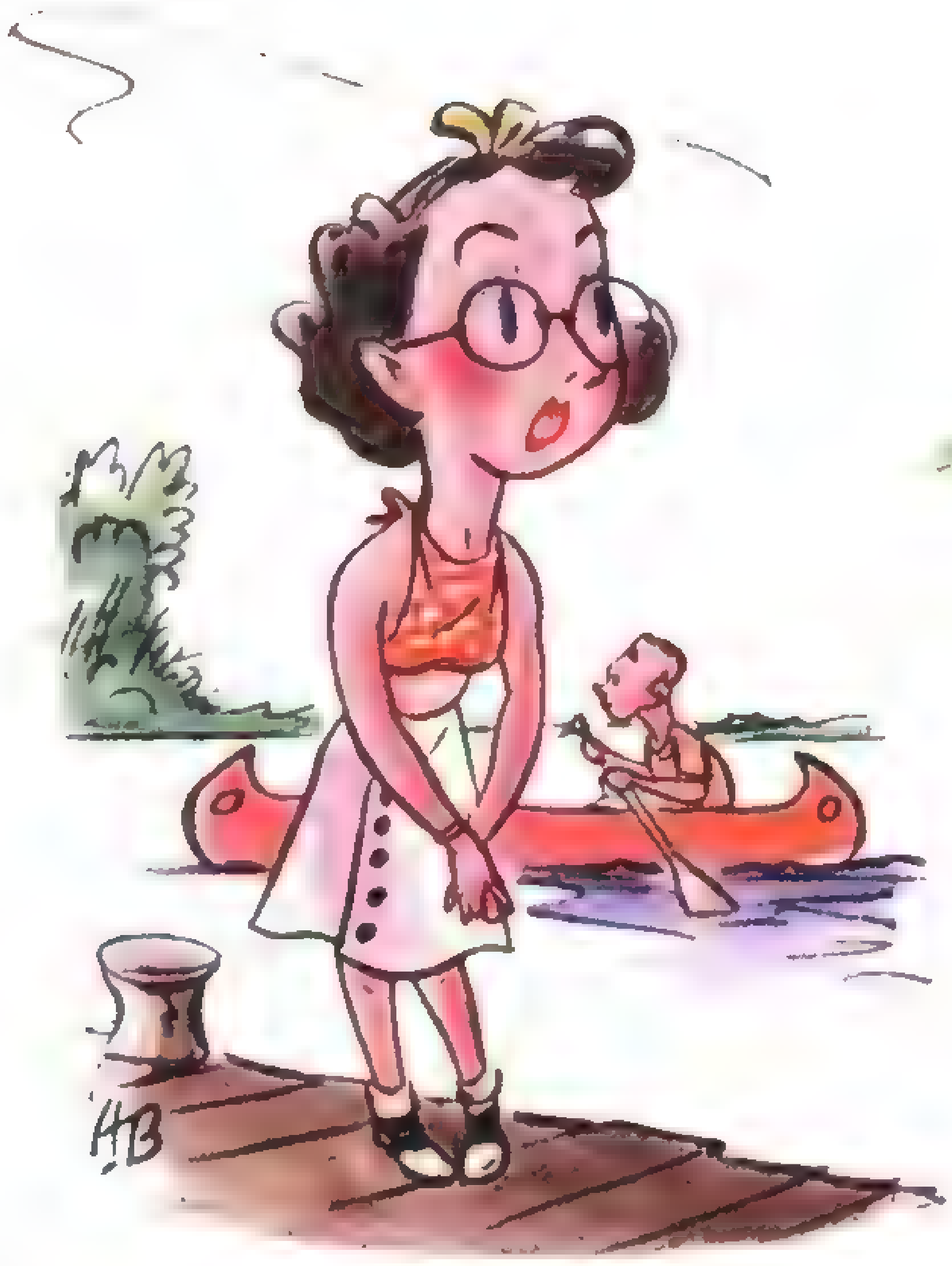
The country always appeals to honeymooners. Possibly it's the association of the bees and the flowers and the proximity of nature. Ted and Cookie—that's his endearing name for her—have been this way ever since they arrived a week ago, and haven't come out of it yet. Already Cookie is lamenting his absence when they return to the city and Ted resumes his insurance solicitation.



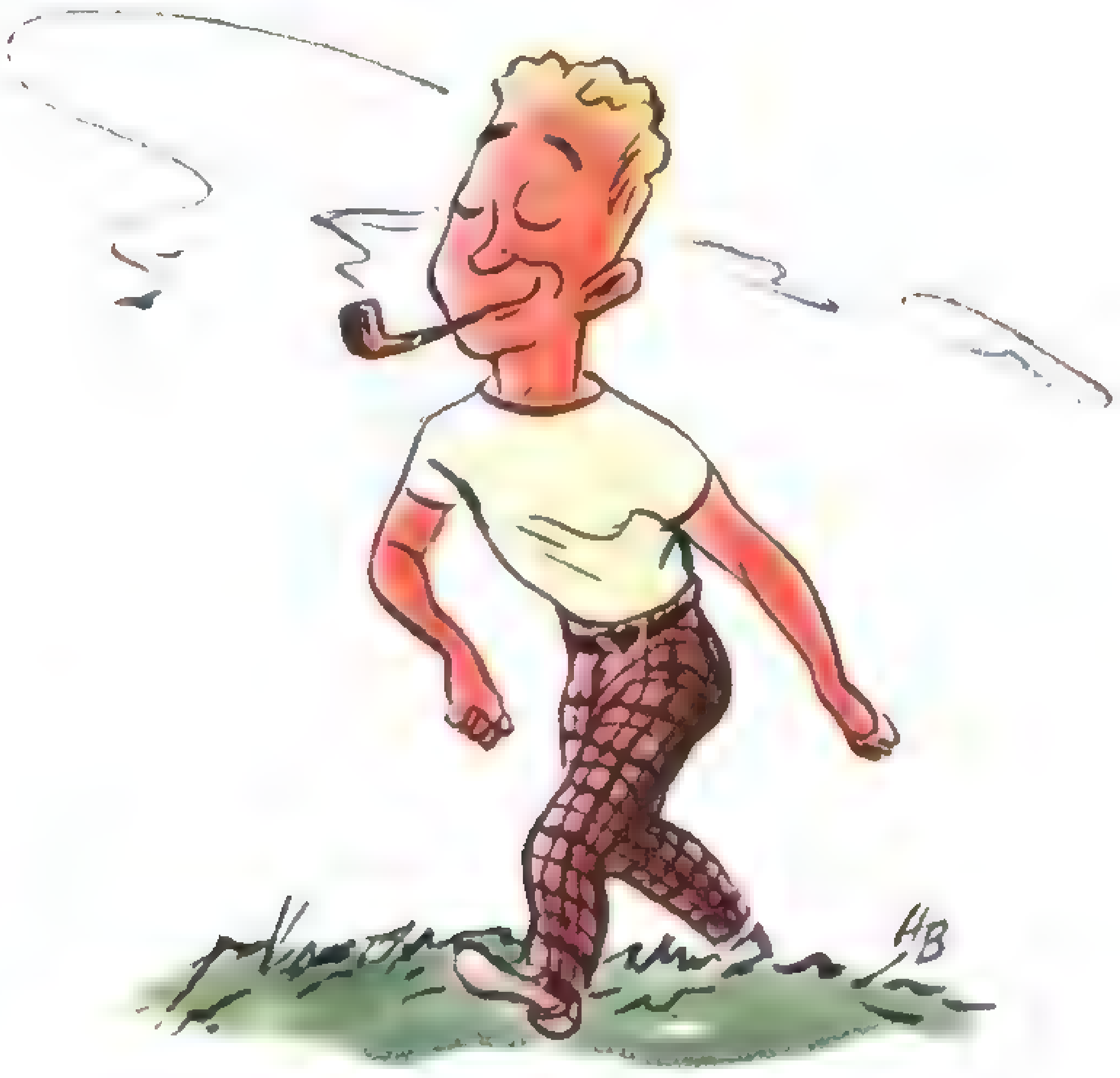
For all the good it does them, these bridge fanatics might as well spend their vacations in a dark, dank cellar or atop a flag pole. They totally ignore their meals, the sunshine, the games and sport. This is their form of relaxation, and at what prices! Why should we argue with them?



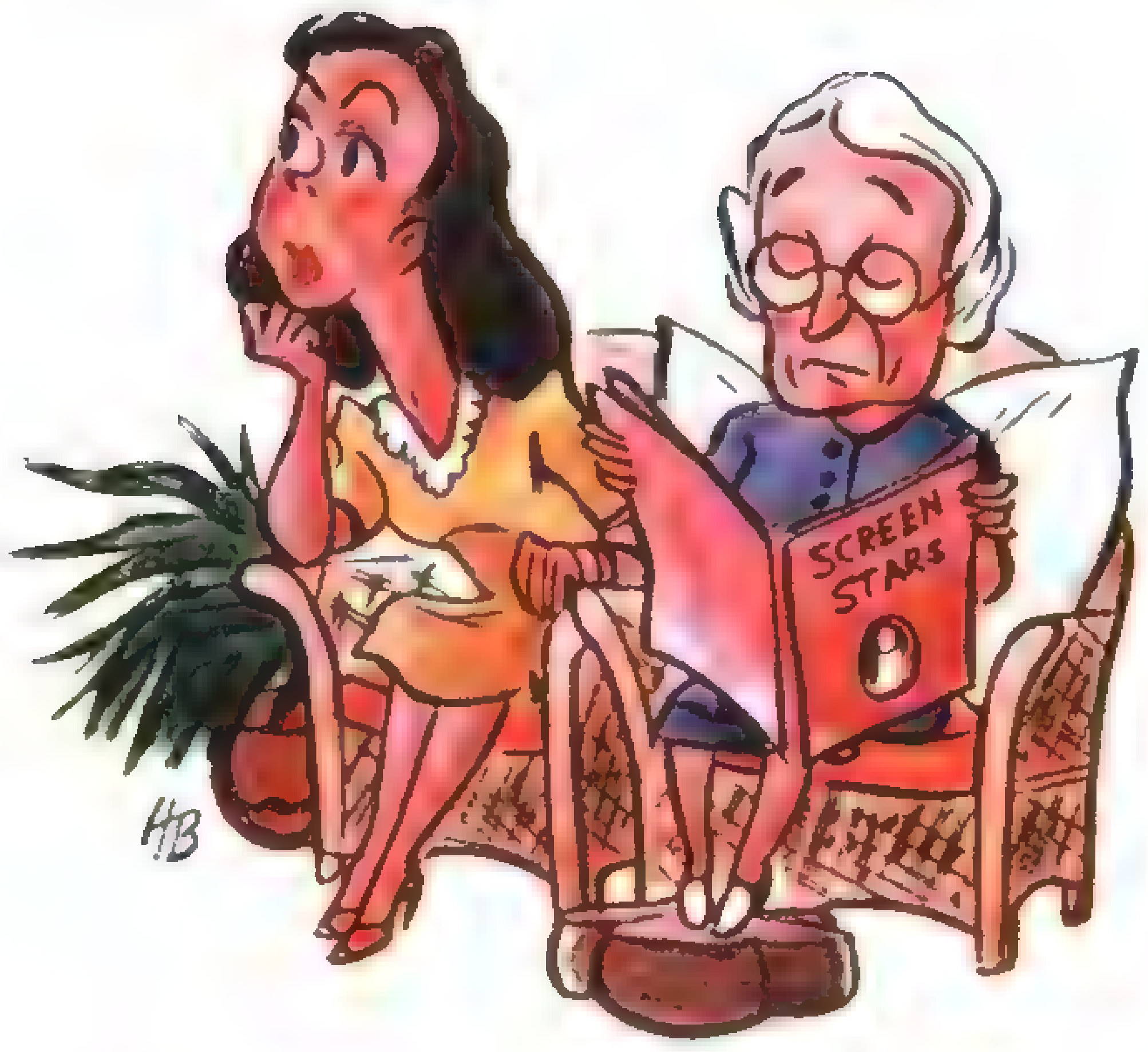
Like the soldiers of the Foreign Legion, in each waiter there is a trace of mystery. He is, when tipping time arrives, the Forgotten Man. Not so Franklyn. A dental student, he has publicized the fact that he is earning his tuition. Examinations and extractions are yours for the asking. But don't ask.



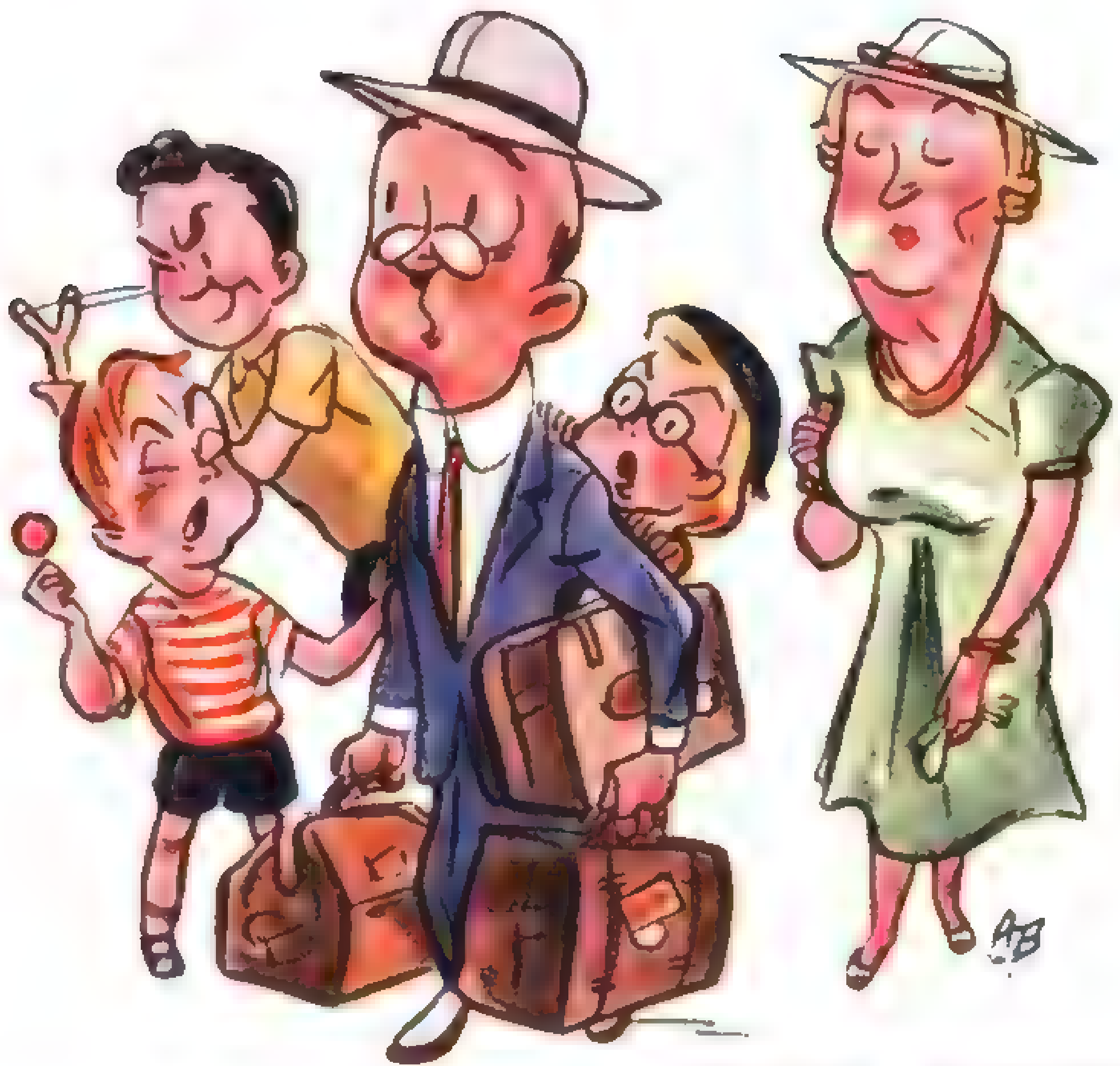
Sally toiled eight hours a day at her switchboard, sewed the runs in her stockings and ate meager lunches to put aside two dollars each week, an investment towards moonlit nights and a romantic swain by her side. Sally's a good girl, but she's determined to lay aside that reputation for two weeks.



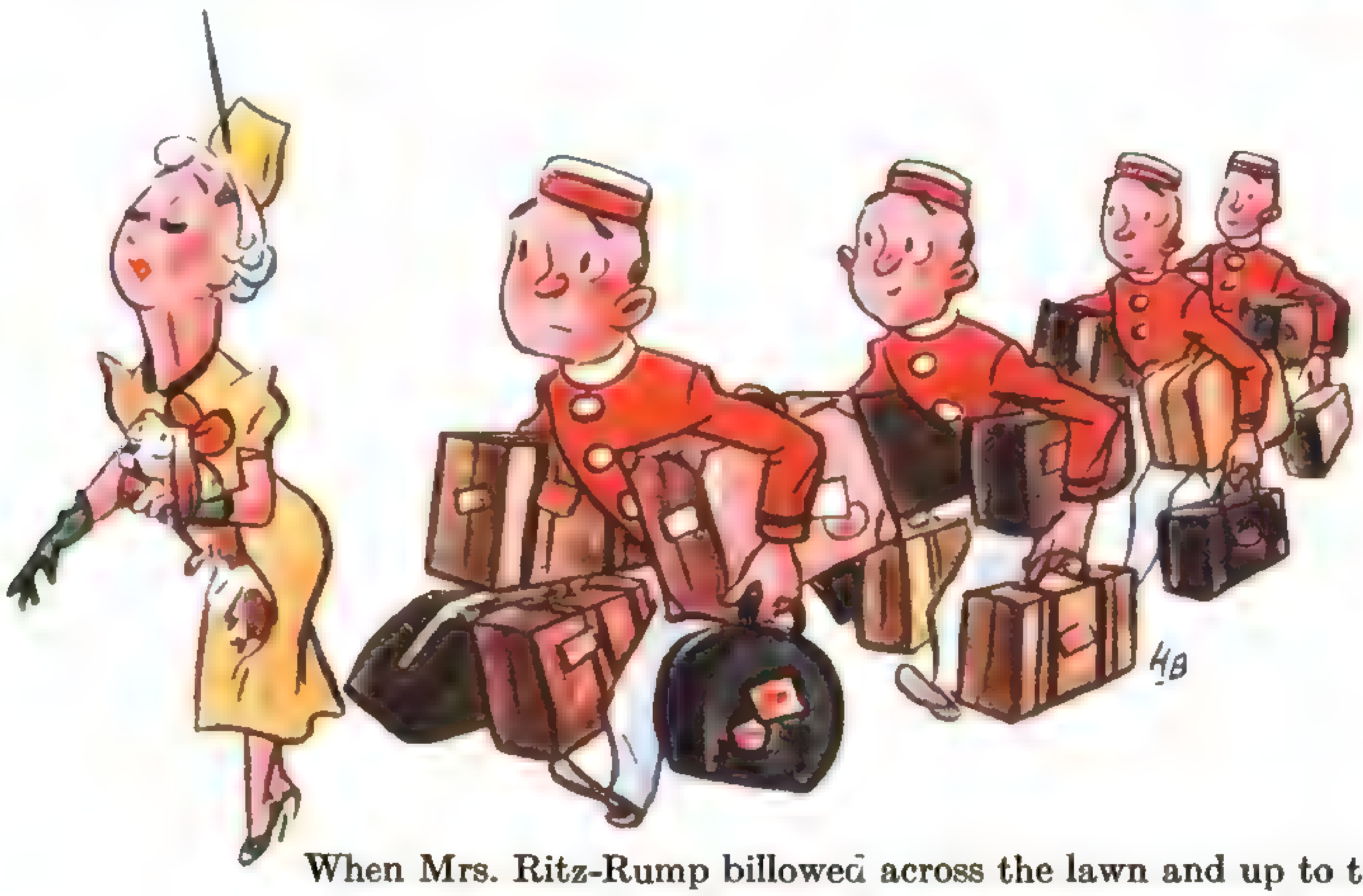
You know the outdoor type, the man who seems to be at peace with nature and reeks of tobacco odors. Well, somebody told Larry he looked like Gary Cooper and he's been trying to live up to that ever since. He's a Twentieth Century Hiawatha in the Berkshires. You'll marvel at his rugged tan, but he acquired it from painful periods under his sun lamp.



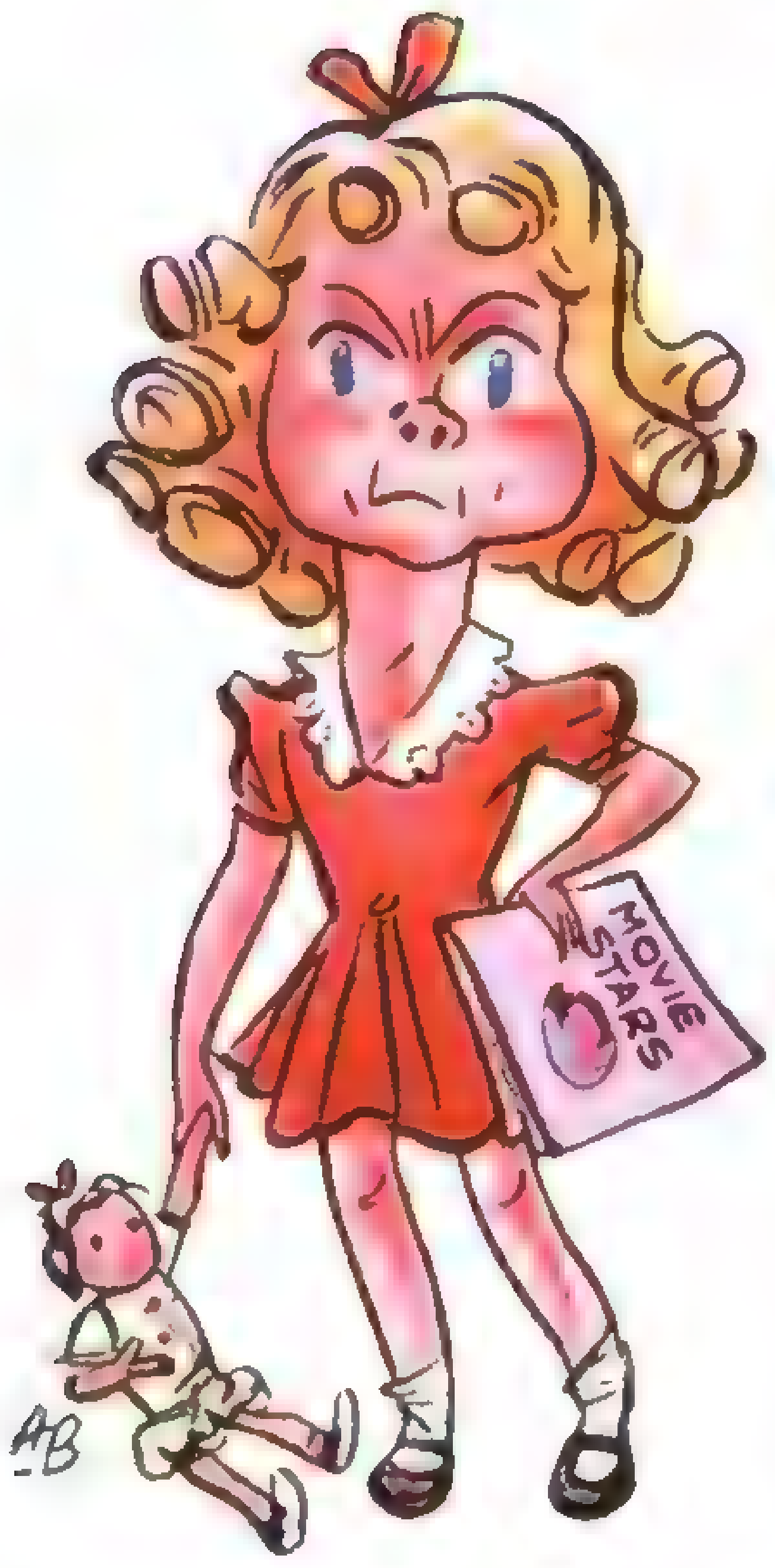
Cecilia had a dual purpose in accompanying her mother to the country. The first was to help her convalesce from her annual operation; the second, to ensnare an unsuspecting male into a marriage trap. Cecilia doesn't mean to be obvious, but she's been accompanying her mother on these man-hunts for the past eight years.



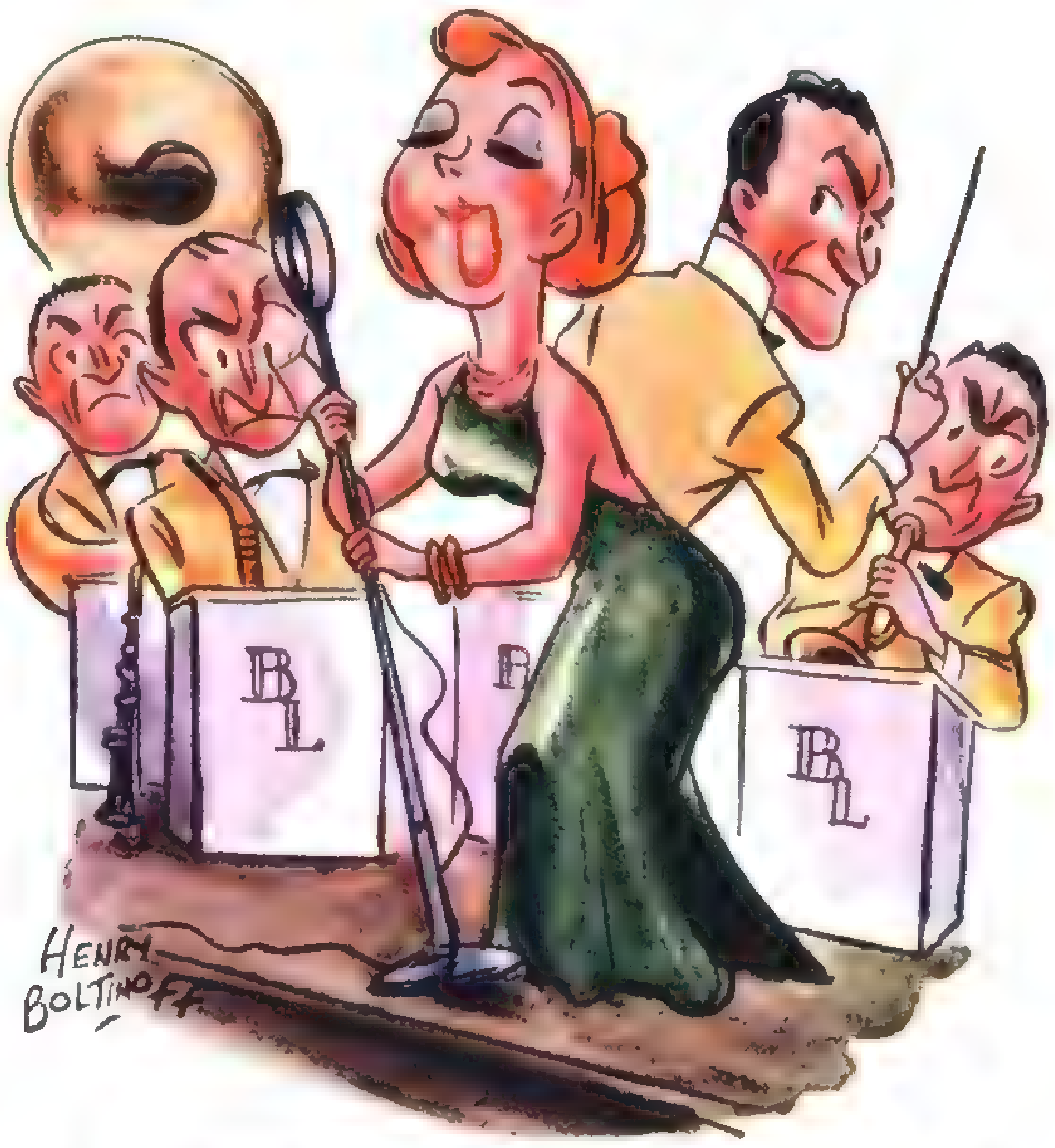
Erwin Tweek anticipated his vacation this Summer. So did Mrs. Tweek although she had cruised to the West Indies last winter, leaving the precious kiddies in care of a new maid who fled after a first scrimmage with them. Mr. Tweek might be King Bee in the Bookkeeping World, but he's a slave in his own family. And so the Tweeks went off . . . to enjoy Papa's vacation.



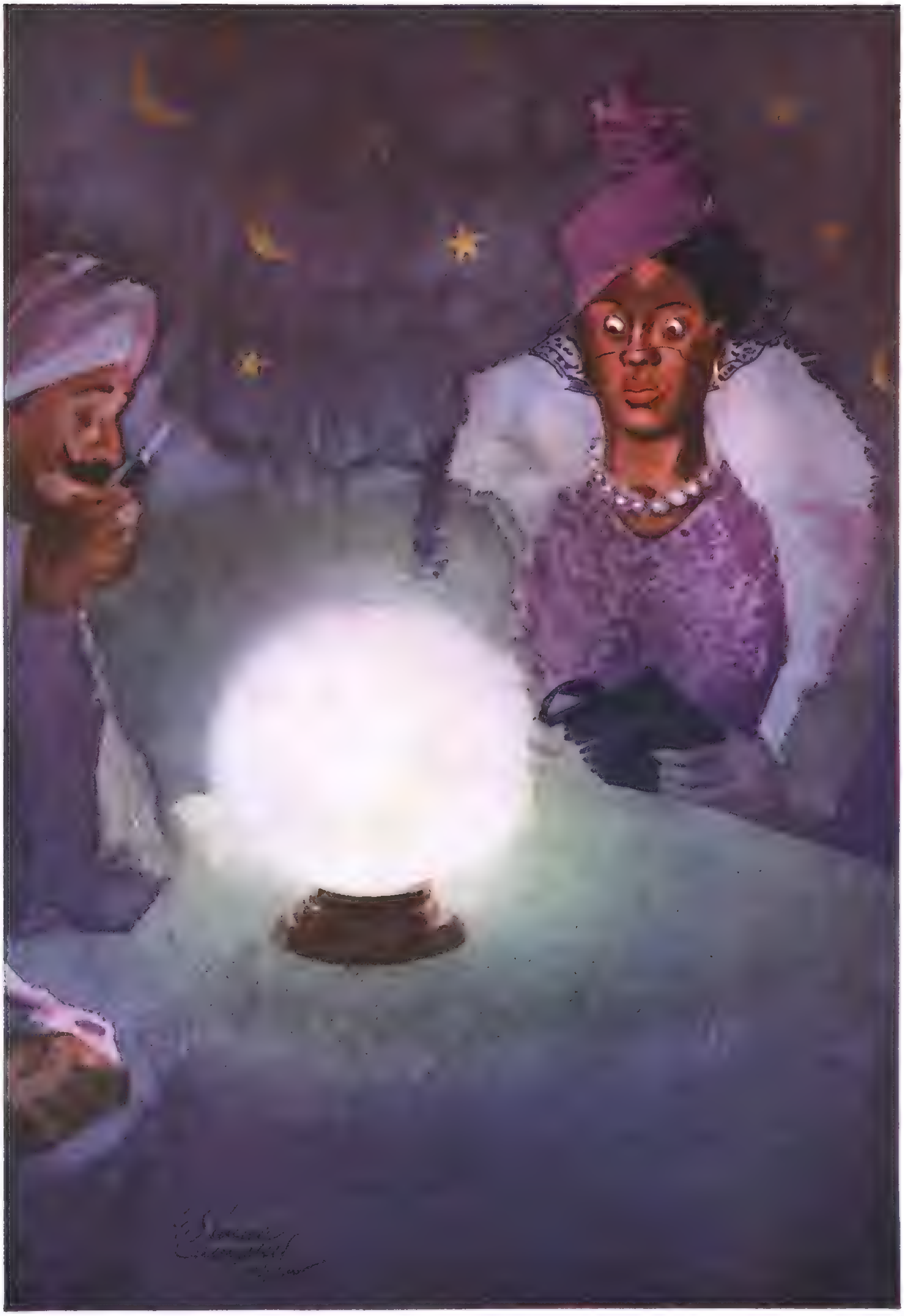
When Mrs. Ritz-Rump billowed across the lawn and up to the registration desk, her luggage indicated that she was either going to stay the entire season or give a one-woman fashion show, diving into a Schiaparelli every twenty minutes. And how long do you think she'll remain? Just over the week end.



Breathes there a mother who doesn't think her daughter another Shirley Temple. Well, Mrs. Hallem does and little Gloria's cherubic face is set in a crown of golden curls. She's been given dramatic, elocution and dancing lessons, which entitle her to some flashes of temperament. Little Gloria is an angel. Some people would like to put her just where angels belong.



Her tonsils and adenoids were never removed. She has a husky monotone, so Belle fancies herself a swing singer. She's a mimic, too—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Eleanor Roosevelt. She came up to amuse herself, but she's willing to sacrifice her own pleasures to entertain her fellow-guests. Every night she's up on the stand accompanying the band, the exhibitionst. Some fun!



"Ah—I see a dark man—he's very friendly since you won the sweepstakes. You have many friends"

Wine Comes of Age

The U. S. of Vineland has grown from that trying period following Prohibition, into its long pants

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

▪ POTABLES ▪

THREE things are necessary for good wine: suitable grapes, integrity and time. The American vintner who was blessed with the first two requisites could do little about the last element, except wait. Now that four years have elapsed since the making and drinking of wine has been declared legal, it is pertinent to survey the wine question. The missing element of time has been supplied and if the native wine you drink is not good, there is now no creditable alibi. We can no longer blame the mistake on time.

Much of the confusion that followed Repeal has cleared itself away. Both in the ranks of the vintners and in the minds of the patient American public. The potentially greatest wine-consuming country in the world, deserves the same acumen and integrity in the matter of its wine as it receives in the other staples of daily civilized life. Since the consumer is the real dictator in this democracy, it is essential that he inform himself of the whys and wherefores of the wine industry, learn the signposts, decide what sort of wine he prefers and protect himself by always demanding his own choice.

To review briefly the errors of the past, will enable you to understand how we are coming out of the fog and why American wine is on the verge of a great renascence. When Prohibition fell upon the land, the great growers of the Western areas were in a panic. Those vineyardists who did not plow up their lands and devote them to other crops, sought around for some outlet. The concentrate, and other various tricks for dodging the Eighteenth Amendment hadn't been discovered as yet; the raisin industry was about the only outlet the vineyardist could envision for his yield. But he didn't see how this country, or the world, could eat that many raisins—besides the sugar content of his wine grapes wasn't high enough for raisins. Someone (his identity is in dispute) recalled that he had a customer in the East who sold a few crates every year to the local Italian colony that, for traditional and economic reasons, preferred to make its own wine rather than buy the wines on the market. This grower enticed several others to make up a carload of grapes, to obtain cheaper freight rates, and the load was sent East. Content with ten dollars a ton they found to their surprise that the grapes would sell for well over one hundred dollars a ton. The few Italians and French who made their own wine were augmented by thousands of other nationals who did not intend to change their life habits for a mere constitutional amendment.

So the trains rolled East, filled with grapes from the happy Western vineyards. The grapes that would stand the long trip the best were found to be the ones heaviest in sugar content, and so these were the new grape of commerce. Used previously for the sweet wines and the making of brandies for fortifying other wines, they now came into a new and shining field. Unfortunately the tart, and less attractive wine grape, was plowed under for the new crops. At the end of Prohibition only eleven per cent of the original California vineyards remained. Few vineyardists had the capital or the courage to keep on cultivating a vine that was growing against a law kept sacred by nine bearded old men.

As the vinting of wine moved from the wineries to the cellars of the foreign districts and the backyards of the commuters, the regular wineries disappeared in fatal numbers. Those who had stocks sold them out, for sacramental (and unknown) purposes. A few here and there, notably in the East, managed to hold on, awaiting the happy day when the cloud would lift from the land.

We would like to pass over the long period of Prohibition, except that it had a grave effect on the industry. In seeking ways to circumvent the law, or rather to conform to its letter and not its spirit, some of the vintners spent much time and money on new ways to make wine. As the word ferment seemed to be the devil that carried the load, the trick was to take the fermenting out of the hand of man and leave it to the Lord. Even the bluenoses couldn't object to what the Lord did with a brick of dried grapes and water out of your tap. And out of these concentrates and bricks came the pasteurization, or processing, that is one of the disturbing debatable points of the wine industry today.

With Repeal, the good old laws of economics went to work with a vengeance. The profit motive lifted its ubiquitous head. Anyone with a stock of wine sold it at once to the highest bidder. Two things happened: a lot of wine that should have been allowed to mature got on to the market and the American public were presented with a preponderance of sweet or dessert wines. All right in their place, these cordial or fortified wines are not the wines for table drinking with meals and will never help us become a discerning wine-drinking country.

Gradually we are coming out of the disorder. Fortunately for those of the older generation who were accustomed to good American wines and some of the youth who were eager to try the wine of their country, a few of the vineyardists managed to hang on. Steeped in the tradition and lore of the great wine-making countries, they tell you a little sheepishly, that their life was saved by the patent medicine industry. For the bulk of a cure-all, sold to the less fortunate folk who get their doctoring out of bottles, is good old American wine—port, sherry, brandy or even burgundy type. This proprietary use was legal and the dribble of income permitted the vintner to press a small crop every year, which is necessary if he is to make up for the loss by shrinkage that goes on in every winery. In the case of champagnes it was truly a godsend, For the American customer is an impatient fellow and when told he would have to wait four years for his tipple, would certainly go elsewhere.

In this connection it is pleasant to add a word about the church. Often credited with the organization of the forces that brought the drought, they were staunch supporters of the industry during the lean years. The church also fell in the category with the patent medicine and added its tribute to keeping a great industry alive.

Along the sunny hillsides of the Finger Lake region, on the upper reaches of the Hudson, down near Egg Harbor, New Jersey, they are getting ready for the great day. Soon the pickers will go through the rows with their baskets, load them into the trucks and cart them off to the wineries that have already contracted for the fruit. It looks like a good year, or at least the savants feel so. And the sunny days have added the necessary amount of sugar to the darkening skins. The harvest comes a little later in California and Ohio.

The wine-growing sections are determined by nature. And the old-timers who are versed in the lore and tradition of the great wine-growing country, France, are more than content to leave it to God. There is something about a particular patch of soil, and about the aggregate number of summer suns that pass over that soil (called the isothermal line), that make a fine wine grape. Scientists, who have taken complete charge of so many of our activities and industries, find it hard to push Nature and Time out of the vintners' province. So Science confines itself to the corners and does what it can with the culture of proper yeasts and the propagation

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They Called Him "Town Burner"

The real story, as related by the Confederate General McCausland, of his burning of Chambersburg

by GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

▪ ARTICLE ▪

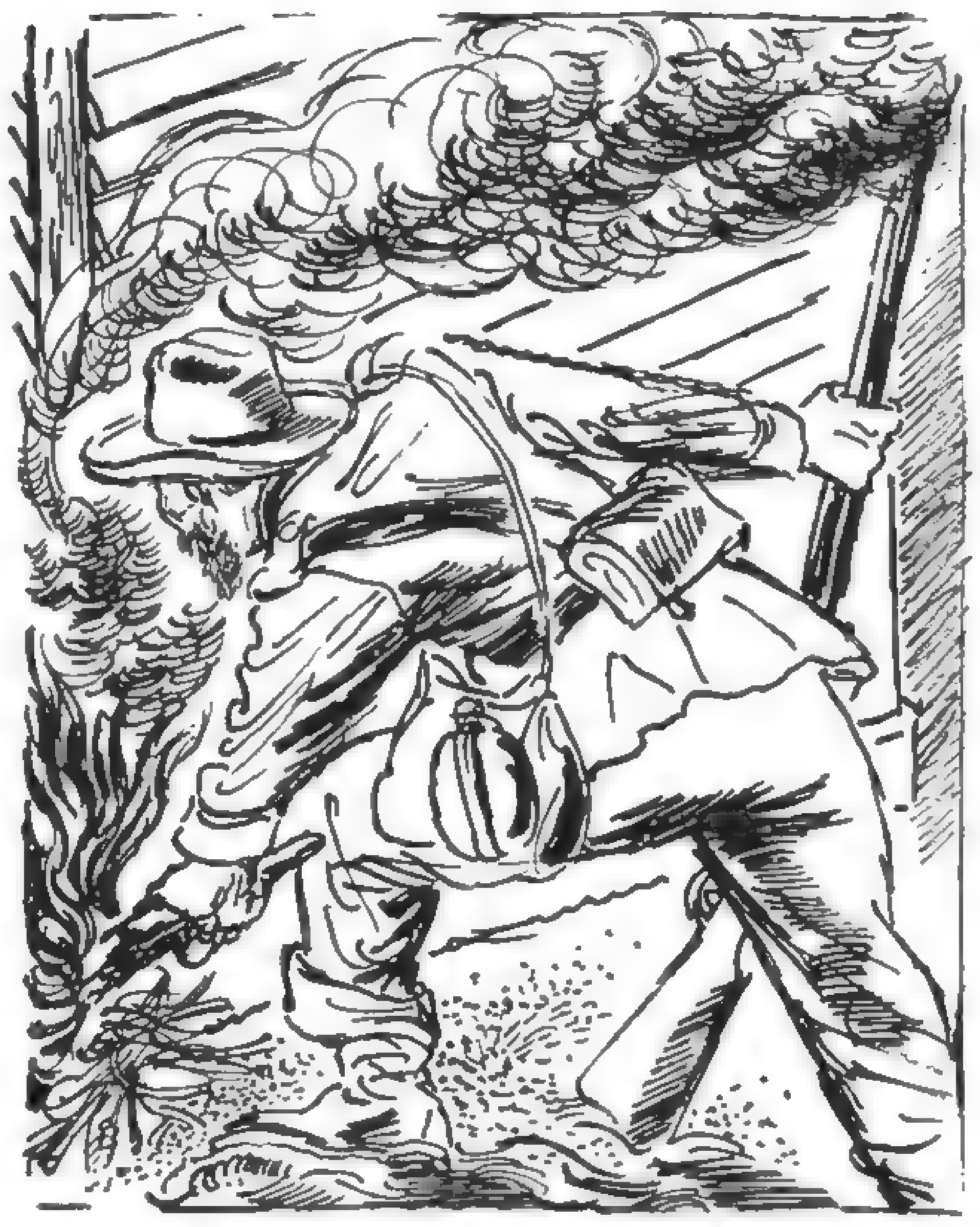
THE Civil War ended in January of 1927. In that year the last Confederate stronghold capitulated when a little fierce-eyed, grizzled old gentleman, living in a Spartan stone house in rural West Virginia, died at the age of ninety years. He was John McCausland, sometime brigadier, Confederate States Army, last general officer of Lee's Old Guard. His gray head had long been the target for shafts of Northern anathema because of the part he had taken in the War, but was still unbent.

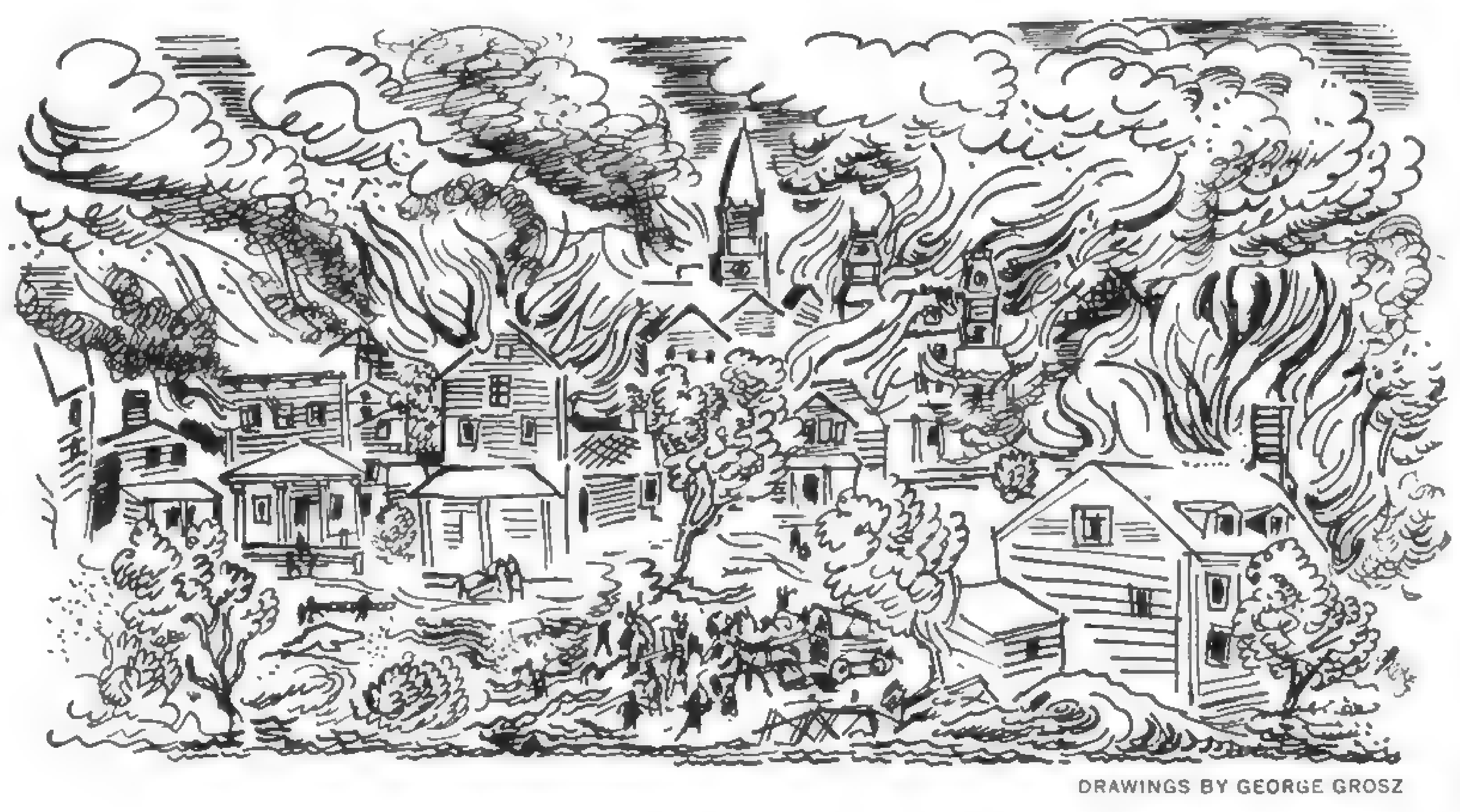
For sixty years and more, following Appomattox, McCausland lived in embittered isolation on his huge plantation. More latterly he had lived alone, with his one daughter, his sons having married and gone to homes of their own. In that area of West Virginia which thrusts a jutting tangent of rich bottom land into the Ohio River, conflicting sectional sentiment had waxed hot in the 'Sixties and had never entirely cooled. Largely that part of West Virginia was "Yankee" in sentiment, settlers from Ohio predominating. But here and there, sitting back in the rolling hills from the Kanawha's shores, were weathered old homes that housed men who in 'Sixty-one had "gone out" with the Rebs, over eastward beyond the Alleghenies and Blue Ridge, among whom was McCausland.

Living in the midst of unfriendly surroundings, McCausland had never yet been forgiven by his Northern-minded neighbors for his part in a war that ended more than half a century before. He held little intercourse with those about him. Rarely, even, did he attend the Confederate Reunions up at Charleston, thirty miles away. To newspaper men, who called on him from time to time throughout the years, he was distant, civil, but too reticent to be a satisfactory source of definite information. An air of mystery hung about him, as about his home, crowning a hill beyond the "big gate."

Negroes were known to whisper to one another and hurry along the road past it.

Now it may seem to you an astonishing thing that, as late as the 1920's, there should remain any smoldering bitterness in a reunited nation. All that, we were told, was past. The old warriors of the fratricidal strife were dead. Peace to their ashes! Sherman, whom the South recognized as a great general though a trifle careless with fire (see Margaret Mitchell), had been forgiven by the South. Did he not revisit Atlanta after the war and was he not treated as an honored guest? Sheridan and David Hunter who had played the very devil with fire and sword up and down the Shenandoah Valley in 'Sixty-three; John Pope, who lost Second Manasses to Stonewall Jackson and fiercely raided private property in Orange and Fauquier Counties, were all forgiven. In the North, any bitterness felt toward the gray raiders, Mosby and Morgan, was spoken of, if spoken of at all, with a humorous grudging kind of admiration at the ease with which those gallivantin' lads "appropriated" horses in Indiana and Ohio.





DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

By 1927, we had had sixty years and two wars to make us forget. . . .

But John McCausland—! Had you mentioned his name anywhere in the North—but especially in Pennsylvania—you would have caused many a sturdy old resident to raise his great fist to heaven, and swear! McCausland, the house burner! McCausland the raider of private property! Newspapers in the Keystone State still at intervals liked to haul out their memories of his "dastardly act" committed on a certain hot July morning long ago.

For it was this same John McCausland who, on a raiding expedition, had led his men from Virginia out across the narrow intervening strip of Maryland, into Pennsylvania and had applied the torch to the town of Chambersburg; from which catastrophe the feelings of the residents of the Keystone State had never recovered. In the North, the idea of a Rebel driving into Federal territory and giving the denizens a taste of their own medicine was something not to be borne with good grace, and wasn't! A new Chambersburg had arisen from the ashes of the old, yet there was plenty in the way of searing memories and traditions throughout southern Pennsylvania to keep the raider's memory red.

I had known of General McCausland since my childhood, had seen him on his rare visits to my native Charleston—a glowering, bristly-browed old fellow with high-pitched voice who was known to punctuate his every remark with an exclamation point. He was partial to hillbilly garb—rough wide hat, long rustic cane, corduroys and brogans—despite the fact that he was well educated, the owner of many thousands of acres of rich bottom land under cultivation, possessed valuable property in St. Louis (his native city) and was a heavy investor in government bonds.

Once, reporting for a local paper, I had gone down the river and sat with him on the porch of his home, looking out across a big wheat field and listened while he recounted some of his wartime experiences. I was careful to avoid all mention of Chambersburg; I had been warned that that would call down the General's wrath upon my head.

The story of that visit found its way into the *New York Times* and seemed to win for the writer the old General's regard. This, and the fact that he had mustered my grandfather's regiment into the Southern service in '61, doubtless caused him to relent somewhat in his dislike of newspaper men as a breed, and to invite me down from New York on one occasion, to eat wild turkey at his Thanksgiving board.

I shall never forget that dinner nor the setting for a scene the like of which can never be again. That massive gray house built of huge limestone blocks quarried by slave labor long ago here on the General's farm! The General's daughter (his wife had long been dead), as host-

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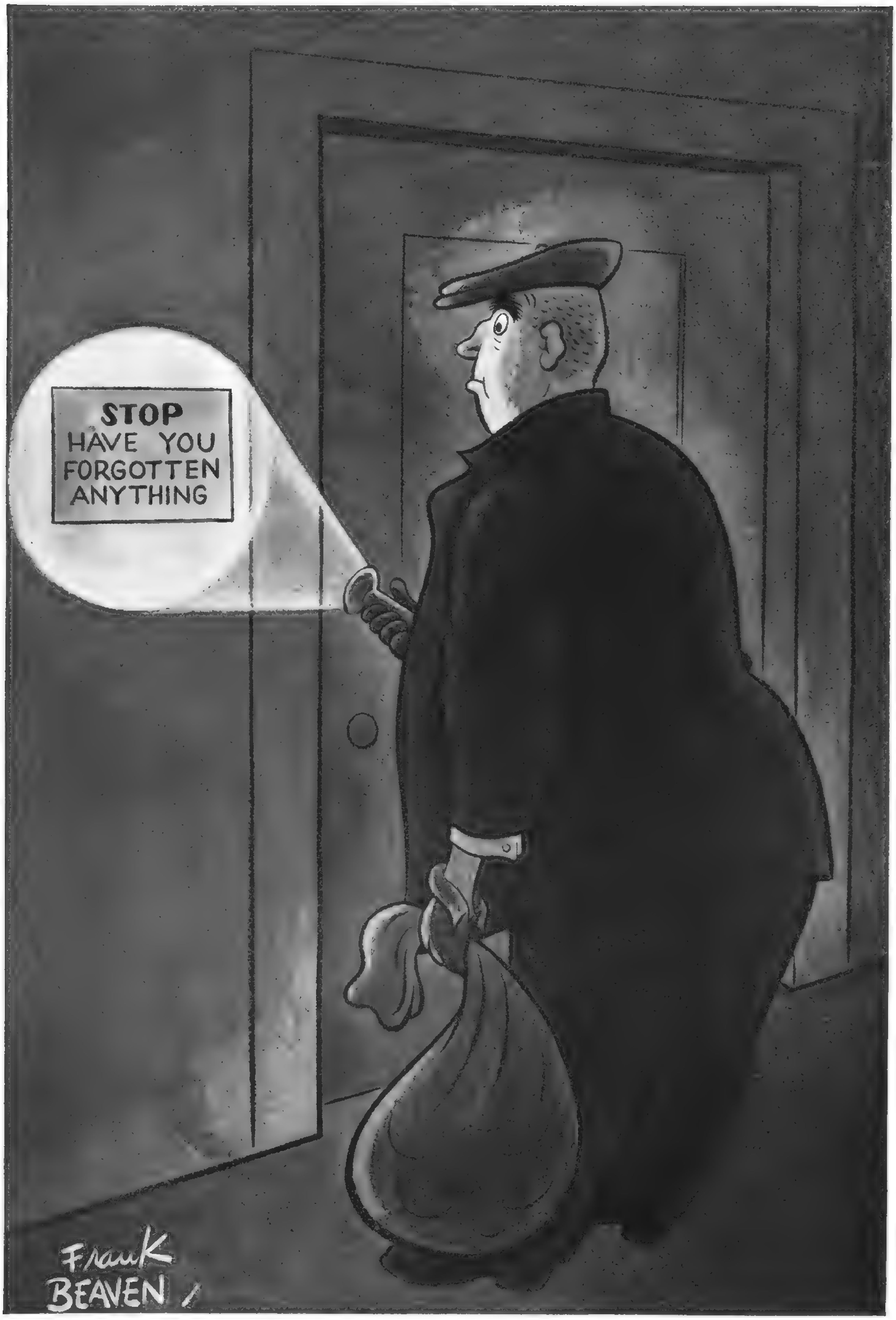
STOP
HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN
ANYTHING
Frank
BEAVEN

First Nights & Passing Judgments

England naturally expects every English critic to do his duty—but must he tie himself in knots?

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

There is one thing about my friends, the English dramatic critics, that I can't quite get. That is their habit of coming over here and saying that the American theatre isn't much good when compared with their own theatre and then going back home and writing for the whole next year that their own theatre isn't any good at all.

Take, for instance, Ivor Brown, of the *London Observer*. Ivor, who is an all right fellow in every other respect and who justifiably jumps to the ceiling when some confounded local waiter puts ice in his whiskey and soda, visited us during the last winter, attended the theatre studiously, and then announced it as his firm conviction that hardly anything he saw of ours, whether plays or actors, was worth a hoot. What is more, he further announced that all this talk about the freshness and vitality of our theatre was the bunk and that the English theatre, when it came to that sort of thing, outdistanced ours by several hundred miles. Of course, being the politest people in the world, save perhaps only the Mozambique Negroes, we didn't say anything, but just went on quietly drinking our own whiskey-sodas, gulping wistfully once in a while, and wondering.

Our wonder increased when Ivor got back to London. There, he published several lengthy treatises heatedly arguing the truth of what he had told us when he was here. To wit, that the American theatre and its plays were, for all the increasing respect on the part of us Yankees, infinitely sour and let no one who loved and admired the English theatre be in the least deceived about it. Well, each critic to his own judgment and who, except maybe all of us American critics, shall call him wrong. But that isn't the point. The point is this. Having duly delivered himself of his opinion, our friend Ivor proceeded about his duties as a reviewer of the London stage. In his very first criticism, published directly after the articles peremptorily dismissing the American stage, he wrote in his review of an English crook gimcrack, as follows: "If you must spend your evenings in Crookery Nook, well, here is your occasion, and bang opposite that Yard (Scotland) *without which* (my italics) *English drama could nowadays hardly exist.*" A few days later and quick on the heels of his critical disgust over the English theatre's absorption in cheap mystery stuff, he began his review of a play by James Bridie thus: "Of eighty per cent of London plays, *Much Ado About Nothing* would be an accurate title." And then, only a few days later, he gave one of the most enthusiastic notices he had written in many months to a presentation at the Apollo Theatre. The presentation was the American Robert Sherwood's American *Idiot's Delight.*

I herewith offer a grand prix of one dollar in cash to anyone who can determine the logic in all that.

James Agate, critic for the *London Sunday Times*, is another of the English boys who troubles my metaphysic. Doubtless the best dramatic critic presently in nightly practice over there and certainly an otherwise highly intelligent, perceptive and amusing bird, James arrived here a short time before Ivor and also took a look at our theatre. Like Ivor, he couldn't see much of anything in it. It was, sad to relate, pretty blarsted, bloody bad. Its much-talked-of enterprise, courage, honesty and progress he couldn't at all agree to. Flat, he calls it, flat, and stale, and dull. "The most interesting thing about the theatre I've seen since I've been in New York," he confided to us, "is Mrs. Pat Campbell!" Being, as I have remarked, the politest people in the world, save perhaps only the Eskimos, we of course again said nothing, and again occupied ourselves with our refreshments, and again quietly wondered. Then, after sending back to England a series of articles telling his fellow-countrymen not to worry and that the English theatre was as right as the American was wrong, our friend James sailed for home.

Directly upon his arrival, he resumed his reviewing of the English theatre. In his review of a play called *The Last Straw*, by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, he had this to say: "A modern English audience regards tragedy only as something happening a long time ago and in a foreign country." In his review of a play called *Satyr* he had this to say: "The play failed on the principle that the English are far too flippant-minded to tolerate a serious play." In his review of English acting in another play he had this to say: "Perhaps it is unfair that I came to this play hot-foot from seeing a film by and with Sacha Guitry. It doesn't matter what M. Guitry does or doesn't do; the play of his wristbands is more expressive than the by-play of your typical English light comedian who has no use for light or shade or fun or mimicry or the calling-up of a thousand absurd images, all of which is the essence of comic acting. Your British walking gentleman is a charming fellow who thinks his job is done when, attired in tennis trousers, he sinks back in a deck-chair and gracefully exhibits a pair of immaculate tennis shoes. Mr. Cyril Ritchard is of the British school; he composes a likable mask and sticks to the same kind of likability with the determination of a square of British infantrymen charged by French cavalry in a picture by Lady Butler."

In a review of another performance, our friend James had this to say: "Miss Ena Burrill is that odd thing on the English stage: a young actress who can act." In a review of a play called *The Painted Smile*, by William P. Templeton, he had this to say: "This piece is not worth the space I intend to devote to it . . . The explanation is that this is the first play of a commencing (English) playwright. And of all (English) commencing playwrights two things may be firmly said: ninety per cent of them should never raise the curtain at all, and a hundred per cent drop it too late." He then proceeds: "(However) this play's lack of competence is far more interesting than much of that competence which has recently flooded the London stage. Its diffidence is more reassuring than the others' assurance. Consider the ways in which it avoids being (in comparison) bad. It is not inane. It is not entirely about the impuberal. It is not about 'necking.' There is no toying with telephones, siphons, cigarette and vanity cases. It contains neither deck-chairs nor tennis shoes. The play, in short, is not that play which during the last five years has so often nauseated us. I think it must have been Wilde who originally started this modern (British) green-sickness with that piece which he labeled 'a trivial comedy for serious people.' His aptest pupil, Mr. Coward, misread his master when in *The Vortex* he took to writing serious comedies about trivial people. But there is misreading and misreading, and those who

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EMILY DEAN
Hurrell Photograph

ANNE NAGEL
Hurrell Photograph

First Aid to Producers

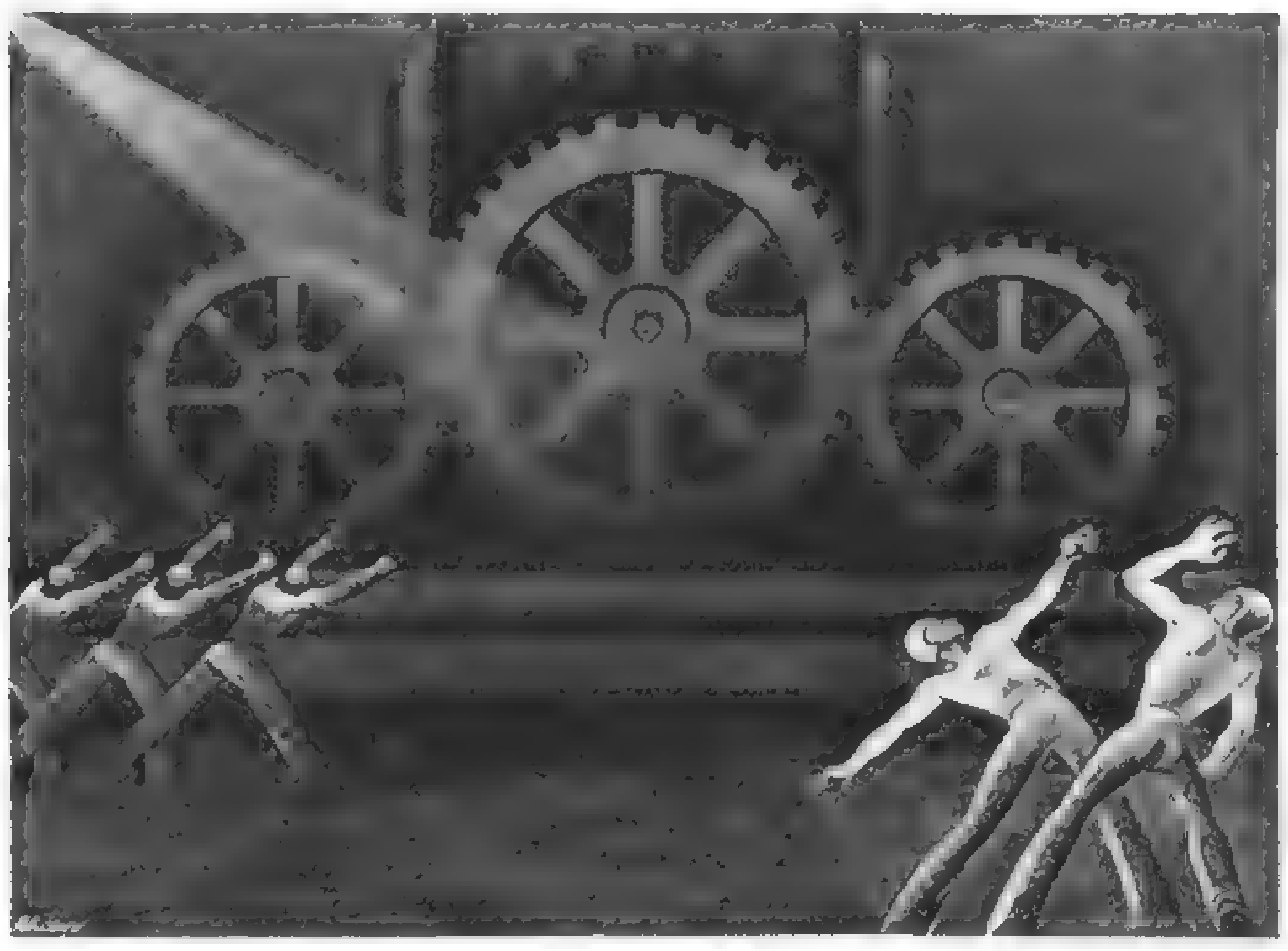
Your correspondent outlines a couple of ballets with punch that will knock the audiences right out of their seats

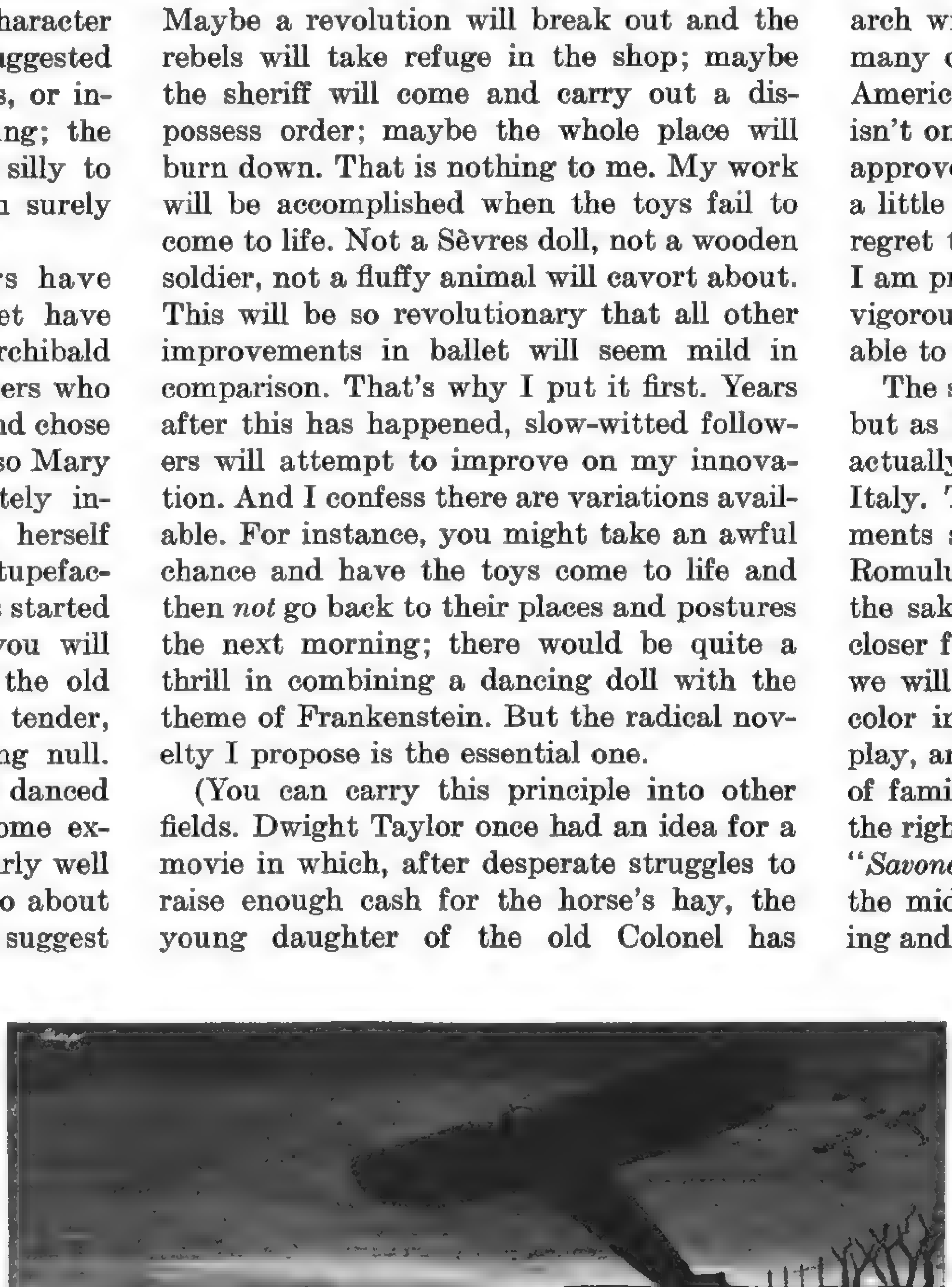
by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

We're in for an elaborate spot of ballet in the coming year and in the midst of all our pleasures we will have time to wonder where on earth the composers of ballet get their subjects. The old European tradition is that intermissions at performances of ballet run from thirty to forty-five minutes, which is ample time for drinking, but a little dangerous if a couple of critical minds should get together and carefully analyze what actually occurred on the stage. It's dangerous because most ballets are constructed with a fine disregard of logic or common sense, on the assumption that if it is danced, it needn't hang together. On the other hand, the enthusiasts for ballet will tell you that the dance is the highest form of human expression, so it must mean something. A character in *The Marriage of Figaro* once suggested that what is too difficult, dangerous, or indelicate to be spoken, could be sung; the ballet-principle is that what is too silly to be expressed in any other way, can surely be danced.

In the past generation, things have changed, and the subjects of ballet have come from men like Jean Cocteau, Archibald MacLeish, E. E. Cummings, and others who had something fairly precise to say and chose the dance as a means of saying it. Also Mary Wigman, having something absolutely incomprehensible to express, whirled herself and company around to the general stupefaction. On the whole, modern ballet has started with some respectable ideas; but you will still find a clutter of programs of the old school, and they are, in effect, gentle, tender, amusing, and just this side of being null. They have to be extraordinarily well danced to be tolerable, and then they become exquisite; but usually they are only fairly well danced and what are you going to do about them? Well, for myself, I am going to suggest a couple of ballets. The first is outrageously unorthodox and all the *balletomanes* will get together and lynch me, but it will be in a good cause and I am willing to make the supreme sacrifice. The scene will be a toyshop, or a toymaker's workroom, and it will be near closing time. A few belated shoppers will examine the animated dolls and the daughter of the rich old man will flirt with the shop assistant who will do a *pas seul* of ecstasy in the background. You can fill all this part in for yourself. Then the fussy old shopkeeper (or toymaker) will send his assistant packing, with an imaginary kick in the pants, and the shutters will be closed and the scene will be deserted.





And then—the toys will NOT come to life! Maybe a revolution will break out and the rebels will take refuge in the shop; maybe the sheriff will come and carry out a dispossess order; maybe the whole place will burn down. That is nothing to me. My work will be accomplished when the toys fail to come to life. Not a Sèvres doll, not a wooden soldier, not a fluffy animal will cavort about. This will be so revolutionary that all other improvements in ballet will seem mild in comparison. That's why I put it first. Years after this has happened, slow-witted followers will attempt to improve on my innovation. And I confess there are variations available. For instance, you might take an awful chance and have the toys come to life and then *not* go back to their places and postures the next morning; there would be quite a thrill in combining a dancing doll with the theme of Frankenstein. But the radical novelty I propose is the essential one.

(You can carry this principle into other fields. Dwight Taylor once had an idea for a movie in which, after desperate struggles to raise enough cash for the horse's hay, the young daughter of the old Colonel has triumphed over adversity, and she's got to win the race on the twentieth of the month because the mortgage is due that night; and on the twentieth a convulsion of nature occurs and the track is demolished and the race is called off. Or you might work it in a proletarian play, whipping everybody up into the great excitement at the prospect of a strike, and get a Supreme Court decision at the last minute which makes a strike undesirable to the strikers. A lot of people have wanted to see a slightly tougher version of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which Shylock actually takes a cut at Antonio—which is the same principle applied in another way.)

There are ballets in Soviet Russia, I understand, which are packed to the proscenium arch with social meaning, but we don't get many of them here. One reason is that we Americans are not entirely unified, and there isn't one social meaning which we would all approve. This tends to make American ballet a little indecisive, like a Liberal in a play. I regret this and therefore, helpful as always, I am presenting an outline of a ballet with a vigorous social message (no fooling) acceptable to all, and with plenty of scope.

The setting can be any European country, but as the news item upon which it is based actually emanated from Rome, we will use Italy. The theme is so grand, and the elements so varied, that you could start with Romulus and Remus, if you desired, but for the sake of bringing the whole thing into a closer focus (and within decent time limits) we will start at the Renaissance. Plenty of color in the costumes and a bit of dagger play, and, as Max Beerbohm indicated, a lot of familiar characters. (If he would sell me the rights, I would buy the stage direction in "*Savonarola" Brown* where, as I recall it, in the midst of Guelphs and Ghibellines fighting and a lot of Medicis being patrons of art, and Cellini casting and seducing, "Pippa passes.")

The reason for starting with the Renaissance is that this ballet represents The Triumph of the Free Spirit of Man. If it were a play or a comic strip (and it might be either) you would have a shorter title, and a simpler one. Yet in spite of the lofty title, the ballet must be down-to-earth, realistic, and with absolutely no symbolism. Nobody will represent the Spirit and there will be no character named Adam or Mankind. You will have, instead, human beings, historical characters, doing comparatively ordinary

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Stars and Stripers

Select your guzzle hole, bait up with squid, and remember: never give a Striper an inch of slack

by E. C. JANES

• SPORTS •

Roccus lineatus, they call him at the Marine Biological Laboratory down Woods Hole way but to you and me he is the two-fisted, lightning-fast, battler of the deep, the Striped Bass. From the Gulf of Mexico north to the Gulf of St. Lawrence he follows the warm weather on his ceaseless hunt for the squid which gives him his Cape Cod nickname, "Squidhound Bass." And all the way during his peregrinations up and down the coast, he swims with a chip on his shoulder, ready and asking for some angler to knock it off. He gives and asks no quarter and if you are fortunate enough to K.O. him after a furious half-hour's battle with no time out for rest, you will know for some time to come that you have been in a fight. Stripers were introduced to the West Coast in 1879 and now afford excellent fishing from the Columbia River to Monterey Bay.

The Striped Bass, like his cousin of inland waters, is a voracious feeder and besides the squid which he enjoys most of all, he is also not averse to topping off with a shedder crab and/or a few succulent bloodworms. A Japanese feather lure strikes him as being just the thing when he is feeling peckish and not infrequently he will consider a tin block squid or metal jig just what the doctor ordered. Eels are caviar to the Striper, although a course in an accredited medical school is an almost compulsory prerequisite to their preparation as carried out by the initiate. They first remove the eel's backbone whole—how, God knows—and then pass a tarred cod line from stem to stern through the cavity thus formed. A hook is attached to the stern end and, after securing the other end of the line around the eel's neck, which gives him a desperate, swashbuckling look, the angler is ready to proceed. I once essayed thus to extract an eel's backbone but my technique must have been faulty for in the end I was left holding a fistful of jellied eel with small pieces of vertebrae shooting out on all sides like the quills of a porcupine. But perhaps you can do it. If not, I suspect just as good results will accrue from draping a piece of eel engagingly over one's hook. At any rate, it is apparent that lack of bait need never prevent anyone from going after Striped Bass.

And, furthermore, with its extremely wide range, no one, if he lives on the Eastern or Western Seaboard, need take a very long journey to reach good bass fishing waters. Along the Atlantic Coast, tradition has selected Pamlico Sound, Chesapeake Bay, the New Jersey shore, Montauk Point and the New England shores north to Newburyport as the hot spots of Striped Bass fishing but numerous catches are made every year along other sections of the coast and at any time a new locale may rise up to make a sucker of tradition, as happened in the case of Wedgeport, Nova Scotia in connection with the tuna fishing and now bids fair to happen to North Truro, Massachusetts.

There are several approved ways of fishing for Stripers, trolling, still fishing or surf casting and the angler's education is not complete until he has tried them all. All have their staunch devotees but to me the latter method will always stand out as the *ne plus ultra* of salt water fishing. Until you have stood on a lonely October shore with the sedge grass reddening in the frosty air, and hurled your bait beyond the booming breakers, you still have one more fishing thrill to come.

Surf fishing has become definitely popular during the past few years and, as a result, the equipment one sees on a summer beach is as varied as the hues of the rainbow and much of it is about as practical. Everyone is having a good time, everyone is hoping to land a big one, from the neophyte working away with a four-foot, fresh-water casting rod because he has heard they are catching bass off the Hollow, to the veteran with his beloved outfit accumulated through years of Striper questing from the coastal marshes of the Carolinas to the sand dunes of Cape Cod. Experience has decreed, however, that the best tackle to use in this type of angling is a six- to seven-foot tip, weighing from twelve to fifteen ounces, a 2/0 reel with a twelve-thread linen line, about four or five hundred yards of it, a 7 to 10/0 hook (personally, I prefer a 7) and a four- to six-ounce pyramid sinker, rigged on a "fish finder," *i.e.*, a small, ringed swivel which permits your sinker to slide freely along the line. A butt rest, worn on a belt around the waist, is also a necessity. You may go on from there according to your enthusiasm, ingenuity and pocketbook. But be certain of this—if you become a surf fisherman, you will soon find yourself staggering down the beach, heavy-laden with a wild assortment of folding chairs, patent gaffs, mauls, canvas buckets, cap searchlights, book rests and perhaps a stray pipeless organ. Anglers were ever collectors and surf fishing gives great scope for the acquisitive instinct.

Anglers were ever optimists, too, "going forth in the morning full of hope" but it must be admitted at the outset that one has little chance today of catching a leviathan such as the old gaffers on any beach will describe capturing in their own lusty youths. And it seems probable that the old boys are not stretching the truth much, at that, if the one hundred and twenty-five pound Striper caught off North Carolina by commercial fishermen in 1891 is any criterion.

Years ago, the more sporting among the "natives" of a seaside community used to do a bit of hand-line fishing but this was considered pretty slow. The accepted method of taking Stripers was for a party of men to go to the shore, armed with a dory and a seine net. One half would stand on the beach, holding one end of the seine while their companions laboriously rowed in a wide half-circle, paying out the net as they went. Then, when they had completed their work, the seine was drawn, scooping up sometimes as many as sixty or seventy bass at a haul and eighty- and ninety-pound fish were plentifully distributed among the "take," according to the boys. This practice and inshore seining by power craft has persisted down to the present and has inevitably resulted in a noticeable decrease in the size, as well as the numbers, of Striped Bass caught in recent years. However, last year a bill was enacted into law, prohibiting commercial netting within the Three Mile Limit. This should have a salutary effect upon surf fishing and may in time bring back such Stripers as the ancients talk about.

The largest Striper ever taken on rod and reel was one caught in 1913 by Mr. Charles Church and weighing seventy-three pounds. And last season, the prize winning Striped Bass, taken by Mr. Arthur Clarke, tipped the beam at sixty-five pounds. So there are still some pretty sizable fish left, at that. These are as nothing, however, compared to the bass which old Sam Cahoon will tell you

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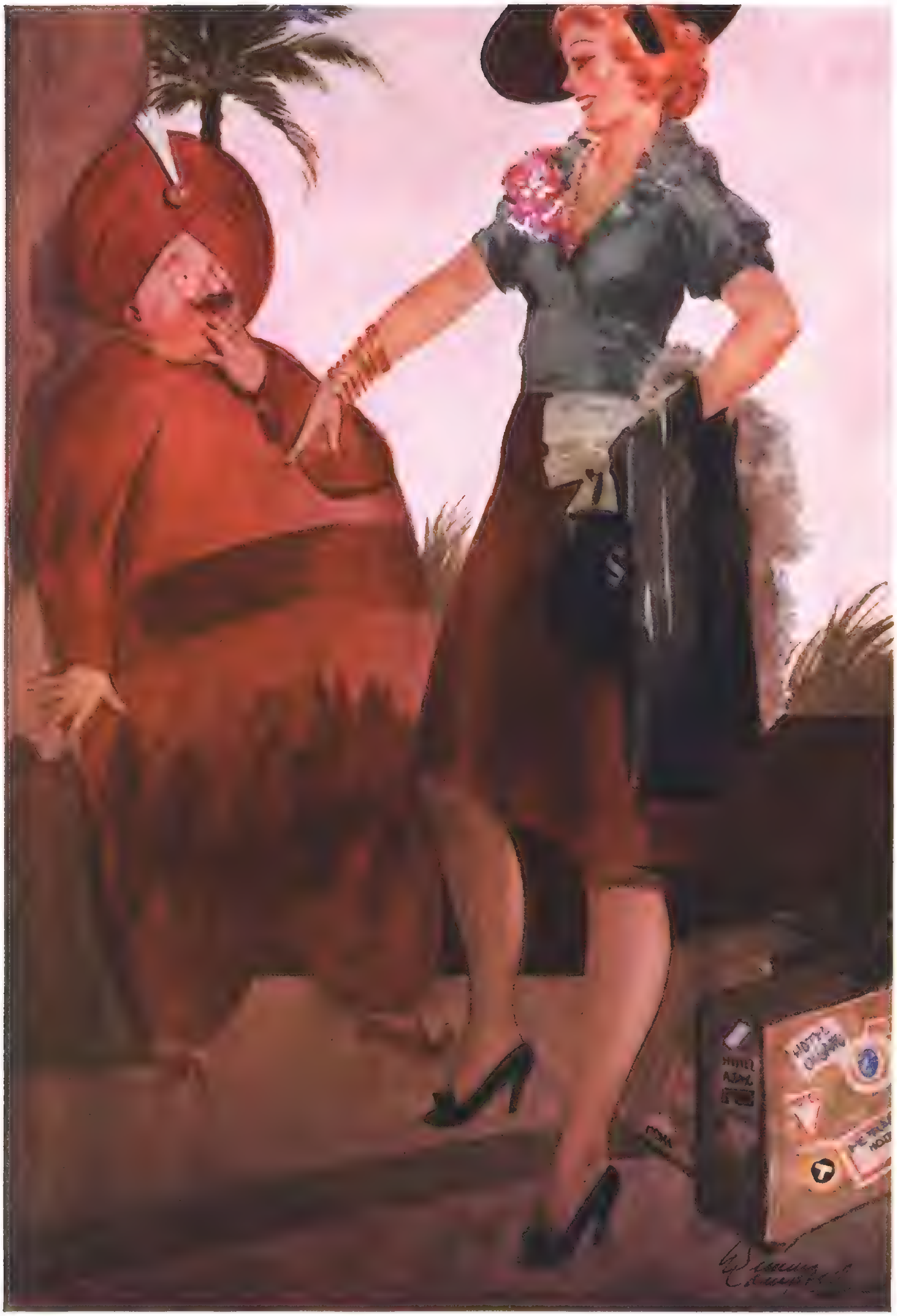
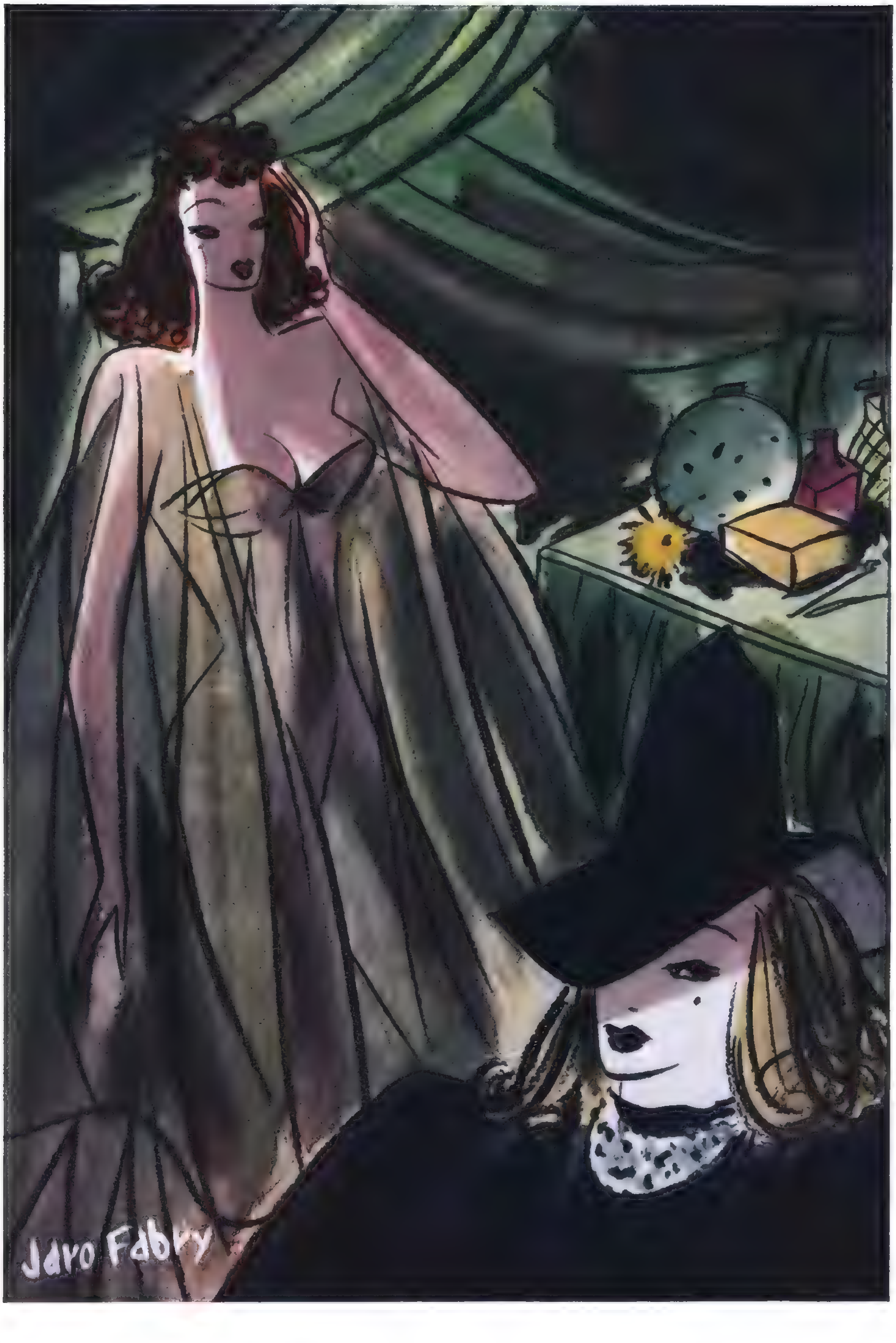


"Boy! Have I got references!"



"There was one nice thing about working in his office—when five o'clock came I was through"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

So carefully edited is John Bull's foreign news, English correspondents have to tell what they see in books

by LAWRENCE MARTIN

BOOKS

On my desk twenty-seven books are lined up for this review—five fiction, twenty-two non-fiction. On the back table mope a dozen novels which won't make it for lack of space—and interest. The more I read books wholesale, the more I'm impressed that the non-fiction is not only more significant but more fun than the stories, and that is why I haven't got around to those full-length make-believes. The people that know (the specialists and experts) and the people that don't know but find out (the journalists) are unfolding a magnificently cockeyed world, the "ordinary" world we live in, which makes fiction pale by comparison.

Maybe this doesn't work for people who look to books for a whiff of marijuana, or a whole keg of it (*Gone with the Wind*). But anyone who can get past his school days' shudder over the dull tomes forced on him will find today that Boy Meets Girl must bow to Man Meets World.

This is true even when carried to an extreme. One of the most turbulent books that has come my way in a long time is the U. S. government report, *Technological Trends and National Policy*. There's often unsuspected dynamite in official documents and reports.

And while riding the idea, I'd like to violate the critic's unwritten law and mention a book that appeared two years ago. Little known, probably because of its unhappily textbooky title, is Ellis Freeman's *Social Psychology* (Henry Holt, $2.50).

A series of essays that gives the mental inside of the way you and I operate (without realizing it) as members of the Elks, Legion, family, professional society (if we happen to be doctors, lawyers, professors, bankers, bond salesmen, etc.), it ought to be required reading for anyone who aspires to make good conversation and who incidentally is curious to know how the wheels go round.

Now I have a satire or burlesque here, *O Big Earth* by Leon Tebbetts (Falmouth, $2.00) which is a brisk and cutting story, a slap-bang travesty on modern civilization and the rise of a fascist dictator. Tut! The day by day items in the papers, and the books of the foreign correspondents (not to speak of Hitler's *My Struggle* itself) give a screwier picture than anyone's imagination can make up. Not even Swift and Voltaire could invent anything as terribly silly as fascism is in detail. Tebbetts spins a tolerable yarn, but History, or Current Events, comes along and makes the fairy tale an understatement.

Phyllis Bottome's *The Mortal Storm*, now a best seller in spite of my lack of zeal for it, fails to give as compelling a picture of the Third Reich as Douglas Reed's *Insanity Fair* (Covici-Friede, $3.00). This *London Times* correspondent offers another newspaper man's adventures—in the Danubian countries, Soviet Russia, Greece, and astute verdicts on the great mismanagers of the world: Hindenburg, Eden, Hitler, Northcliffe, Mussolini, Metaxas, Chamberlain, Schuschnigg. He was at Stresa and Geneva in the midst of the comic opera of international conferences; he was in Berlin when Hitler happened; he was on hand for the Reichstag fire; and at the end of the book he flees Vienna on that memorable March 15 just ahead of Adolph's triumphal entry.

It is the vigorous and witty story of the life and thoughts of a man crammed with both. Example of clever clarification: "the position in Spain is as if Sir Oswald Mosley, with the help of Italian troops and aircraft and artillery and a large number of Gurkhas, were to save England for the English."

Tebbetts in his fantasy has built up an abstract insane asylum. Reed has described the insane asylum as it stands and functions. The fact is more insane than the fiction.

Even better reading than Douglas Reed's book is Vernon Bartlett's *Intermission in Europe* (Oxford, $2.75), excellently written—almost, I think, the classic of the foreign-correspondents' memoirs, or at any rate a close second to Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*. There are so many swell stories in Bartlett's book—again about the great mismanagers and their international poison parties, and about trials and tribs of a newspaper man's life—that it is hard to resist retelling a few, like the one about how Bartlett, to avoid a siege of seasickness, deliberately missed the boat from Italy to Greece where he was supposed to report the king's restoration. He wired the home office in excuse that he thought it would be wiser to stay in Italy as something might break, then sat tight and hoped against hope. The boat was disabled in a storm, the load of correspondents arrived in Athens too late for the event, and the next day, with Bartlett almost the only first-string foreign man in Italy, Giolitti, the prime minister, shelled D'Annunzio out of Fiume. Northcliffe wired his warmest congratulations to the young correspondent for his being on the "inside."

VIENNA
LONDON
STRESA
PARIS
BERLIN
ROMA

Then there is the story of the maiden from Georgia who burped; the yarn of Hank the Yank who almost wrecked the Genoa conference; the star reporter sent to cover an important story in Dublin, who disappeared for ten days—at length a telegram arrived from him: "Am I still 'one of us'?—Charlie." And another star reporter who liked his whiskey, and was sent to cover Geneva, a city he loathed. No dispatches arrived. The London paper phoned his Geneva hotel, but he hadn't come. Days later came a telegram from Sheffield: "Why am I here?—John."

These two books, *Insanity Fair* and *Intermission in Europe*, confirm the suspicion many of us have had that England is becoming less democratic. John Bull's foreign news is strictly edited to the conservative government line. The foreign correspondent is censored. Both Reed and Bartlett are miles away from the *London Times* world-view, and the only way they had of telling the world what they saw was to write a book. Some of the books the lads write are censored out of the British publishing business, and the manuscripts come across the ocean to us looking for a publisher.

Born storyteller is Carleton Beals (*Glass Houses*, Lippincott, $3.50). He has jumbled all sorts of things together: his odyssey, interpretation, and political philosophy; and as if this might be too heavy, considerable light, gossipy stuff with sex interest.

These Walter Winchellisms from his experiences in Mexico, Italy and Spain seem to worry their own recounter, who proceeds to give them significance with some sort of window dressing like, "Well, this will show you the kind of people you would be likely to meet in Mexico City about 1920." Beals is a romantic fellow, the Sabatini of foreign correspondents. It's a little hard to take him seriously, even in indignation. But as for fun—his book is so crowded with color and action it oozes through the covers.

Here are three men who are on the scenes of contemporary history, and getting all the stuff the history books can't—the crazy little dramas, the quirks of the chief actors, street scenes, closeups of the

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On the Record

Some day the lads in the street will know their Wagner, and then Stokowski will have to do right by his scores

by CARLETON SMITH

RECORDS

For years Leopold Stokowski has dreamed dreams of adapting *Parsifal*—THE great consecrational festival stage play—for the films. With Hollywood damsels impersonating Klingsor's flower maidens, a tropical luxuriance of screen magnitude, and Wagner melodies in Mr. Stokowski's hands, every beholder would be ravished.

At the very moment Mr. Stokowski was explaining all this to Miss Garbo, pointing out the influence of Jesus and of the Buddha on the work, comparing her own belief with Wagner's, that "sole redemption lies in flight from out this life," assuring her she would be ideal as Kundry, and escorting her through the garden near Rapello which suggested to Wagner the setting for Kundry's great scene . . . the presses were turning out his latest attack on *Parsifal* (Victor M-421). And his jaunt with Miss Garbo dulled not one bit the public's receptivity to his interpretation of the mystical, semi-religious *Prelude* and *Good Friday Spell*. Notwithstanding the fact that a conservative Wall Street banker debated whether Stokowski would be worth his added *ante* as guest conductor on the sponsored Philadelphia Orchestra radio series next winter, reasoning that the public disapproved his private life, cash poured into the recording company's treasury and record royalties increased the maestro's spending money. Evidently, Miss Garbo's admirers, also were anxious to hear that special brand of exaltation and mystery which Stokowski alone dispenses. And well they might.

"Prince's"—as he is nicknamed by intimates—flair for the sensual, the sensational, and the sonorous is not rivaled by any contemporary interpreter . . . and no one understands better the potentialities of an orchestra or exploits them more minutely. The tonal investiture of these discs is unequalled.

If you are not left cold after his theatricalized intensities or nauseated by his gilding of the lily, the excerpts from *Parsifal* will be a telling and moving experience. Hearing them it is impossible not to notice that Stokowski has spent years matching and coordinating the instrumentalists in his orchestra and other years in accomplishing this miracle of reproduction.

There's a reason, aside from his well-publicized antics and the fact that the orchestra's home is across the bridge from the Victor plant, why they have for more than a decade topped record sales: they put out a tonally superior product. Not only do they have a satisfactory auditorium in which to record, but Stokowski has experimented with recording problems and studied the possibilities and limitations of the microphone until the various choirs in his orchestra complement and blend as those in no other orchestra: pianissimos are pianissimo yet retain full body, fortissimos are fortissimo but never blast. On the record as in the concert hall the Philadelphia Orchestra has an extra sheen, a richer glow . . . the gradations of its dynamics are subtle and, to many, the most exciting on earth. Where sound is concerned, Stokowski is the Paraclete.

For me, great music is not mere sound. Sound is only a vehicle. It may be likened to an ultra-beautiful envelope in which a message, a concept, a thought is carried. Important is what the sound says. Here Mr. Stokowski frequently misses the point. Intent on the color and the texture of the envelope, he leaves the inside a blank.

Such treatment, of course, Wagner withstands with comparative impunity. His music is well-padded and heavily burdened with "literal" meanings, repeated so often that not even Mr. Stokowski can lose them. Sentimentalizing, exaggerated holds, erratic tempi, and other distortions go unnoticed in the overwhelming mass of Wagner's sound, which the man-in-the-street is only beginning to unravel. But Mr. Stokowski had better take care. The time is coming when John Doe will be as familiar with Wagner's intricacies as he is with swing. Already dock-laborers can pronounce his name and cigar salesmen hum his tunes. Every dolt knows Wagner did not devote his entire existence to keeping melodies out of his music dramas . . . and whenever they are played he goes to hunt out a new tune and, finding it, he shouts and cheers as if he were at a circus. Wagner cannot remain a mystery forever.

* * *

Stokowski's translations, however, do little more than befog the issue. They do nothing to simplify a colossus like *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Filled with generous ellipses, they leave considerable to the imagination and make no attempt to give a notion of the drama's moral conflict or wrestle with its confusions. At best Stokowski's records contain a series of more or less unrelated excerpts—there is no reason for dignifying them as "symphonic syntheses." At worst they are fantasies, resembling exactly those which military bands took on themes from *Carmen* and *Cavelleria*.

Of course, the task of the transcriber is by no means easy. The problem of where to begin and where to end, especially in the later works, is intricate and highly debatable. No matter what is cut, there will be learned authorities on hand to assure you that it is a "key" passage, without which all that follows is meaningless.

And yet something must be left out. Wagner was a greedy genius, long-winded and repetitive, demanding four evenings for an exposition, the exact meaning of which was not entirely clear to himself. He never explained, for instance, why, since the gold is returned to the Rhine, the gods must perish . . . or why, after Erda warns Wotan in *Das Rheingold* that the gods will be destroyed *if* he does not yield the ring, the gods are destroyed anyway. Did not Wotan do her bidding?

The inconsistencies in the *Ring* . . . and they are numerous . . . have never been solved. Wagner himself never brought into harmony his antithetical notions about the redemption of the gods and the downfall of the gods . . . and it is doubtless unfair to ask Mr. Stokowski to reconcile them.

However, he might not have been so hasty with his blue pencil. Is there nothing in Act I of *Die Walküre* worth recording? Should the matchless pages of Brünnehilde's awakening be omitted? He does the *Ring* in two hours flat. Wouldn't another two hours be worthwhile?

* * *

I heard the *Siegfried* set (Victor M-441) first and was glad I found it the worst. Originally announced for release in 1936, it was held back two years and put out this spring. Much better if it had been held another two years and then junked! The abortion performed on this music has to be heard to be believed. Unrelated passages haphazardly picked are banged together with less reason than a Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera . . . and so spaced that they cannot be disinterred. You must take all, or nothing. The nuances of the *Waldweben*—unforgettable in Mr. Stokowski's tonal investiture—are tightly packed between a howling caricature of the "Forging" song and a seasick account of the last twelve pages of the opera.

Some one must have been very fond of Miss Agnes Davis to choose her to sing Brünnehilde's excerpt in *Siegfried* as well as in *Die Götterdämmerung* (Victor M-188). They did her no favor. Oh, yes, she works hard, but she has neither the voice nor the

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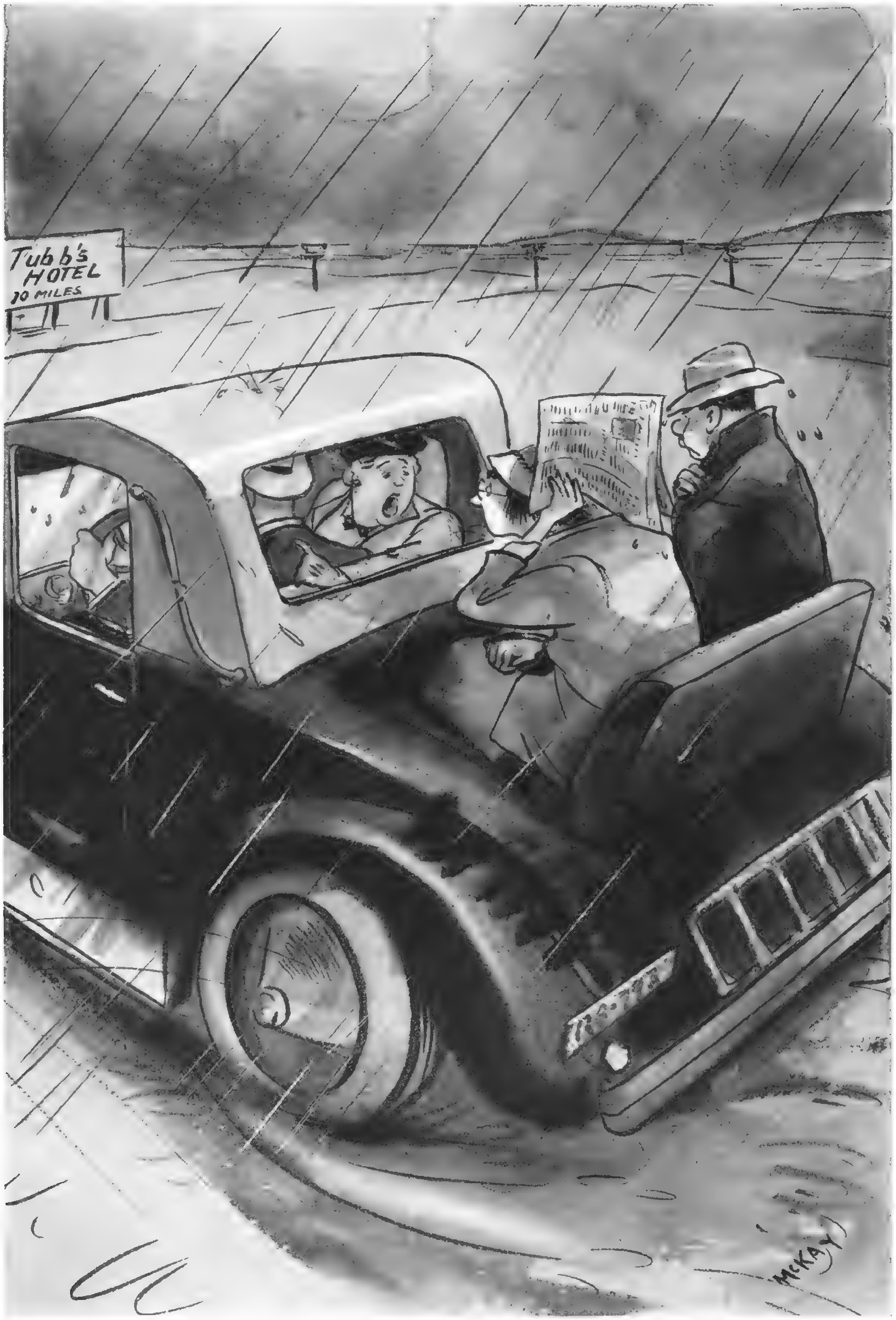
Tubb's
HOTEL
10 MILES
McKAY

"We're going to have to pull in someplace; there's a leak in the top!"

If It Pleases Allah

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known to the doctors. But it is one thing to diagnose an ailment, and another to cure it. So I had all I could do to keep my bad humor to myself. Particularly as we were beginning to be tortured by thirst, the heat had become almost unbearable, and my nerves were tensed up like violin strings.

But chance—or Allah, as one chooses—had a remedy prepared for me which, although certainly drastic, consumed forever my irritation with my good Ismail and his "If it pleases Allah." And, curiously enough, fulfilled his prophecy with exactitude.

* * *

Ismail had once mentioned that ahead of us lay a huge strip of absolutely impassable swamp. But when early one afternoon we reached the top of a hill and the country ahead of us revealed itself, the view was so unusual that I could not decide if it were an actuality, or a mirage created by my thirst which had become acute during the past few days. A brushstroke of dark, rich green barred the horizon before my eyes, fading away toward the east and west. And in the center, directly before us, rose what appeared to be a great oasis of beautiful palms.

"*Behera el Temasih,*" Ismail calmly announced from the height of his camel, but the words scarcely penetrated to my consciousness, coinciding as they did with the chorus of cries, brays and snarls with which man, mule and camel saluted that saving vision.

All I was aware of was that at the sight of those palms which promised abundant water, the thirst which I had been until then able to dominate, took complete control of me—gripped my throat, stomach and temples with fingers of steel. But I think even more than the feeble incitement of my legs, it must have been my mule's own instinct which started it off at a wild gallop toward the palms.

Or toward the mirage? No, heaven be praised, here was no tantalizing mirage to recede as fast as one approached it. That oasis, those prosperous palms, were a reality growing nearer and nearer, and soon among the trunks I was able to glimpse something shining which, unbelievable as it was in that desert, seemed to be a lake.

Why Ismail was shouting and following me at full speed on his camel, I could not understand. His shouts were of joy, I concluded. Even the resistance of that man of the desert had been overcome by his thirst.

Then a suspicion came to me which left me for a moment weak. Would even this water before me be defiled by the carrion of camels and natives who had crawled there after a battle to find life, only to find and bring death, as in the few wells we had reached during the last days and had been obliged to avoid as a pest in spite of our tormenting thirst? Those wells, in fact, together with the little mounds where brave Ascaris had taken their last rest, had been of late the macabre tracks that the soldiers had left to show their passage.

But no, this mirror of water among the palms was too large and too still—I could see it clearly now—and no monstrously inflated body of man or animal was floating on its surface.

Reaching the first of the palms, I slid down from my mule and ran toward the water—into the water. Sliding and slipping on the muddy bottom I walked out into the lake until its cool freshness lapped about my waist, and with the cup of my hands I began to drink and splash my face. What a delicious sense of refrigeration that cold water brought to my parched, burning body! And what a joy to my eyes after so many weeks of hard, arid desert was that little lake, its immobile surface reflecting so faithfully the green frame of the palms surrounding it.

At a few paces from me my mule, too, had plunged into the lake and with a bray of pleasure had gone down on his back and lay rolling over and over and kicking his legs happily in the air, meanwhile managing to drink down great gulps of water.

But what did I mind, in that moment, drinking from the same pool in which he disported himself? Only, it was necessary not to over-indulge after such a long period of thirst, and walking carefully over the slippery bottom I approached the the animal to pull him up out of the water.

It was then that I heard one of the most terrifying and piteous cries I have ever had the misfortune to hear. It was the voice of my poor mule, but it could not have been more humanly filled with pain and panic.

And at that cry the Arcadian painting of the lake was instantly transformed into a scene out of Inferno.

Before I knew what had happened, I found myself in a sea of churning water; and my mule, with a second cry, vanished as if he had been sucked into a whirlpool. The next instant something struck my leg with the force of a powerful steel spring, and I fell forward.

I had, as I stumbled, the vague impression that the banks of the lake had come alive and were hurling great fragments of themselves toward me.

"Crocs," I gasped, and made a violent effort to regain my balance.

As I righted myself and jerked my head above the water, I saw that the surface was crisped by dozens of sinister, arrow-like ripples where the wicked snouts of the beasts hidden below the water touched it.

Behera el Temasih—The Lake of the Crocodiles—flashed through my mind. That was why Ismail had shouted at me!

Dazedly, in that uproar, I tried to fight my way through the water and reach the shore, but a dozen times I slipped on the viscid mud and fell back, my necessity instead of spurring me forward with fresh strength, seeming merely to stupefy my mind.

By scores, by hundreds, the enormous creatures thrashed about me under water, lashing it with their heavy tails and battling with each other for possession of the mule.

As soon as they had finished it, they would be fighting over me, I knew, if some miracle didn't happen to pull me out.

"Ismail!" I shouted with all my breath, "Help!"

Near me, terribly near me, from under the water I could hear the revolting sound of flesh and skin torn apart, of bone and tendon broken by powerful jaws. My own flesh trembled as if foretasting its fate, and I attacked again that twenty yards of treacherous mud that separated me from the shore.

I had spent perhaps a minute in my flounderings. But, to put it mildly, what a minute!

"Beware!" Ismail's voice reached me, then, from somewhere above me. I had managed to get to my feet once more and had turned toward the shore, but before me, cutting off my retreat, a long, cruel muzzle lifted itself above the water.

"Grasp the branch!" another shout from Ismail came to me, and leaves slapped me stingingly in the face.

I almost lost my equilibrium again, but I lunged at the branch which was already rising, and groping among the leaves found a part of the branch sufficient to bear my weight.

"Ready?" came from the height.

"*Inshallah,*" answered a voice. My voice, incontestably, since it issued from my mouth. But whose will had directed it?

Then I was snatched into the air, out of that cursed water. A dozen arms reached me in mid-air. I let them handle me as if I had been a bale. As a bale, they lowered me from the trunk of the palm, a strong branch of which they had used for that providential catapult; carried me some hundred yards and deposited me on the good earth—hard, arid, hot, but safe, good earth.

"*Ya Sidi,*" Ismail kneeling beside me was shaking me affectionately, "*Ya Sidi, mabsut?*"

"*Ana mabsut*"—"I am all right"—I answered.

"*Ellham'do lillah*"—"Thanks be to the Divinity"—he murmured, and all the others repeated his words piously.

The nightmare was over, and ashamed of my own weakness, I got to my feet and thanked Ismail and my men.

"The soldiers," Ismail said, with a born delicacy changing the course of our conversation. "Look!"

One of the hills far away was crowned by a little golden cloud of dust in which I could divine more than see small white figures dominated by the apocalyptic silhouettes of camels distorted with strange protuberances which I knew must be the dismounted cannons. Undoubtedly they were the troops of my friend, and they appeared to be coming toward us.

"There," said the omniscient Ismail, pointing toward one end of the oasis, "there is the spring. Good water and no *temasih.*"

Evidently the soldiers were heading toward the spring.

"Shall I have the camp prepared there?" Ismail asked, and at my assent fired some quick orders at the men.

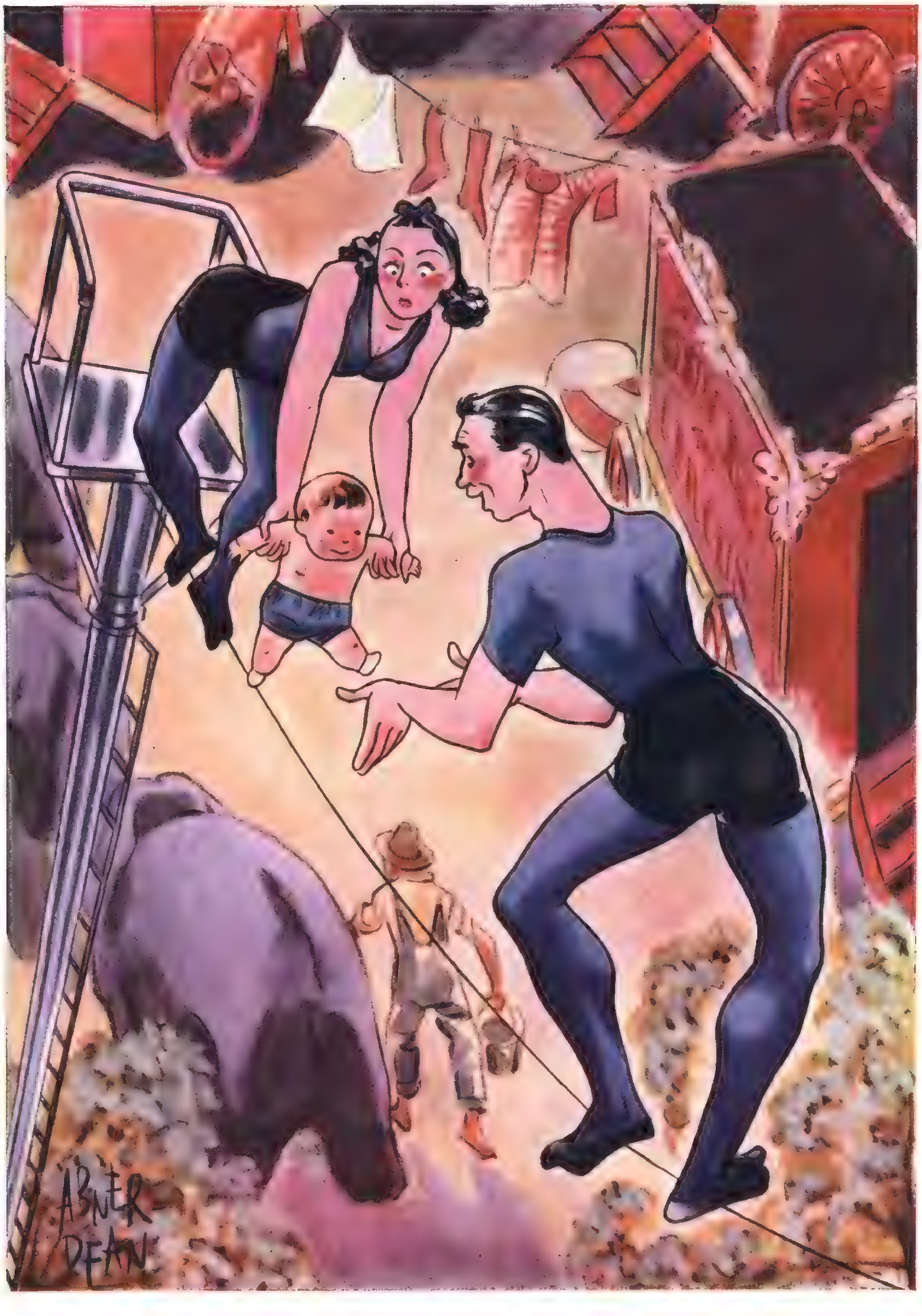
From the lake, muffled by the fringe of trees, came soft splashes and the metallic sound of snapping jaws. Drawn by a somewhat morbid fascination, I walked back to the bank. My impressions had not been exaggerated, I saw, as I looked at the scene. By the hundreds, the crocodiles could be counted; and they were of an appalling size, many of them eighteen or twenty feet in length.

The opposite shore, as far as it was visible among the palms, was again completely covered with the ugly bodies of the brutes. But some of the creatures, there at a few steps distance, just where the mud had trapped me, were still fighting, trying to snatch from each other what remained of my mule. With a shudder of disgust and pity I turned away and walked back to the caravan.

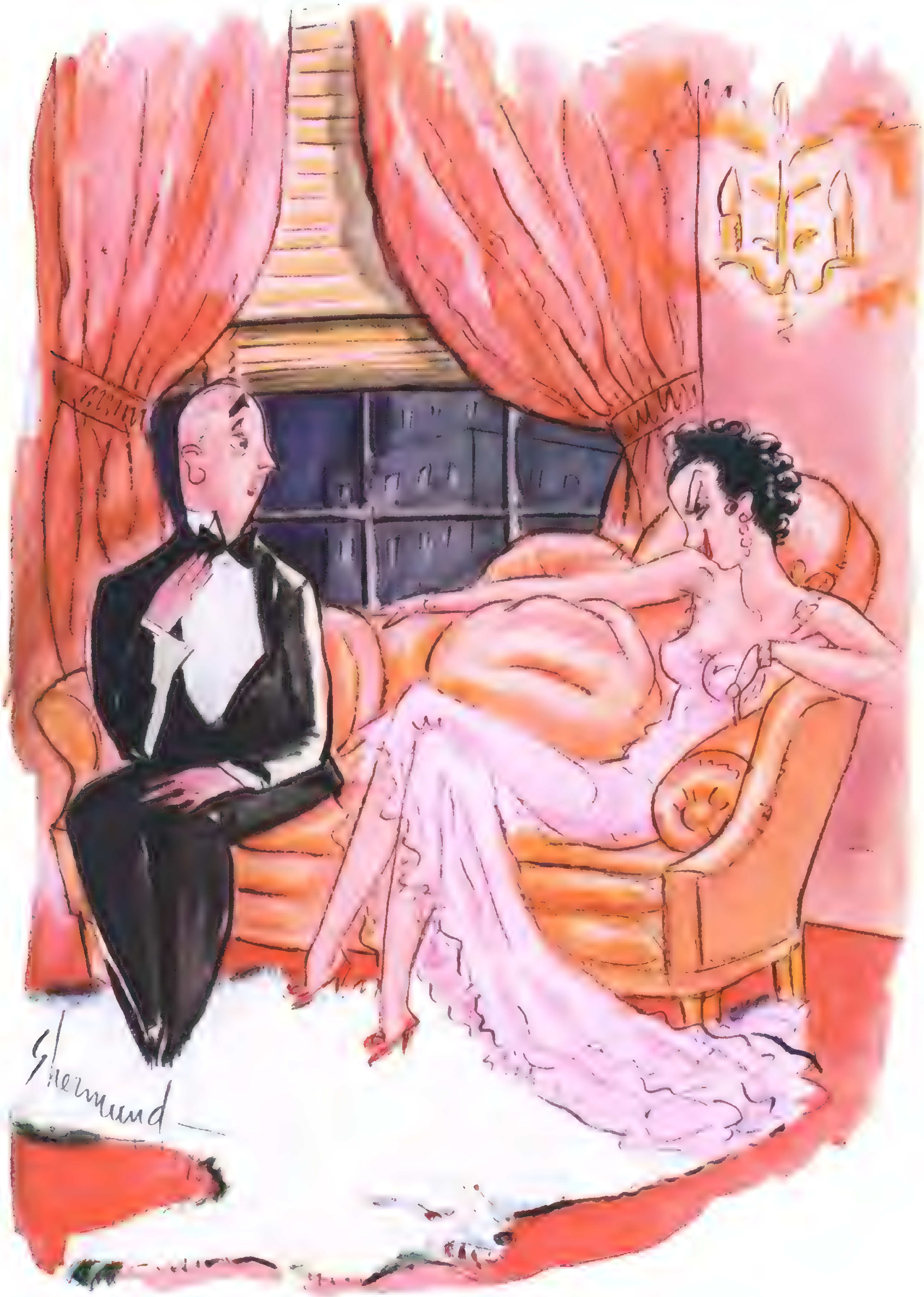
"*Ya Sidi,*" Ismail stated, "tonight your friend will be with you."

Simple words of a respectful, devoted servant. But his voice in that moment, why I do not know, seemed to me to come not only from the present, but from some realm outside of time, as if those commonplace words had given me for an instant a glimpse of a mysterious world of unplumbed wisdom.

"*Inshallah,*" I replied. Voluntarily, this time.



"Walk over to papa!"



"I'd better go down and talk to my chauffeur. He's probably imagining all sorts of things"

The Devil in the Mine

Continued from page 34

for irony. He treated me immediately as a comrade and took me for a walk through the workshops.

'You know,' he told me, 'that one can find at Pilcomayo two forms of ore: silver sulphur, soft and black, which forms the walls of the gallery in which we find ourselves at this moment, and, much more rarely, that mixture of pyragyrite and proustite which is red silver, of a much superior texture. Unfortunately, at this time I can show you only the first form in exploitation, that which contains approximately one-half per cent silver. Long ago, at the time when the Jesuits exploited this mine, they were several times lucky enough to find red veins in which the yield was about sixty per cent and even silver nuggets. They mention one which weighed more than five hundred kilograms. But those days are gone, and, without being exhausted, the mine is becoming obsolete.'

"Gontran was married and his wife, a Perigordine, had been brave enough to follow him even to this altitude. She urged me to take at least one meal a day with them, which I was glad to do, because they were both pleasant and the cooking of Mme Gontran was much better than that of the Indians.

"I will spare you a description of a monotonous life—but a healthy and quite bearable one—and come to the first act of my tragedy. One morning, as I climbed to the mine, full of hope, having the evening before opened Pit No. 5, of which I had high expectations, I saw in the distance, in front of the gallery, an excited mob. The workers, Indians and half-breeds, spoke a semi-Spanish jargon which I had quickly learned to understand, but they seemed so wrought up on this particular day that I addressed myself first to the foreman of the workshop, one of the few Frenchmen in Pilcomayo.

" 'Bonnetaille,' I said to him severely, 'why are your men not at work at this hour?'

" 'Why,' he replied, 'just try to make them go down! Perhaps you will be more lucky than I. They say that the Devil is in the mine and refuse to work.'

"'The Devil is in the mine? What is this idiocy? There must be some bird gone astray in the passageway . . . have you been to see for yourself?'

"'I wanted to, but they refused to let me pass.'

"'And you have acceded to their orders? This joke must stop, and right away.'

"I tried to push aside two men but they seized my arms, although with no hint of roughness, and halted me, while a third dexterously pulled from my trouser pocket the revolver which I habitually carried.

"'Señor Engineer,' said one of them, 'we ask your pardon; but at this moment we are saving your life. The Devil is in the mine.'

"'What Devil? What have you seen?' I asked excitedly.

"'We have seen nothing, Señor Engineer, but we have all heard it. It was a voice like thunder which forbade us to enter the passageway.'

"'A voice? Bonnetaille, have you heard anything?'

" 'No, it seems that this happened before my arrival . . . but if I may offer my advice, I believe they are sincere . . . And the proof is that they are all ready to work in Pit No. 4 or to open another one . . . They have told me so.'

"'Let me go,' I said to the men, 'and let us talk calmly.'

Bonnetaille had told the truth. The miners asked nothing, they were not plotting either a strike or a revolt; but all had heard of the Devil of Pilcomayo, who from time to time appeared in the mine and destroyed anyone who defied him; several people claimed to have seen him; all feared him. I remembered then several pieces of advice Don Antonio Lopez had given me during my stay at Potosi.

"'These half-pagan people,' he had said, 'have a curious mixture of local superstition and badly assimilated Catholicism. Be careful not to antagonize them in these matters. You will precipitate real riots.'

"I put the men to work in another pit and went to give an account of the affair to Gontran.

"He received the news phlegmatically.

"'Well, well,' he said, 'here is our devil back again . . . Don't get excited, Sabatini; this is not a bad devil and his visits are of short duration.'

"I asked him if he had already witnessed a similar occurrence.

"'Of course,' he said. 'It has happened twice since I have been here and my predecessor, old Bousquet, put me on my guard in turning over the post to me.'

"'And what,' I asked him, 'is the procedure to follow to exorcise my gallery?'

"'The wisest thing to do is to telephone to Potosi and ask Don Antonio Lopez to come up. He knows better than we how to talk to the Indians. He will conciliate them gently, joining in their mysterious nocturnal ceremonies, and everything will turn out all right . . . In the meantime, put everybody to work in Pits 3 and 4.'

"'But can't I at least try to go alone into Pit 5?'

"'Be very careful or you will spoil everything. If the Devil spares you, the men will not . . . No, Sabatini, we are five Frenchmen here alone; prudence dictates that our first duty is to stick together . . . As your chief, I forbid you to take any risks.'

"I obeyed and everything happened as Gontran had said. As soon as they had changed pits, the men worked with a will. At the end of two days we saw in the distance the zig-zag lines of a mule train toiling up the mountainside. It was Don Antonio Lopez answering our call. I was astonished that one man should need such an escort to leave his headquarters. I soon saw several hundred valises piled up in the house which, in perfect order, always awaits administrators on tour in Pilcomayo. It was true the Señor Administrator was not alone. He had brought with him his niece, Doña Teresa, a creature of rare beauty, with that air at the same time chaste and sensual which aristocratic Spaniards sometimes have and which even today—yes, my friend—makes me lose my head.

"At first I thought the word 'niece' was a euphemism and that the lady's relationship to Lopez was entirely different. But Gontran insisted that she was an authentic niece, and everything, in fact, seemed to prove it. The old man passed his days among the Indians and did not appear in the least jealous when I offered to show the beautiful Teresa the most picturesque landscapes of the mountain.

"As for him, I was surprised to find him so active, so eager, now discoursing in the camps of the workers, now calling them together at night at the entrance of the cursed grotto for strange ceremonies in which a Spanish priest whom he had brought with him participated but at which we, Gontran and I, were asked never to appear.

"I was far from complaining; this gave me leisure to pass my evenings with the beautiful Teresa. In the administrator's house there was a piano. Like so many mathematicians I was a bit of a musician. I accompanied her while she sang beautiful Spanish folk songs. You may take my word for it that I was courting her. After several days, seeing that Uncle Antonio favored our tête-à-têtes, I began to think of a possible marriage. Unfortunately the difficulty in the mine was solved too quickly. One morning Don Antonio told us, at Gontran's office, that the Devil had been reinstated in his hell and that Pit No. 5 would from now on be the same as the others in the eyes of the men. Gontran thanked the little old man warmly. But I was not entirely satisfied.

"'But in a word, Don Antonio, was there or was there not really a devil?'

"'Everything depends,' he said, wagging his head, 'on what meaning you give the word *really*.'

"'And the word *devil*,' added Gontran, exchanging a whimsical smile with Lopez.

"I learned nothing more about it. The beautiful Teresa bade me a rather cold farewell and did not invite me to visit her at Potosi.

"The huge caravan of the Señor Administrator formed into line, got under way, and, while we watched it a long time, Gontran and I, descended the snowy peak in a zigzag line. When at last it disappeared in a pocket of shadows, Gontran gave a sigh of relief.

"'Ouf!' he said resignedly. 'Once more the farce has been played.'

"'The farce?'

"'If you prefer, let us say the comedy . . . Seriously, Sabatini, how do you interpret the events which you have just witnessed for the first time and perhaps not for the last?'

"'I don't interpret them; I observe them.'

"'You do not believe, all the same, that Don Antonio Lopez, a notorious idler, and his pretty niece have climbed more than 16,000 feet and spent eight tedious days in the snow to give Teresa a chance to sing *seguidillas* with you and drink *manzanilla*.'

"'No . . . I think that Don Antonio Lopez, administrator of this mine, judged it necessary to restore peace here at a difficult moment and that, taken all in all he has succeeded . . . Am I mistaken?'

"Gontran looked at me and laughed.

"'Upon my word,' he said, 'you are more naïve than I, Sabatini . . . Because when this thing happened to me for the first time, I guessed more about it than you do . . . It's true I was married and that there was not Teresa then to be for me the devil of the mine.'

"'I don't understand,' I said. 'What did you guess?'

"'That which you are about to understand yourself,' he replied. 'Because you are my associate here and, I hope, my successor, and it is necessary that you know . . . Weren't you struck by the astonishing number of mules which carried Don Antonio's baggage?'

"'Yes . . . But I thought that his niece . . .'

"'You think too much of his niece, Sabatini . . . If you had had a free mind, you would have calculated the number of valises necessary to pack the number of dresses that charming lady showed us, and the result would have shown you that a factor was lacking to complete the equation . . . Another detail: didn't you notice that the mules, alert and sprightly at the time of their arrival, despite the fact that they had just climbed a very steep slope, bent under their burden at the time of their departure.'

"'What do you wish me to deduce from this? That Lopez carried away from here more than he brought?'

"'That seems evident to me.'

"'And what did he carry away?'

"'What can one carry away from Pilcomayo, if not . . .'

"'Metal?'

"'Sabatini, you reason slowly but surely.'

"'What connection is there between this fact and the . . .'

"'And the Devil in the mine? A very close connection, dear Sabatini. Suppose that between your workers and Don Antonio exists a solid bond, a sort of freemasonry of which he is the chief, or, as we say here, the *cacique*. That is not unlikely. Don't forget that all the Indians and half-breeds are organ-

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The Devil in the Mine

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ized in clans and that it is Don Antonio who has hired them all... Well, suppose also that while digging in Pit No. 5 the other morning before you awoke, these workers suddenly encountered red ore, or even a silver nugget . . . Don't say no, Sabatini . . . Several times, in the long existence of this mine, it has happened . . . Suppose, even, that in such circumstances it is understood between Don Antonio and his faithful that work must cease immediately and not recommence until his arrival and at his profit . . . Suppose, at last, that this ingenious old man has found a means to force us ourselves to telephone him to come to our aid . . . Then unrolls a simple but brilliant scenario.'

"I struck the table with my fist.

"'Good God! I said, 'the whole thing is obvious. The men found a silver nugget . . .'

"'Or red ore,' cut in Gontran.

"'They warned their chief, shoved aside Bonnetaille and, raising a hue and cry, announced that the Devil was in the mine . . .'

"'We tell Lopez. The latter comes up, enters the gallery with trusted men under pretext of exorcising the demon and, at night, while Engineer Sabatini courts his beautiful niece, who has her role in the scenario . . .'

"'It was a role then?'

"'. . . And while Chief Engineer Gontran, the old veteran of Pilcomayo, closes his eyes . . . Yes, my dear comrade, yes . . . closes his eyes, the Señor Administrator loads his hundred mules with several millions in metal . . . The operation ended, the nugget exhausted, he announces that the Devil has left the mine, the men at his order resume their work, the Pilcomayo Company is a little poorer, Don Antonio a little richer and the engineers proudly regain their authority . . . There, old man, is the whole comedy . . . When they resume it, watch better.'

"'But you,' I said, still incredulous, 'you who know these things and who represent the Company here, you let this go on. You needed only to open one of those packs carried by those mules at the moment of his departure to unmask Antonio and force him to give up his loot.'

"'Certainly,' he replied.

"'Then why this mildness?'

"'You will see,' he said, laughing, 'that in five minutes young Sabatini will be accusing me of complicity . . . No, old chap, I do not get any rake-off; there is an explanation for my conduct, but it is not so simple . . . Suppose I unmask, as you say, Mr. Antonio; suppose that he orders his men to rid him of me (and of you); there are five thousand against five and there would be found among them a hundred witnesses to testify to the accident of which the Frenchmen were the rash victims.'

"'One could devise a less dangerous and more effective plan,' I replied with great assurance.

"'Young Sabatini,' he said 'has devised a more effective plan. One would like to know young Sabatini's plan.'

"'Suppose,' I said, 'that we allowed Señor Antonio to go back to Potosi, while, without asking his permission, we in our turn went down and reported him to the Bolivian authorities and had him arrested.'

"'Suppose', he replied, 'that the news of our departure should be communicated to Señor Antonio by one of the five thousand persons he has set to watch us and that he judged it useful to interrupt our trip . . .'

"'Because a duty is dangerous,' I said, 'does it cease to be a duty?'

"'Here,' he smiled, 'young Sabatini becomes a hero out of Corneille . . . Do your duty and leave the rest to the gods . . . And who has told you, my dear comrade, that our duty is to stop Mr. Antonio's game?'

"'Isn't it our duty to defend the Company's interests here? I do not concern myself excessively with Messrs. Borsch, Saint-Astier and Holmann, but I have signed a contract with them . . .'

"My chief suddenly became very serious.

"'Sabatini,' he said, 'that is enough . . . I also have signed a contract . . . I am your superior and I know as well as you where my duty lies . . . If I act as I do, it is because I have my reasons . . . In any case, I am your chief and, if the responsibility frightens you, you may be sure I will protect you . . . That is all . . . And now I don't want to hear any more talk of this story.'

"'The men were right,' I murmured. 'The Devil is in the mine.'

"For several weeks after that my relations with Gontran were rather strained. Eventually time had its effect. It is uncomfortable to have a falling out with a colleague with whom one must collaborate at the summit of a mountain peak in the midst of a throng of foreigners. Soon the affair of Don Antonio was only a memory for us.

"Two years passed. I returned to France for a holiday. When I again saw Pilcomayo, Mme Gontran was ill and my chief was talking of retiring. For me the event came a little early. I was so young that I did not dare to hope of being appointed his successor. That was, however, what happened. Gontran was generous enough to write the directors that he believed me the man in the world the most capable of filling the post. They accepted his recommendation and I found myself, at thirty, at the head of one of the greatest mines in the world. It was an amazing start on a career.

"In taking leave of me Gontran said: 'Well, farewell, Sabatini . . . And good luck. Moreover, everything will go well. Your technique is sure . . . The men respect you . . . Only one hitch is possible: the Devil in the mine . . . If he ever returns, remember me . . . Lie low and keep your eyes shut.'

* * *

"Two years later. Two new pits. Two young assistants come from France. The time for my vacation approached. Then one morning, before Pit No. 5, I found an animated group, so similar to that which I had seen formerly, I knew immediately what was happening. I had too much experience now to shout or threaten. As soon as I was formally advised of the presence in the mine of the Lord of the Shades I sent for the Devil of Potosi. The Señor Administrator had aged, and this time his pretty niece did not accompany him. Doubtless he now judged me a man of whom he could be sure.

"I let him proceed with his mysterious nocturnal practices without bothering him with my presence. But the day of his departure, in the presence of my two assistants and the stupefied foreman, Bonnetaille, I suddenly plunged my hand in the pannier of one of his mules and withdrew it full of precious red ore.

"Don Antonio looked at me and smiled.

"'A beautiful sample,' he said. 'Contents: sixty to sixty-five per cent . . . Don't you think so, Señor Engineer?'

"'Superb,' I replied. 'I shall have the pleasure of showing it to your colleagues in Paris.'

"'Excellent idea,' he said, and added, 'I beg of you, with the compliments of Don Antonio Lopez.'

"After that I expected every day to find an assassin under my bed, but the time for my vacation came and nothing had happened. I left for France without having been molested.

"On arriving in Paris, my first visit was to M. Borsch, chief of my superiors. Boiling with long-contained rage, I told him my story. As he listened to me he knit his brows and beat the desk with his big fist. When I had finished he said:

"'Mr. Sabatini, I am deeply disappointed. It was I who selected you. Gontran guaranteed your technical competence, and your youth was no disadvantage in my eyes . . . But it seems that your judgment is not as good as your science . . . I am sorry that Pilcomayo cannot dispense with judgment.'

"'I don't understand,' I stammered.

"'It is exactly that for which I am reproaching you,' he resumed. 'You do not understand that a business like Pilcomayo can exist only through the good will of a Lopez, a man all-powerful in his country; you do not understand that if I made the *slightest* comment to him on the facts reported by you, the recruiting of our workers would become forever impossible; you do not understand that your predecessors, including Gontran, have in turn told me this story, but all, except you, have advised me to play the dummy and ignore everything . . . Thereupon, you arrive; you let the old fox of Potosi see that his tricks are known; he observes that Paris does not act, which guarantees him impunity; he knows that I know, which puts me in the most false position possible before him; and he feels himself from now on authorized by our silence to double his demands . . . There is what you have done.'

He rang for his secretary.

"'Bring me Mr. Sabatini's record,' he said. 'Yes . . . I want to see whether you are entitled, in case of leaving us, to six months' or a year's indemnity . . . You are out of luck . . . it is six months . . . Farewell, Mr. Sabatini.'

"And it was thus that I left Pilcomayo. Soon after, the War started. I rejoined my battery . . . Four years in the artillery . . . As soon as I was demobilized I had to start looking for a job—the more quickly because in 1916, while on leave, I had married.

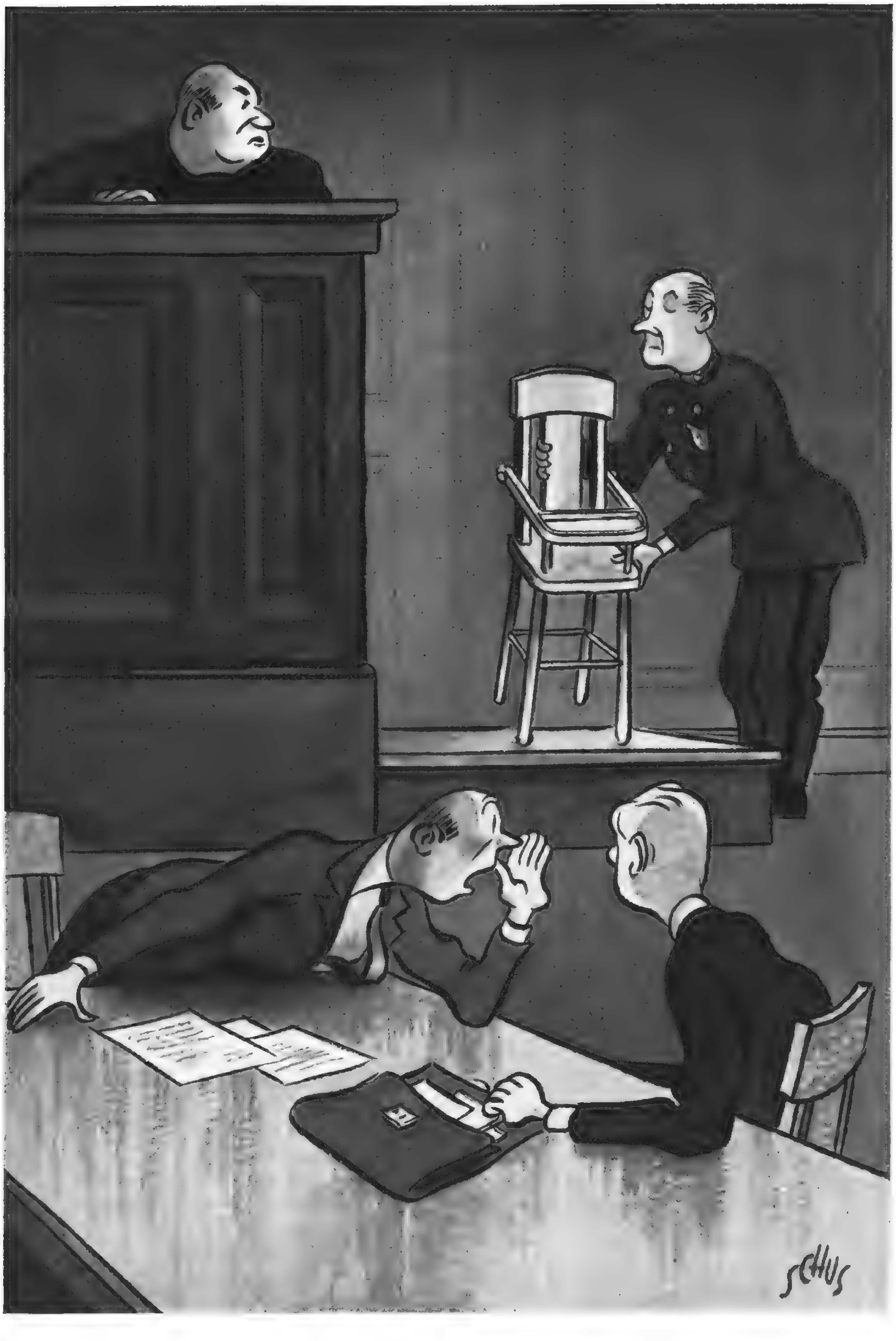
"I thought at first that nothing would be easier, after such a massacre of technicians, an again finding an important post. But you know, as I do, that on the boards of directors of mining concerns one encounters the same men over and over again . . . I soon realized that everywhere I presented myself I found some old man to raise his hand and say:

"'Wait . . . Sabatini . . . I have heard of that chap . . . Ah, yes! old Borsch . . . He was an unruly fellow who caused them I don't know what difficulties at Pilcomayo . . . No, no, look for someone else . . .'

"It was in this way that every door was shut in my face. At last, losing all hope, I accepted a mediocre post. But times were as bad for the mines as they were for the engineer. When the price of metal went down, the owners stopped working their holdings. Once more I found myself on the streets. It was necessary to eat, and especially to rear my children. A comrade brought to my attention this Tinit mine, which was about to be reopened.

"This was not a brilliant position for a man of fifty, who had had a right to believe himself, when he started his career, one of the top-notchers in his profession, but after all what difference does it make in what place one passes a few miserable years? If one looks at things with a little perspective and philosophy, it is not much more glamorous to have bored a big hole in Bolivia than a small one in Algeria . . . Isn't that your feeling?"

Several minutes later he got off at a little station. An Arab who awaited him on the platform took his valise. Although I have never seen him since, I have often thought of this man who ruined his life by not being able to recognize that there are times, on this cursed planet, when it is necessary to grant the devil his place.



"Looks like some sort of a trick!"

The Serpent in Eden

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the togs of a tough guy or a ranger and underneath you will see that he is only Herman Blackman, bald, forty, an invoice scratcher, with the red ink of a $30,000 deficit in his eyes. Harry Black, or whatever he wanted to call himself, was underneath only Herman Blackman; and anyone could see it at a glance.

He rented a cabin, put on his new pants and shirt, laced up the high boots, transferred the $30,000 to his pack, tied on the blanket and was soon ready for the great adventure. That night he slept in a cabin and in the morning he cut loose from civilization or struck out into the desert. He was lost from the world.

Two days later a miserable, wretched creature with bleeding hands and clothes torn to shreds by cactus thorns, limping one heavy foot after the other, eyes bulging and bloodshot and a mouth that groaned at every step; this terror-stricken creature ready to collapse turned up at Dante's View. He had traveled thirty miles of desert country from the camp in Shoshone to the door of Donaldson's cabin.

At that moment Donaldson and his wife were frying some meat in a pan on the oil burner and playing a Beethoven symphony full blast on their phonograph. The bone-dry boards of the shack acted as a sounding box and sent the music far across the still sandy stretches and into the hills beyond.

"Oh! Hello!" he shouted.

Mary Donaldson looked out of the open door and seeing the wretched sight before her quickly shut off the music.

"It's you," said Donaldson. "What's happened! Snake bite!"

"Oh! Let me sit down, Mr. Donaldson."

"Is it snake bite?"

"No. But I wouldn't care if it were."

He sat at the door of the cabin and Mary Donaldson brought him a tumbler of water which he drank down in almost one gulp. He was out of breath and he mopped his bald head and lowered the canvas pack from his back.

"Are you all right?"

He did not reply but only rolled his eyes in an agonized way.

"Where have you been to get so scratched up?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

Mary brought him another glass of water and Donaldson got a basin and began to wash away the dried blood from his neck and arms. There was an inch long cactus spine in the flesh of his forearm which Mary noticed and pulled out. They brought him inside the cabin and had him lie down while they unlaced his boots.

"Do you feel all right now?" asked Donaldson.

But the little bookkeeper only replied with a muffled groan, "Oi, oi."

For half an hour he said nothing, then suddenly he sat up and asked, "Is this the place where you found the dead man?"

"Yes."

"On this bed?"

"Well not exactly. We fixed this place over when we married and brought in a load of stuff from our home in San Francisco. You see we spend the winters here, we love it so. It's paradise to us."

Mary came to her husband's side and he put an arm around her.

"What's paradise to some people may be hell for others." He drew a deep breath and then very slowly and deliberately said: "Well, Mr. Donaldson, here is another dead man in your cabin. So call the sheriff and let him take him away!"

This seemed a joke and Donaldson smiled.

"No, don't laugh. I am serious. I cannot stand it a minute longer. I am a criminal. Let them take me away. I will be glad to get back . . . You stand there and look at me but I tell you it's true, it's true. I can prove it. Here! Here!" He unstrapped the flap of his knapsack and dumped the contents on the floor. "There!" he cried pointing with his finger. "There it is!"

"My God, man! That's a lot of money," exclaimed Donaldson.

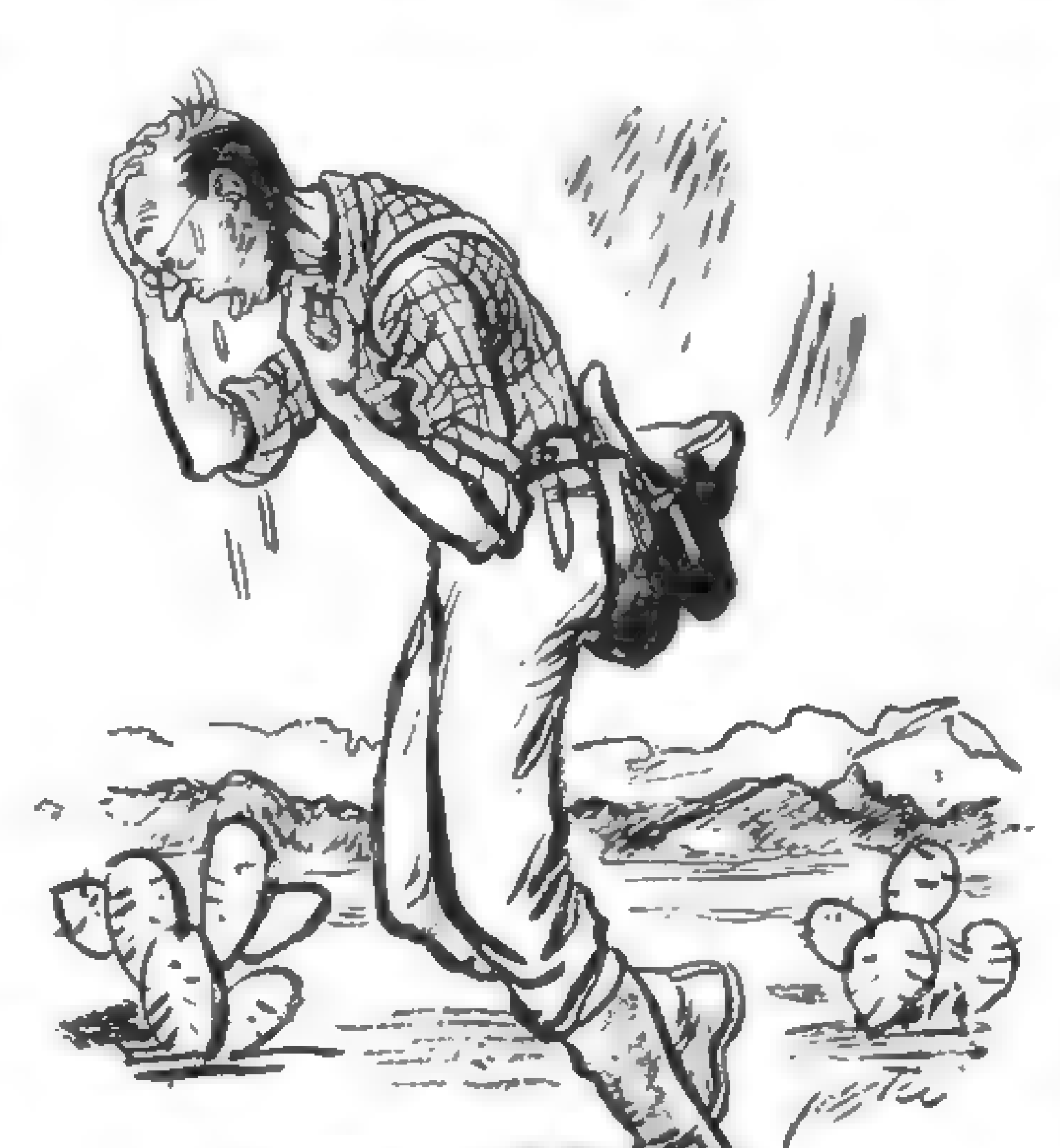
"Let the sheriff come and take me back. Oi, it's all over. A fool in paradise that's what I am."

"How much money is it?"

"$30,000."

"Yours?"

"It's mine, it's yours, it's his, it's every man for himself, it's how you like. Some are rich, some are poor, some are smart ones and some are suckers. Call the sheriff and let them send me back. The money? No, it's not mine. Where should I get $30,000? I could work day and night for one hundred years and I still would not make it. The money belongs to Nadel and Schneer and for twenty years I was the bookkeeper. All right, so I took it. And now let them have it back."



"Wait a minute, man. Compose yourself. If you don't pull yourself together I'll put a bucket of water over your head." He shook him vigorously.

"Oi, you hurt me. I am blistered by the sun."

"Well, then, pull yourself together. Here, Mary, you give him a plate of that grub and a cup of coffee. And you stuff that money back in the bag. It don't look good on the floor of this place. And when you are through eating . . ." He helped him get the packages of bills back into the knapsack while Mary placed a plate before him. They brought him a paper napkin, a fork, knife, salt, sugar and a tin of milk.

The little bookkeeper ate and while he did so tears came to his eyes. "You're good people," he said.

Later when he finished he said, "I guess I was hungry and now we can drive over to the sheriff."

"Wait a minute now, Mr. Black. We want to know what this is all about."

"Yes, I lied to you when you took me to Shoshone. My name is Blackman and it's not Harry, it's Herman. I did not want to lie to you. You were good to me and took me fifty miles in your car but I had to because . . . Well, I took the money and they will find it out and telegraph all over America for Herman Blackman, so why should I tell you that I have $30,000 in my grip? Because I came out here to get away. To start a new life. To live in the open, in sunshine and be happy. And the sun blistered me and to sleep on the ground is terrible and if I saw a rattlesnake I think I would die and so I walked all night and was torn by the thorns. And where am I going, and what will I do here, and who will I talk to and why? It was a big mistake. And often I said to Ruth that I could do just as good as Robinson Crusoe or anybody and I could get along without electric lights and radio and all the gadgets of civilization. And so I tried it. And two days was just forty-eight hours too much. You know, a man is just a damn fool. Here I lived in the city all my life and I thought I could be happy in a place like this. But I am not accustomed to it. I am afraid of nature. Central Park is wild enough for me. And rattlesnakes and poison lizards and poison plants are not my idea of paradise. Yes, in every paradise there is some serpent. That is how it was written in the Bible. And the big serpent Fear is in Man's heart. Why did I do it? I don't know. I am not a born crook but you can get sick of Mr. Nadel and sick of Mr. Schneer and twenty years a bookkeeper is enough. Every dolumn you add don't make you any younger. You work five years and you get a raise. So what? And you work five more and you make $25 a week. And you are a good bookkeeper and never sick a day and always on time, day in, day out, year in and year out, and after twenty years you are a big shot and pull down $35 a week. That makes you a cross-eyed prince and gives you glory in heaven, eh? . . . Well I know a nice girl; but on $35 can you get married? So I figured it out and I said to myself; The hell with it. If my soul can't go to heaven then let's wreck it and let it go to the devil. I fixed up the books and packed away $30,000. At first I wanted to bring her along but then . . . Well, I'm not a born criminal but to make a criminal of an innocent girl, that's too much. This is a one-man job. At least that much I could spare her."

"Does she know?"

"No. Not yet. I am supposed to be on my vacation. They will not suspect it until it is time for me to get back and then when I don't show up, then they will smell a nigger in the woodpile."

"When did you leave New York?"

"Two weeks ago today."

"When are you to return?"

"Tomorrow morning I should be at work."

"Well, you can still make it."

"How can I make it?"

"We could drive you down to Baker and there you catch the night bus for Los Angeles. Then you get the plane in the morning and in less than twenty-four hours you will be in New York. You could wire from Los Angeles, to say you will be along the next day."

His face brightened. The thought of going back to his desk and to his old accustomed life cheered him. He imagined that all his bridges were cut behind him and now . . . But still he had some doubts.

"Supposing it was already discovered?"

"Well," said Mary cheerfully. "You are bringing back the money, aren't you?"

"Yes, that is right."

"Come," said Donaldson. "Let's get going."

Mary went along. While they were driving down to Baker, Herman said: "You know what made me do it? I am trying to figure it out. Every morning you get up at eight o'clock and rush to the office. At ten o'clock you add up all the checks and send the deposit to the bank. At eleven o'clock you make your entries, at twelve-thirty you go to lunch. At two o'clock you check the invoices. And so on every day, every week, every year. It can drive you crazy. What is there to live for? And so I wanted a change, a big adventure. But you can see I am not an out-door man. I guess I am just a plain smoked herring, or you know what I mean, a boob. Yes, nature is a terrible thing, you have to know how to manage with her."

Mary was thinking of something else as they bumped along the gravel road. "Do you have a picture of your girl in your pocket?"

He drew out a snapshot and showed it.

"She is a very nice looking girl," said Mary, "and you will be very lucky to get back to her."

"Yes, I will," he admitted sad-

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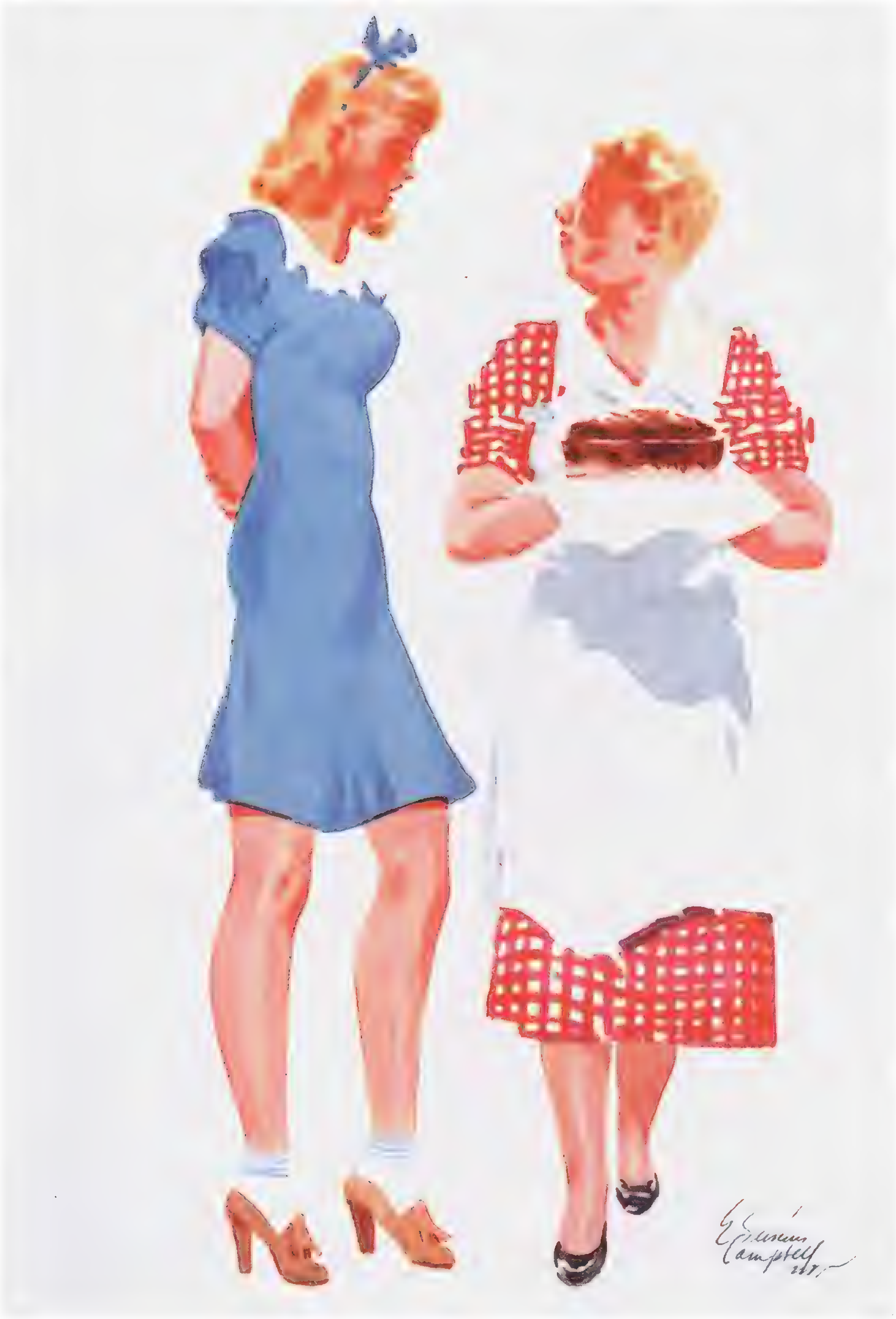
E. Simms Campbell

"Mother, may I use lipstick—I think men are beginning to notice me"

The Serpent in Eden

Continued from pages 47-102

ly. "It's not her fault at all that I did this crazy thing."

As they parted at Baker, Herman said that he never would forget the kindness they extended to him.

"But don't hold it against the desert," pleaded Mary. "We love this country."

He promised not to blame nature for her thorns and he also promised to send the Donaldsons a card.

At Los Angeles he sent a wire to Nadel and Schneer: *Unavoidably delayed in Wild West stop flying stop arriving tomorrow morning. Herman.*

Also, he sent a wire to Ruth. *Having wonderful time but will be happy to get home stop arriving Tuesday. Love, Herman.*

Tuesday morning he was back at his desk in the office and he had a paper parcel which he quickly put into the safe. There were no detectives waiting for him and everything seemed quite the same.

At nine-thirty, Mr. Nadel arrived and Herman went into his office.

"Well you look sunburnt," said Nadel by way of greeting.

"Yes," Herman nodded assent.

"You had a good time?"

"Yes. You got my telegram?"

"Sure. From California you fly! How much does it cost a trip like that?"

"Well, it cost me all I had saved."

"Smart eh. A big sport. Come easy, go easy."

"Yes, Mr. Nadel. After twenty years on a bookkeeper's chair, it was time to see a piece of the world."

"I thought you wanted to get married and have a honeymoon at Atlantic City?"

"Yes, that was four years ago. But on thirty-five dollars a week even a dog can't marry."

"So you must fly from California?"

"I went out in the bus and had to fly back because of . . . Because the time was short."

"Who sits on your time? You take for yourself two weeks' vacation, and supposing you wanted an extra week, who is opposing you? After twenty years who watches you? Herman, how many times must I tell you that you are your own boss?"

"Well then, I would like two things. First I want a certified accountant to come in and look over the books. Just a checkup. And the second thing I would like is a raise in wages."

"It's about time you asked. I was expecting it. When I got your telegram I could see you was flying high and I knew what was coming."

"But Mr. Nadel. I saved you a lot of money."

"Don't argue with me, I got blood pressure. Mark yourself down for fifty dollars a week. But Herman, be sure to send the statements out on time this month. Last month you were late."

"All right, Mr. Nadel."

He stood there and waited. There was something else on his mind.

"One thing more I want to tell you. You know where I went for my vacation?"

"No."

"Death Valley."

"My God. Who picks places like that?"

"And in Death Valley I made up my mind. Ruth and I have been engaged long enough."

"Fine. It takes Death Valley with rattlesnakes to make you marriage conscious. I must remember to tell this to my wife. It's a good joke."

"No. It's no joke. That is how it is and I was just talking to Ruth on the phone and she said if I got the raise then . . ."

"Now I suppose you want two weeks more vacation?"

"That's right. I can post the books up to date and have an accountant over on Thursday and Friday and on Saturday . . . This is our slow season anyway."

"All right. All right. You are your own boss. So. Good luck to you. And better don't talk any more to me otherwise you will be asking me to make you a partner in the business. It's a joke. And, Herman, before you go, please write a strong letter to Kalt Brothers and inform them that their bill is four months overdue and if we do not hear by return mail . . . We have lawyers . . . You know what to write."

"Yes, I know."

A week later Herman sent the Donaldsons a picture postcard from Atlantic City.

They Called Him "Town Burner"

Continued from page 84

ess, wearing for the occasion a strange ante-bellum kind of dress, serving dinner and bossing the Negro help while she held a week-old fawn in the crook of her arm! The dinner, of a sumptuousness surprising in the rural fastness of this region. . . .

And the aged host himself—gray fierce little McCausland, who had served as assistant professor under Stonewall Jackson at Virginia Military Institute in the '50's; had known Robert E. Lee while the latter was a plain major general of Virginia's provisional army; had led his yelling gray cavalry squadrons against Hunter and Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia while he was still a youngster; and, as a sort of sinister climax for an otherwise brilliant military career, had gone raiding up into Pennsylvania and won for himself at Chambersburg that unenviable title of "town-burner." There he sat before me in the flesh—embittered, embattled, unbent—the last Confederate stronghold.

Dinner over, the General led the way back to his rather sparsely furnished library. It was a man's room—saddles and bridles in one corner; bookshelves low about the three walls; some pictures and documents, framed, on the walls. A gold-hilted saber; some cavalry pistols. We sat smoking a few moments while I watched the beetling brows, relaxed a little today so that you could see his eyes twinkling.

"That piece you had in the *Times* certainly stirred things up," he remarked and the first smile I had ever seen on his face now wrinkled it. "I've been getting letters from people I never heard of and from men I thought were dead long ago. Most of 'em friendly. Not all, but most. It has cheered me up considerably—it's a little lonely being the last Confederate General.[*]" He lapsed off into a reverie.

Taking advantage of his mood, I leaned over and touched his knee.

"General, (and this was the real reason I had called to see him) I want you to tell me the true version of that Chambersburg business so that—"

I didn't finish. Instantly, McCausland swung around in his chair, his eyes blazing, his slight, rather decrepit figure tense, his bristly white mustache pulled tightly back from his remarkably white teeth, his shaky veinous hands gripping his chair arms. For a moment he glared at me, not speaking; then, as though he remembered something that would mitigate his anger, he relaxed in his chair and sighed. After a pause he began again. And now his voice had become low and gentle. The apparent rancor had disappeared. His was now the voice of the cultured gentleman—the old-time college professor. He seemed to be speaking half to himself.

"Chambersburg—that name has been one of unpleasant significance to me. I didn't think when I rode with my men up on the hills back of the town that day in 1864, that I would ever come to detest the name. But I have! Not the town, nor the people—just the name and all that it has since meant in my life." He leaned forward in his chair. There was something almost wistful in his lined face.

"I am an old man," he said, "and I haven't much longer to stay here. Since you ask me, I am going to tell you of that Chambersburg matter just as it happened. And I hope you'll get it straight. I've been misquoted so many times! The Chambersburg people have been having their say for all these years. Before I die I'd like to have my say though I don't care whether you publish it now or after I've gone."

He slammed the arm of his chair.

"God, how they hate me—those Pennsylvania people! Why? Because I made that raid. They say I am crazy when I make any explanation of it. They say that burning their town was a dastardly act, that I fired on helpless women and children. That I am not entitled to the consideration accorded civilized soldiers. They say I ought to apologize. Well, young man, my memory is very clear. My conscience is clear. And I have no apology to make."

The General arose slowly and took down from the wall a framed document which he handed me. It was his commission as brigadier general and was signed by both Jefferson Davis and Robert Lee.

"I held a commission in the Confederate army straight through to Appomattox—lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier. And I don't feel that I did anything to disgrace the uniform. If I had, do you suppose Lee would have let it go unreprimanded? Well, search the official correspondence and you won't find any such reprimand contained there."

I realized that this was true, but also recalled that Lee had at no time *defended* McCausland's action. General John B. Gordon, I also knew, was reported to have said that Lee was shocked at the occurrence. My host was speaking again—speaking as though he were reciting something he had memorized long ago letter perfect:

"I was assistant professor to Tom Jackson at V.M.I. at Lexington, in April of '61. General Lee was forming his new army at Richmond. He sent for me. I can see him now—erect, not too tall, kindly, calm. His hair wasn't gray then and he didn't have a beard, but his mustache was heavy.

" 'McCausland' he said, 'I want you to go over to your own country—to the Western counties of the State and recruit three regiments of infantry and one of artillery!'

"I managed to raise that force all right but it was pretty hard work out here in the West. We were too close to the Ohio River to know who was Yank and who was Secesh. I was a colonel then and we marched out with old General Wise's army."

McCausland, in the War, seems not to have drawn any attention to speak of, until Fort Donelson. As colonel of infantry he was there with Buckner fighting and doing his job. But when Buckner was all for throwing up the sponge and acceding to Grant's demand for unconditional surrender, McCausland then and there risked arrest for insubordination by refusing absolutely to surrender. The word, he says, was "damned distasteful" to him. So he gathered a few de-

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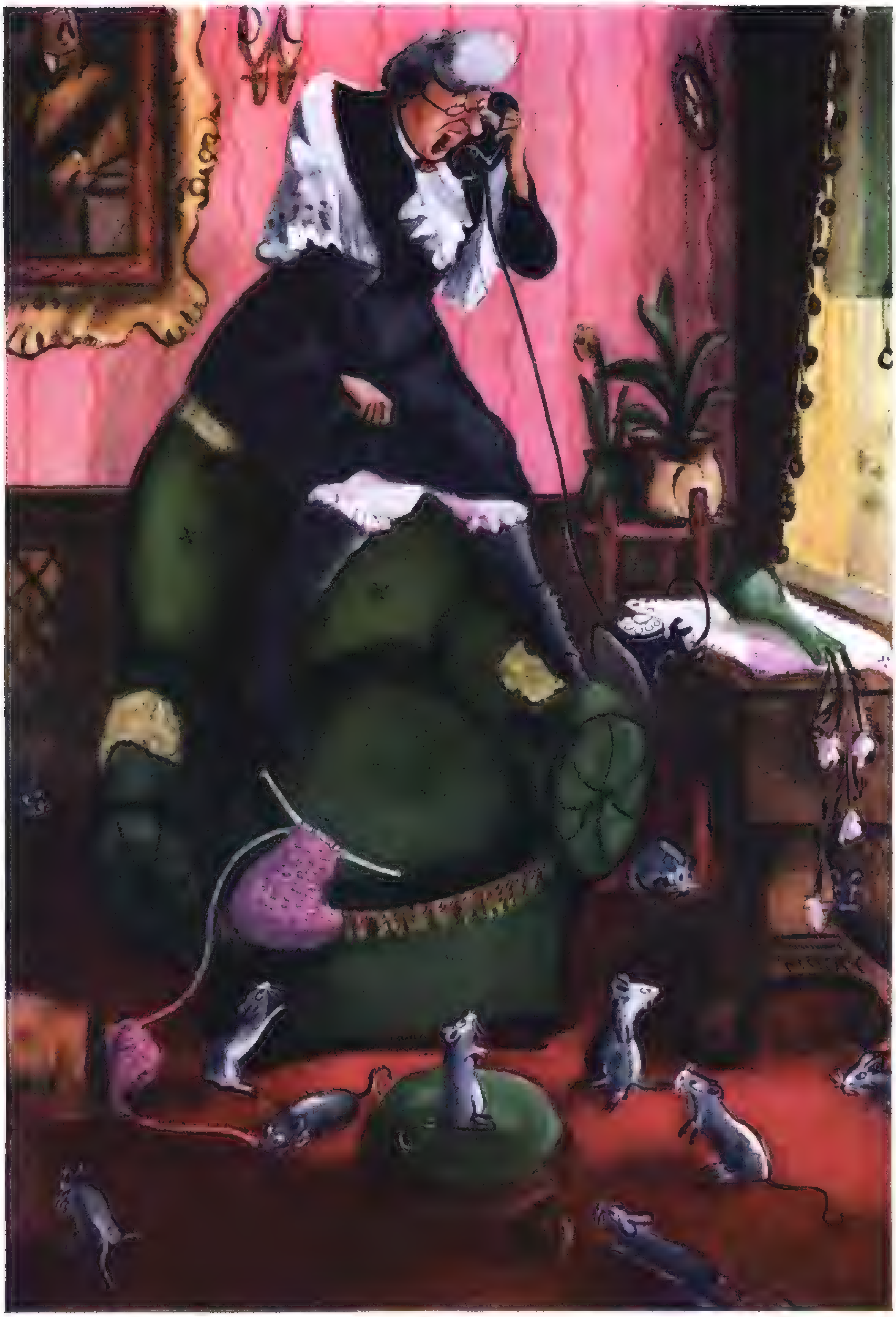
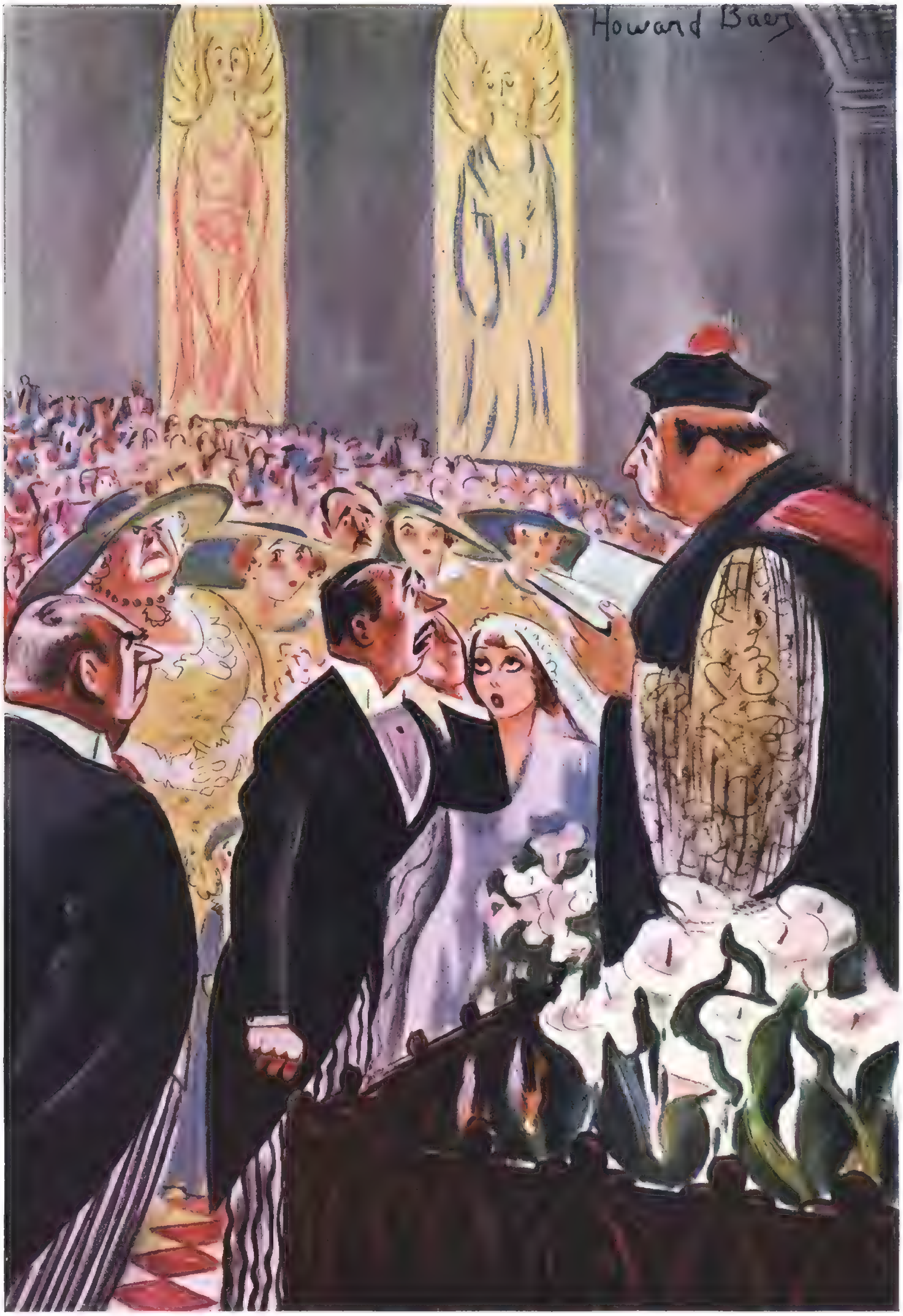


"Hello, Disney studios? Mickey Mouse and some friends are raising hell in my parlor"


Howard Baer

"I hate to interrupt the service, Bishop, but I'm supposed to be the best man"

They Called Him "Town Burner"

Continued from pages 84-104

tachments of infantry and artillery together, led a sortie out of the doomed fort, stole stealthily through the woods to the Cumberland River. Here he seized a broken-down little steamboat, fired her up, loaded on his men and escaped to within the Confederate lines. He brought off half his command in this way and won for himself commendation from the high quarters in Richmond. Later, that forthright old cusser and strategist, Jubal A. Early, asked for the young West Virginian. Early was having a hard time fighting Sheridan and Hunter in the Shenandoah Valley and could use such a man.

"General Albert Gallatin Jenkins was killed in the battle of Cloyd's Mountain in 'Sixty-three," resumed McCausland. "General Lee placed me in command of his old brigade of cavalry. I call it cavalry. It really wasn't anything but mounted infantry—mostly western Virginia boys who had formed their local militia companies and joined up with us. They had the makings of fine soldiers—none better. But they were undisciplined. The horses were mere skeletons—most all Confederate horses were skeletons in 'Sixty-three and four. Our uniforms were ragged. We carried little or no rations and had to live off the country we happened to be marching through.

"I found myself in the spring of 1864 with this brigade and that of General Bradley T. Johnson making up the advance guard of General Early's army. For months we kept up a running fight with the Federals—they driving us one day; we hot on their trail the next. Then in June, Lee ordered us to push on down the Valley (that is, north) toward the Potomac, threatening Washington.

"I don't think many people, North or South, realize how close Washington came to falling into Rebel hands that summer of 1864. If you had gone up to the dome of the Capitol in the city and looked southwestward with a spy glass, you could have seen Early's battle-flags away down there in the northern reaches of the Valley. Years afterwards"—again the general smiled his rare smile, the muscles of his face, it seemed to me, responding reluctantly as though from continued disuse—"I told General Grant, when he was campaigning for president, that the last time I was in Washington was 'Sixty-four. He asked me if I was in disguise. 'Oh no,' I told him, 'I rode with my staff into the defenses of Georgetown. Your entire defending garrison had deserted! Your capital was practically undefended! I sat there on a big gun and looked at the lights and wished I had men enough to go ahead and capture the place and end the damned war!'

"Up there in the northern end of the Shenandoah Valley in the neighborhood of Charlestown and Harper's Ferry, we found plenty of evidences of Hunter's work. Homes of prominent Confederates had been burned to the ground. The houses of John Letcher, former Virginia governor, and Andrew Hunter and J. R. Boteler, members of the Confederate Congress, and the home of E. J. Lee, a relative of our Commanding General, all had been destroyed. There were others, of course, but these were the principal homes. And just about the time General Early was getting his dander up, cussin' the Yankees good and proper, news came that Hunter had burned Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. He destroyed the library and chemical laboratory, and some of the other buildings. That was my old *alma mater* where I had taught with old Stonewall. It didn't make me feel very happy, you can well believe.

"Hunter kept us busy guarding the approaches from Washington into the Valley. There was a lot of talk that General Averill's Yankee cavalry was coming hell bent from the North. A courier came to me . . . I recall it was late evening on July 28. General Early and his staff were several miles away over the Page Valley near Luray, just beyond the Massinutton mountain. My men had just dismounted and were making camp and getting ready to eat what rations they could find. I was sitting there on my horse talking to Nick Fitzhugh, my adjutant, when this courier handed me a dispatch from Early.

"I opened it and when I read those first lines I nearly fell out of the saddle. He ordered me in a very few words to make a retaliatory raid and give the Yankees a taste of their own medicine. The job wasn't pleasant to contemplate. In the first place I had a mighty small force to invade the North. Averill and his big army could gobble me up in no time. And the kind of work assigned to me wasn't the sort that appealed to me either. But when you are a soldier you have to do a lot of things you don't like. Now, young fellow, I want you to note this carefully." Again the General rose, went over to the long row of bookshelves against the west wall and selected a thick red volume—the *Memoirs of Lieut. Gen. Jubal A. Early, C. S. A.* It was evidently a book to which he referred frequently for McCausland did not blow dust from the edges.

"Those people up in Pennsylvania have been saying that burning Chambersburg was my idea. Read what Early says about it." His gnarled, twisted old finger indicated a place on the page:

> (*From "Lieutenant General Jubal A. Early," Lippincott, 1912) page 401 and 402.*
>
> "The town of Chambersburg in Pennsylvania was selected as the one on which retaliation should be made, and McCausland was ordered to proceed, with his brigade and that of Bradley Johnson and a battery of artillery, to that place and demand of the municipal authorities the sum of $100,000 in gold or $500,000 in U. S. currency, as a compensation for the destruction of the property named [the private homes noted elsewhere and their contents]; and in default of payment to lay the town in ashes. A written demand to that effect was sent to the authorities, and they were informed what would be the result of a failure or refusal to comply with it. For I desired to give the people of Chambersburg an opportunity of saving their town, by making compensation for part of the injury done, and hoped the payment of such a sum would have the effect of causing the adoption of a different policy."
>
> Footnote, page 404. "For this act I alone am responsible, as the officers engaged in it were simply executing my orders and had no discretion left them. Notwithstanding the lapse of time which has occurred and the result of the war, I see no reason to regret my conduct. . . ."

"He's certainly distinct enough," I said after reading it.

"You'll see by that," the General continued, "what my orders were. That ought to answer the charge that in burning their town I was wreaking my own private vengeance. Good God! I had nothing against their town! My orders were definite and final: I was to go to Chambersburg, demand a ransom. Failing to get the money, I was to burn the town. We needed food, clothes, shoes and forage for the horses—all the things that the Federal soldiers in the South had been helping themselves to. And I still believe it was Early's idea that part of this ransom money (if we got it) was to be used to buy supplies for our men and part to go to reimburse the citizens whose homes had been destroyed by Hunter. You see there that I was instructed to give the Chambersburg people a chance to raise the ransom money. . . . Tell me, did you ever hear of Sherman or Hunter or Sheridan giving our people a chance to ransom their homes before burning them?"

Once more the General paused. He was, I found, short winded and his frequent stops were for rest. He did not appear to be trying to *recall* anything. Each statement he made seemed to be astoundingly fresh in his mind where he could, so to speak, lay his hands on it. He was speaking with the ease of a seasoned college professor addressing his class.

"As a professional soldier, Early's idea did not appeal to me. Left to myself I should have followed General Lee's example. In 1862 Jeb Stuart had taken his cavalry on a raid into Chambersburg, but burned no private property. General Lee and General A. P. Hill in the Gettysburg campaign in 1863 also came to Chambersburg. You recall Lee's army molested no private property. Lee issued strict orders against it. But for all that, I could see some justice of Early's demand for a ransom. A short time before, the cities of Frederick and Hagerstown, Maryland, had paid him ransoms under similar circumstances, and he had every reason to believe that Chambersburg would do the same. And there was another thing: Early believed that if the North got a sample of what their own armies were doing in the South, the result might be a let-up in the destruction of private property down in our country. Anyway my orders left me no alternative.

"We crossed the Potomac at McCoy's ferry near Martinsburg. We rode under the viaduct of the old Chesapeake and Ohio canal. We proceeded on over the National Road and struck north on the Clear Spring Pike to Chambersburg by way of Mercersburg. I don't know just how far it is from Martinsburg to Chambersburg. Around seventy-five miles, I think. I had the two brigades—Bradley Johnson's and my own—about 2,600 men in all, and we kept running into detachments of Averill's pickets. But they didn't stop us. We pushed right along. . . ."

And so, from the heights above Chambersburg very early on July 30, 1864, behold the audacious little force of invading Rebels dismounting, unlimbering their guns and looking down upon an astonished town—pretty, comfortable, wealthy Chambersburg, which lay basking in the first dawn light. The city's astonishment must have changed to dismay as, from that long threatening gray line drawn up in the distance, came a puff of smoke and the dull boom of a six-pounder Parrott gun and the whine of a shot pirooting over.

"We fired one shot across the town," the high-pitched voice went on. "Notice what I say, *across* the town, not *into* it. That shot was simply the signal that we had taken possession—in the same way, you understand, that a ship at sea will fire across the bow of another ship to bring it to a halt. The shot was not meant to do any damage, and it did none. I could see through my glass that it kicked up some dirt in a plowed field 'way over beyond the city, a mile away.

"Then I left Bradley Johnson in charge of the men and rode with my staff and some orderlies down into the town. Our reception wasn't exactly cordial. I got an idea then of how the Yankees must feel when they rode into some hostile Southern town. The townspeople stayed indoors for the most part. But they shook their fists and shouted at our dirty gray uniforms and I reckon we did look like a lot of tramps. I rode up to the city hall. A few citizens came to see me. I told them to gather some of the city's authorities together, that I had a proclamation to read them. Then I sent some members of my staff out through the town to locate the proper officials. They couldn't locate one. Every last one had deserted.

"There was only one thing I could do. A pretty good crowd had collected and was standing about on the sidewalks staring at us. I read Early's proclamation to them

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They Called Him "Town Burner"

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and told them to hunt up their town officers and explain what was in the wind. I informed them I would wait six hours, as they were too excited to come to any agreement then. If at the expiration of that time they had not complied with General Early's demand for $100,000 in gold or $500,000 in greenbacks, I would have to burn their town in accordance with my orders.

"Before long, groups of citizens came to me. Some were willing to pay the ransom. Some not. Most of them didn't believe us. They were thinking, I reckon, of how well our men had behaved on former occasions when they had come North. I remember hearing on all sides: 'They won't burn any town!' 'Don't pay the dirty Rebels any money!' 'You'd better clear out of here, you damned Rebels. A big force of our men will be here soon!'

"And some of them," said General McCausland, "were women's voices.

"I urged the citizens to comply, giving them all the reasons I could think of. I told them plainly what they might expect if they didn't pay up. I showed them Early's signed order. And I showed that order to my officers so they would know what they were doing and why. One of my officers, Major Gilmer, long afterwards wrote a book which he called *Four Years in the Saddle*, and he says distinctly in that book that I showed him the order—Oh, all right, Sissy."

This last remark the General addressed to his daughter who came in with coffee and homemade cake.

In a moment he had ceased to be a college professor lecturing his class and had become a host—a rather grim and glowering, but courteous, host.

He dropped the subject of Chambersburg, and fell to telling me of the historic gatherings of ex-Confederate generals at White Sulphur Springs in the years just after the war. Days, these were, when Beauregard and Joe Johnson and John B. Hood and John Pegram and William Loring and the old chief Robert Lee all foregathered to drink of the Sulphur waters and fight over old battles.

Those were times when some of the former Rebel officers were all for taking service abroad. The Khedive of Egypt had his agents there at White Sulphur making seductive overtures to the competitive erstwhile Confeds. One general, McCausland told me, William Wing Loring, who had marched through this same western Virginia in 1862, accepted. The Khedive made him Loring Pasha, gave him $50,000 a year, and sent him down into the Sudan with a big army to subdue the Dervishes.

"In three years, by God," he went on, "Loring turned up in New York alone, his mind unhinged, his army gone and he unable to give any account of it. . . ."

The little old man put down his coffee cup. He settled back in his armchair, his usually tense and wasted figure for once completely at ease, his eyes softened. He was gazing out of the window over the wide sweep of a three-hundred-acre field which, on my former visit in May, had been a sea of rippling wheat. Now, in late November, it was barren and rainsoaked. Little gullies had washed down across it and were gurgling merrily to the swollen Kanawha racing past a mile away. It seemed to me that the whole landscape, under the pounding rain, was tending toward the river. And my aged host, I felt, who in his mid-May had gone out recklessly raiding through the land, realized now in the bleak winter of his time that he too was tending rapidly toward another dark river that encircles the world.

I was about to speak and recall his thoughts when he voluntarily took up his story at precisely the point he had left off when the coffee had come in.

"I waited six hours for the terms of that proclamation to be complied with. Now, I know the Chambersburg people have said again and again that I read no proclamation and gave them no chance to raise the money. But what I tell you is true. They made absolutely no effort to collect any ransom money. They wouldn't accept Early's proclamation in earnest. They didn't believe he would do what he said. So there was no other course left me."

"General, just a moment," I interrupted. "Before firing the town, did you give the people a chance to leave?"

Again he swung about: "A chance? Dammit! Certainly I did. I told them they could take whatever papers they wanted from their courthouse and as much of their private property as they wished. Not only that, I sent some of my men to help them. It took a good deal of urging. The citizens still wouldn't believe us. People, you know, hate to leave their homes even in the face of flood or fire. But we got them out finally. Then I sent my men out with torches, beginning with the central blocks of the town. Soon the major portion of the city was ablaze. The people had been driven to the hills and fields beyond the town."

The voice had sunk so low I could scarcely hear it. He looked all of his almost ninety years as he sat there.

"General," I inquired, "was anyone killed?"

"One man"—in the same low tone—"a young private of my command who was shot by some citizens from ambush after we had left the town. And that reminds me, just the other day I received a letter from a former resident of Chambersburg who said he had had the remains of that Southern boy placed in his own private burying ground with a marker on his grave, and every Memorial Day those Pennsylvania people put flowers on his grave. And that," added the old man, softened still, "is the most generous thing I ever heard of."

He resumed: "About noon our troops formed in line on the high ground back of Chambersburg right where we had been stationed that early morning. We began our march back to the Potomac. We camped at McConnellsville that night. We reached the river next day at Hancock, Maryland, crossed over and soon were in Virginia again."

John McCausland exhaled a long breath. "That," he said with a certain weariness of manner as though he had at last said something that he had wanted for a long time to say, "is the truth about the burning of Chambersburg. It was a nasty job to have to do. I was acting under orders. Otherwise I wouldn't have burned the place. And yet, when you recall the way the Northern armies raided private property in the South—without giving our people a chance to pay a ransom even if they could—Early's idea was sensible and justified. Fair retaliation.

On that raid, our troops marched through more than one hundred miles of hostile territory. We executed all our orders with promptness and regularity; what we did was done at all times in keeping with the rules governing civilized warfare."

He considered a moment.

"No, I don't feel that I have any apology to make. But before I die I would like to have it generally known that in burning Chambersburg I was not actuated by any personal animosity."

"And was that all, General?"

"All? Not by a damn sight!" At once he became his old self again—fiery, indignant at the memory of long years in which he had been held up to scorn and abuse. McCausland held that (in his case at least) the "Appomattox program" had not been carried out.

That program, one recalls, involved the well known parole which made each Confederate soldier a "prisoner on parole" to remain unmolested so long as he was a peaceful citizen. But—

The War had been over only a short time when a Chambersburg editor named McClure, feeling that the hot-headed West Virginian had not been dealt with severely enough, got out a warrant for McCausland's arrest on the charge of arson. General Bradley Johnson was arrested on a train near Washington in 'Sixty-six. McCausland, however, had gone to Mexico where he remained during the Maximilian regime. Later he sailed for Europe and finally, when he believed the hostility had quieted down, came back to his wide acres in West Virginia.

But the end was not yet. Pennsylvania could not forget any more than the South could forget her wrongs. More, also, here in a section close to the Ohio River, McCausland was continually a marked man, a man living in constant apprehension of arrest. Frequently hostility flared out openly. But McCausland had powerful friends in Washington who were pushing his claims before President Andrew Johnson. Judge Nathan Harrison, of the 9th Judicial Circuit, took the matter up with General Grant. And Grant—

"Grant remembered me,"—again the reluctant smile—"A long time before the War he used to live in my old home in St. Louis, with his cousin Jim Dent, whose home was next door to ours. That was after Grant had had to leave the army for drunkenness, but before the War."

There was an old secretary in one corner of the room. From this the last of Lee's Old Guard drew a dusty envelope marked in his thin handwriting, "Chambersburg."

Silently he handed me a sheet from it—a yellowed official-looking letter in a clear official-looking handwriting.

It read:

> Headquarters, Armies of the
> United States
> Washington, D. C.,
> March 8, 1867
>
> Dear Judge:
>
> In response to your application of this date to have John McCausland, a paroled prisoner of war, exempted from trial for acts done by him during the war (by direction of officers recognized by him as superiors) I can . . . only give my views, as one of the parties to the parole, on the subject. I have held, and have so recorded my views officially in substance, that the parole taken by officers and soldiers who were engaged in rebellion against the Government exempted them from trial or punishment for all acts of war, recognized by civilized governments, by order of their recognized superiors, so long as they observe, in good faith, the terms of this parole.
>
> This opinion does not extend to protection against acts of Congress such as refer to the property and political condition of the prisoner, but exclusively to his personal security and freedom from prosecution by local courts.
>
> (Signed) U. S. GRANT, General
>
> To Judge N. Harrison,
> Eighth Judicial Circuit,
> West Va.

"That statement from General Grant was all that was needed. I received a full pardon in a very short time." said John McCausland.

But pardon or not, McCausland lived to the end of his days, in 1927, unforgiven by that pleasant Pennsylvania town which he once laid waste.

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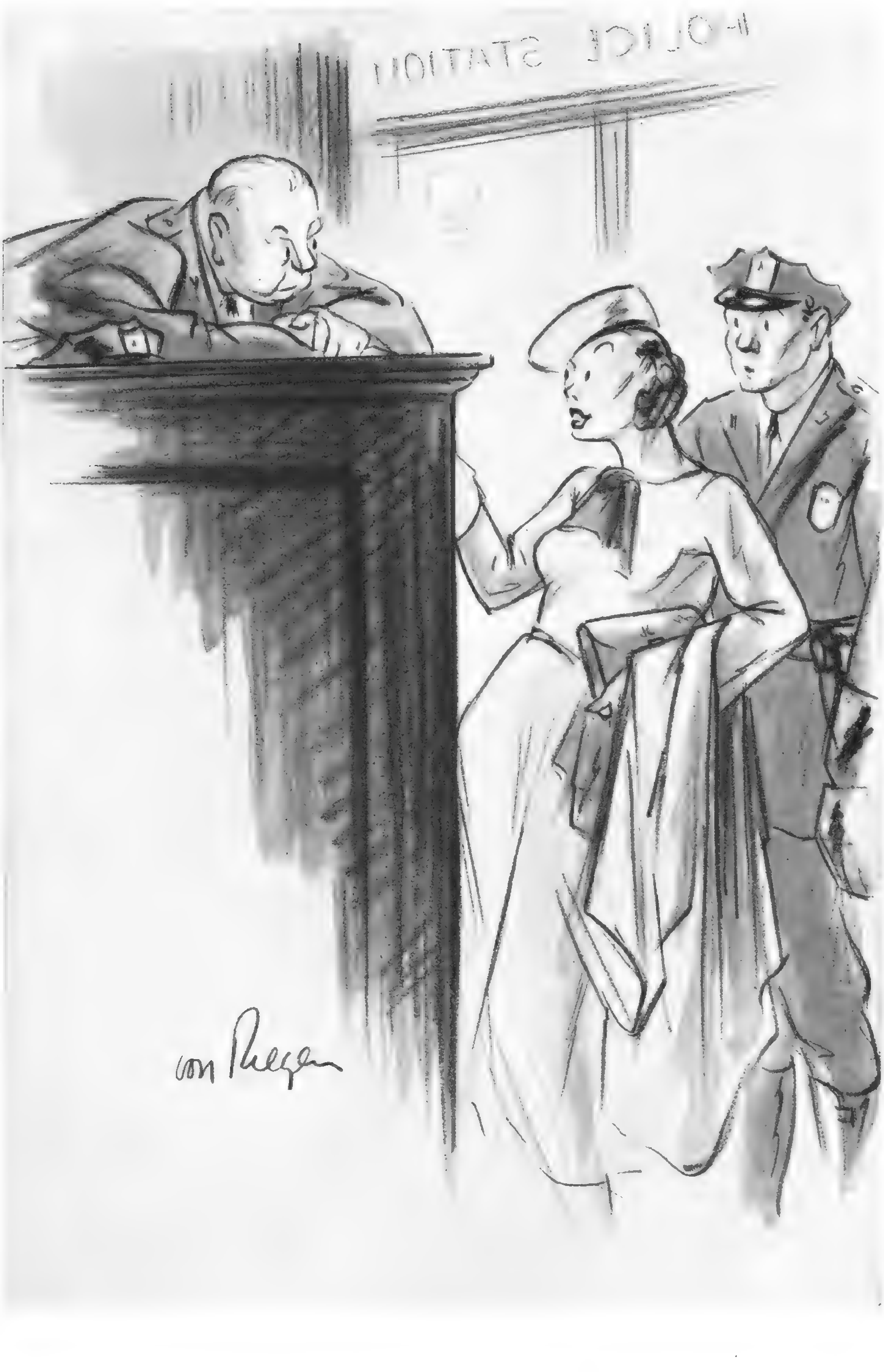
*In saying that he was the last Confederate general, McCausland was almost but not quite correct. He was the last of Lee's Old Guard—the Army of Northern Virginia. General Felix Robertson of Texas was living then. He served in the Southwest. He also has since then died.



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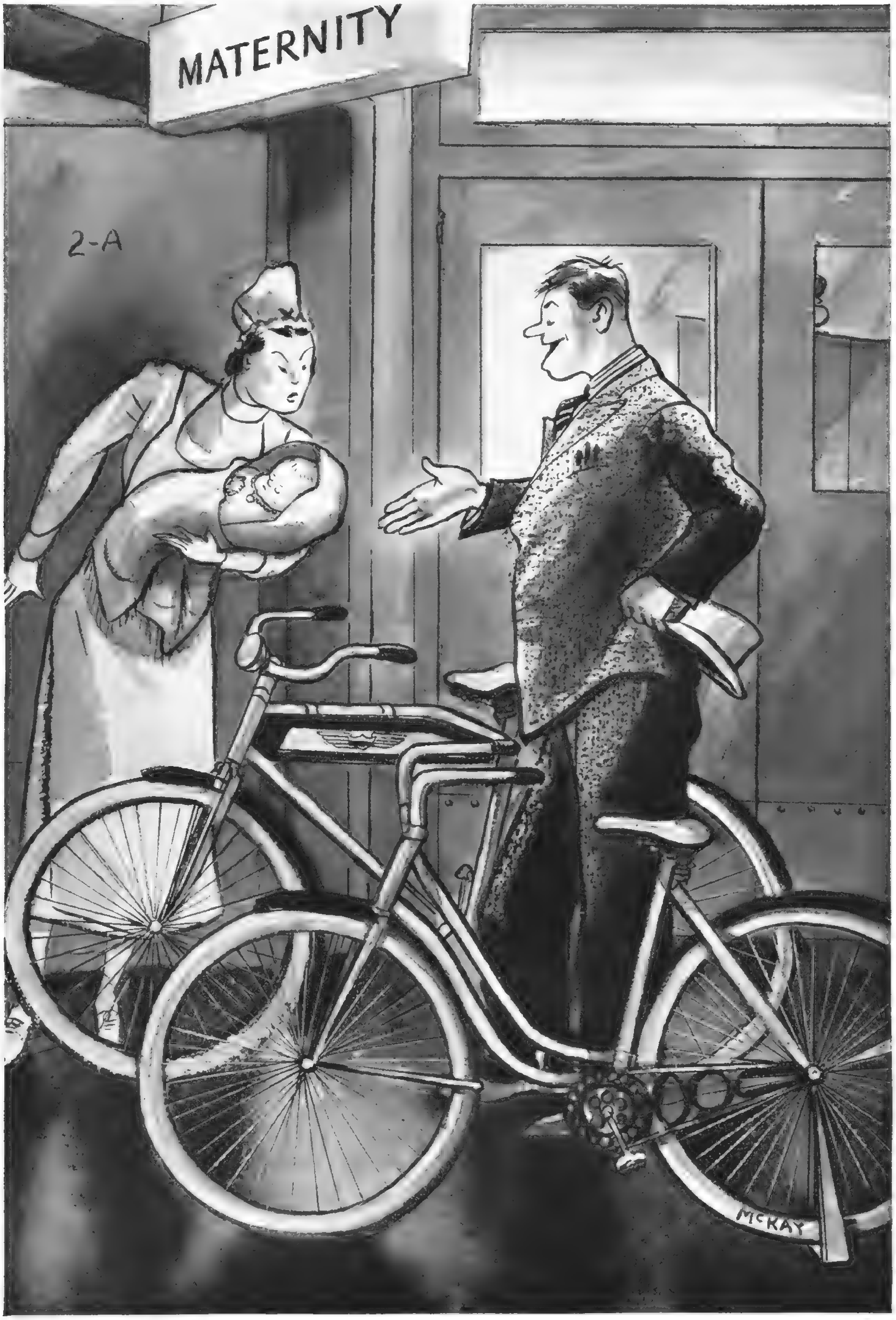
MATERNITY
2-A
McKAY

"Well, which bicycle shall I take back?"

Beautiful Colors

Continued from page 48

target too hard, and bounce back out of the money. Most of us spent more time in practice than in competition because we were good conscientious athletes. I was always distinctly second-rate, but not so bad that I ever had to descend to buying pictures. And, luckily, my Uncle Winslow went a long way towards making up for my father's shortcomings. He could smoke cigarettes with the best of them.

Prize fighters and ball players were the chief, if not the sole subjects, of these gems, and I cannot help wondering, somewhat apprehensively, what cigarette pictures would be like if they came back into vogue again. All-American football players would probably merit a series, but I cannot escape the feeling that athletes would come off second best, and that screen and radio stars would enjoy the most popularity with modern youth. Perhaps it would be all for the best, but somehow or other I cannot stomach the thought of red-blooded boys gambling for Greta Garbos, Shirley Temples, Robert Taylors, Jeanette MacDonalds, Eddie Cantors, or even Mickey Mice. Not in a world full of Joe Louises, Max Schmelings, Joe DiMaggios, Dizzy Deans, Joe Medwicks and Carl Hubbells. Charlie McCarthy perhaps. That's as far as I'd be willing to go. At any rate I can't imagine my generation going for Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels or Wallace Reid.

The youngsters of today—the ones I've encountered at any rate—haven't nearly the knowledge that we had of the batting averages and knock-out victims of our diamond and pugilistic heroes. And there again, the demise of cigarette pictures is the answer. Cigarette pictures were informative as well as decorative. The backs of them were not blank. They were covered, in fine print, with the records of their subjects I knew how many years Cobb had batted over four hundred and how many unfortunates had succumbed to Sam Langford's withering right. I didn't have to read papers or listen to the radio. Cigarette pictures were best. When you get complete statistics combined with esthetics of the highest type, you have an educational medium that is hard to improve on. Modern kids can have *Snow White and the Dwarfs* in technicolor, and they can have their Buck Rogers programs. I wouldn't swap a genuine Mecca Jim Jeffries for a dozen of them. #

Drama on the Sea Floor

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ing of this knotty problem. The anemones strained toward him in growing agitation, screening the water for scraps from his table; and anon the broad golden circle of luminance on the surface of the water that was the sun, disappeared and night added itself to the dimness and mystery of the scene. And when dawn came the end had been accomplished. Three of the largest and most voracious of the anemones had left the rock on which they had dwelt for heaven and themselves knew how many years, and affixed themselves to the back of the Hermit's shell in some nautical and recondite fashion of their own, as if they had grown there. They had, in fact, become fixtures.

Then the Hermit set out upon a venturesome journey of exploration along the reef wall, seeking new and richer hunting grounds. As he went he resembled a sea anemone on legs; or, on second view a whelk moving at a clip no whelk was ever known to move, or a weird hobgoblin staggering under an incredible burden. Of the Hermit himself nothing was now visible but his lower legs at intervals, and the business ends of his formidable forceps—cleavers, cutlasses, broadswords—call them what you will. He sought no sheltered byways now, but marched with open defiance in the broadest clearest spaces, for fear and caution had been erased overnight from the category of his life. All he had to do in dangerous territory now was to hunker down in the sand and pass himself off for a cluster of anemones on a rock and the grimmest, burliest and hungriest prowlers passed him by, for sea anemones are horrid, meatless, squelchy creatures, vile of scent and abominable of taste, and no sea creature would think of molesting them.

He had assumed other burdens in place of caution, however; the paying of a heavy toll of food, for instance, to the ever-hungry dwellers on his roof, and the steady job of packing the latter about, together with his stolen house, for certain a goodly price to pay when all was said and done.

As he traveled at his slow and cumbersome pace the Hermit passed through wondrous realms and encountered strange and furtive denizens of the bottom, most of whom would have spelled his finish had it not been for the anemones. He trod upon a black ray, flat as a pancake, half-buried in the sand, who started up with hideous flappings, lashing about him with a whip-like tail, spined like a devil's; he passed a tiered apartment house in the coral, peopled by his relatives the edible crabs all sitting in their doorways, their black-tipped forceps thrust out ready for action; passed a fat Quad jellyfish, flowing along with its four rubbery tails trailing, showing plainly through its transparent undersides, five small fish swimming complacently about inside him.

Then he clambered through an opening in the reef to the deep-sea side, and journeyed down and down along a submarine mountain slope into another world where his life wouldn't have been worth the snap of a pincer the day before. Here tangled thickets of sea shrubs grew and the valleys were densely wooded fastnesses just as on the mountains of the upper world, except that the growths were of fantastic form and shade. Vast tree-like crinoids stood in groves along the sunken terraces, their bleached arms writhing in attitudes grotesque and tortured; huge sponges of millennial growth and height stood out like forest monarchs amid choking thickets of coral, flaming sea gorgonias and snake-like Hydrozoa. A weird cosmos where one would not wonder at encountering a rose bush with wings or a suckling pig with roots.

The Hermit wasted no time in wondering at anything except his new and novel sense of daring. Small wonder when, for instance, a barracuda many feet long came rushing at him like a torpedo out of the shadows, its crocodile jaws agape, swerved suddenly no more than two feet off to go shooting away into the green gloom again like a deflected lance at sight of the flaming discs of sea anemones. And again when a great skate nosing and rooting along through the silt in the noxious manner of his kind, came upon him and flung his flabby weight clear off and to one side as if he had run onto a viper—again it was the anemones that did it. Oh, yes, the anemone ruse was a neat wrinkle, no doubt of it, and like most creatures, humans included, the Hermit became a bit more inflated over his prowess than was good for him.

Down and down and down he traveled, into the dim, dank and mysterious world of the depths, where he had been too poor and timid to journey hitherto; through the whole gamut of the ocean's greenish spectrum; past sunlight and emerald green, past chrome and jade and jasper, into a realm of still cold and indigo twilight where such a thing as the light of day was never even guessed at. And even in this unknown realm his new fine system proved efficient.

Weird nightmare forms of the lower gulfs, all gaping mouths and bulbous bellies, drew close to investigate him, but let him pass; deep-sea crabs of a size never seen in the upper world, blue-black and measuring a foot across their carapaces, rushed at him with glowing eyes, great claws clashing in a truly terrible and apocalyptic manner, but these too let the pilgrim pass, as did a bleached white cuttlefish, all writhing arms and little snapping beaks. Conqueror of a new world, he turned back at last toward the realm of light and color from depths that were bitter with a knife-like cold and black waters pressed about him like the hand of Fate. But it was hunger, not fear, that drove him. General hard times seemed to have hit those parts; food—at least, such food as he had ever known—was not to be had in this abyss.

It was now that the sword which hangs low over every deep-sea dweller, descended upon him in his arrogance. Three days had elapsed since he had left the surface waters and during that time things had been happening up above. It was mid-winter and therefore high summer in those sub-tropical parts, time of breeding storms. The usually silvery tranquil roof of the water world was dark and heaving with passing waves as he came slowly upward and dull reverberations told of breakers smashing on the reef. The Hermit passed swift companies of mullet and mackerel all pointing out to sea. As he neared the reef wall the whole sea surface bellied, heaved and broke about him, like the top of a great tent rending in the teeth of a gale. Then the Hermit likewise strove to escape seaward for his very life's sake, but the seas were too much for him. He was tossed, banged and battered against the reef rocks; sucked back and battered down again. His new fortress, instead of being a sheet anchor to windward, as they have it, was nothing but a millstone round his neck. Without it he could have gained to safety seaward; with it he was the plaything of every wave, yet relinquish it he could not. Who ever heard of a crab giving up anything once he had got hold of it? They are keyed to a tenacity compared to which English bulldogs are merely tempermental.

Ahrrrrr-ooomph! The grandfather of all the waves that had been making caught the Hermit in a blinding smother of foam, tossed him aloft and hurled him clean over the reef wall as it crashed to bits against it. He lodged among the rocks. Here at least all would be safe again as it always had been. But no. The storm that was on was the worst in all the Hermit's natural history. The reef which had always been a wall against all danger, was no longer such. The cruel green mysterious underworld of water that had reared and mothered him seemed bent on blotting him out. Vast snarling combers with white manes flying, leapt the reef wall, plowing up the very sands. Things that had never moved before, moved now; the very mussels were ripped from their rocky beds.

Shoreward the Hermit went hurtling, clutching and clawing for anchorhold. In vain. Another solid jade green wall engulfed

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Drama on the Sea Floor

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him, spun him as it grounded, whirling him far up the beach in a hissing cascade of creamy foam. Small wonder, for all about him sizable rocks ripped from the bottom, big as cobbles, were being churned, ground and clashed together like castanets. A minute later another wave flung him still higher up the shore, tamping him deep in the swirling sand, and the next one all but completed the process of burying him.

All the rest of that day and the night that followed he lay there, just beyond the lash of the water. He still stuck tight to his shell. He had to now. No chance to get back to the sea now if he had tried.

When the next day dawned and the sea began to subside, the Hermit was still there, still anchored to his shell, but he was buried for his pains, all but an air hole he had managed to keep open. The very line of the shore and the wall of the reef without were changed and hardly recognizable after the night's fury. Many things that had never lain high and dry before lay there now, including a sixty-foot whale, grounded in the shallows like a small island, vainly lashing spume forty feet high in his efforts to beat out to sea again. The storm must have played with him there, half through the terrible night, but there was a bit left in him yet. When the huge horizontal flukes of his tail, that could crush in the sides of a rowboat as a man crushes a cardboard box, fell with a thunderous report, it shook the whole beach and drenched the Hermit forty feet away with spray.

Toward midday a squat, nut-brown native appeared upon the shore. He sighted the dying monster, shaded his eyes a moment and ran shouting. Other natives came carrying spears and harpoons, followed by shock-haired women who danced upon the shingle. Crueler than the scavengers who waited for life to pass, the humans slew the monster amid a welter of blood and foam. All day they came and went carrying meat and blubber. They trod upon the Hermit's shell, driving him deeper into the sand. Then the wheeling sea birds closed in from above and the sea jackals from below, drawn from afar by the blood taint in the waters.

Stealthily the Hermit dug himself free of the sand, but lift his shell house clear, he could not. That was a matter for time and tides and patient excavation. But never a thought of abandoning it entered his head, you may be sure. At dusk he found himself an emergency bolt hole. It was neither in sand, shell nor rock; but deep within the dead leviathan that lay nearby, in a cranny of the vast skull bones. Throughout the dark hours he hid there while the air was mysterious with surreptitious clicks and rustlings as a hungry unseen army hastily mobilized helped the ocean rid the beach of carrion. All manner of horrible accidents crept out of unguessed nooks and crannies, and the shallows flashed with brilliant bands of greenish light as nameless scavengers darted in and out and the tide made.

Before dawn came bringing the cruel-beaked gulls, the Hermit raced along the ragged, foam-flecked waterline to see if the sea had relented. It had. There lay the spiral shell quite high and all but excavated by the waters, but what was that? In the open doorway of his domicile as he drew nigh he caught a movement, the waving of an insolent nipper. Some miserable beachcomber had come up and taken possession during the night. Enough! The sight fetched the Hermit up all standing, on end with rage, literally on end, for his tapering tail was flung skyward like a scorpion's as he sprang to full speed ahead, or rather aside, and hurled himself at the usurper like one possessed of all the fiends on clinkers. His temper by the way was always ready on tap, and as irascible as any scorpion's. Eyes snapping like spark plugs, dancing, backfiring and clawing the air, he arrived on the scene, and introduced himself via a steel-vice grip of scissors-like nippers. And then as quickly as he had rushed in—he desisted.

There he stood, stricken in his tracks as it seemed, fallen all at once from war to worship for no reason at all, to our eyes at least. But to the Hermit there were volumes. Those slender, tapering pincers of the interloper, minus his own *chevaux-de-frise* of overlapping hairs, their gesture of defense and for all we know a blandishing look of the eyes, bespoke a female of the species. *The* female of the species, the Hermitess for lack of whom he had lived so long an anchorite.

Ensued a weird dance on the part of the Hermit then; an elaborate posturing of gallantry and amorous gesticulation, that is a ceremony, we are told, with all crabs in courtship. It would have stirred the most blasé movie queen to appreciation. Wrath and danger quite forgotten now, the shell house for which he had risked death and doomsday likewise forgotten, or rather bequeathed *gratis* to the newfound fair. For love, when it is love, is fear-proof, fool-proof and every other proof, in any realm you find it.

All that mattered now was to win a bit of favorable notice, to prevail gently upon the lady to throw in her lot with him. And it is to be supposed that she did it, too; at least, the tracks in the sand said so. The dawn light showed where, very close together, they had sauntered down the beach and out again into that dim and spooky realm of the sea bottom that had mothered them both and where none of us has any right to follow further. ⧺

Hail to the Gentry

Continued from page 33

umes as the fruits of twenty years' research, Bernard believed in a follow-up before the last best seller had time to grow cold. Thus the *Peerage* soon blossomed out into an annual which was awaited by Vanity Fair with considerably more interest than attended Thackeray's contributions to *Punch.*

Bernard perceived, moreover, that at best the peerage offered a limited market—even the vast peerage of his day. Eventually, if the business was to grow, new customers must be found in some hitherto unexploited stratum of aristocracy. The outcome of this expansion policy was the appearance in 1838 of the first edition of Burke's *Landed Gentry*, making its appeal to wealthy families who had somehow been overlooked for the nobility. Although Bernard was only twenty-four at the time, his acumen was endorsed by a violent upward curve on the production chart which made all previous sales lines appear horizontal.

The commercial if not the genealogical fame of Burke's soon found imitators on this side of the Atlantic. Even before the Civil War salesmen were energetically canvassing the rural districts for volumes bearing such titles as *The Leading Citizens of Kickapoo County.* Anybody with ten dollars was a prospect for a monotonously laudatory sketch, and the profits often amounted to a cool five hundred per cent.

There is no record of the American market being considered by Burke's a hundred years ago, but the firm must have found it hard to forego such a prize. Alluring as the prospect may have been, however, it could neither be forgotten nor forgiven in 1838 that the United States owed its national existence to two wars against George III—that royal fountain of honors to whom Burke's virtually owed its existence in the profitable field of genealogy. In such a dilemma there was only one choice, and American landed gentry of today may feel fortunate that they had to wait no longer than a century for recognition.

The soundness of the decision was proved not only by steadily mounting sales but also by the honors Bernard himself acquired after publicizing the honors of others. Perhaps Queen Victoria felt that it was hardly proper for a tradesman, however dignified, to be the *arbiter elegantiae* of England's aristocracy. At any rate Bernard was appointed Ulster king-of-arms in 1853, knighted in 1854 and made keeper of the state papers in Ireland the following year. These plummy rewards followed closely upon the publication of his *Royal Families of England, Scotland and Wales*, which skimmed the very cream off the genealogical market.

Meanwhile the *Peerage* continued to come out annually and the *Landed Gentry* was brought up to date as often as the traffic would bear. These back-logs of the firm were priced in pounds, of course, not the shillings that admiring commoners paid for such Burke publications as *Vicissitudes of Families* and *The Romance of the Aristocracy.* No further expansion of such a thriving business could have seemed possible; yet as late as 1878, at the age of sixty-four, Sir J. Bernard Burke rang the bell again with his *Encyclopaedia of Heraldry, or General Armoury of England, Scotland and Ireland.*

After his death in 1892 he was succeeded by his fourth son, Ashworth Peter Burke, and the firm varied little from the course charted in piping mid-Victorian times. The hurricane of the World War was weathered safely, and probably only the world-wide business depression of the last decade could have forced Burke's to recognize a changing social order.

Even so, it may be doubted if Sir Bernard would ever have sanctioned such a radical departure as inviting Americans into the pages of the *Landed Gentry.*

But other London publishers were going after the overseas trade with new and ingenious annuals, so Burke's could no longer afford to ignore an untapped market. And once having taken the drastic step, they displayed that sure touch which can be acquired only by a century's intimate association with royalty, the peerage and the gentry.

For it has long been recognized in the trade that certain risks attend volumes appealing to the urge for personal distinction. Although the subscribers are composed largely of the persons honored by inclusion, high pressure methods are deemed unwise if not unethical by most publishers. Supposedly the forthcoming book is to be a high-toned reference work, and subjects of biographical sketches are customarily assured that purchase of a copy is not an entrance requirement. Despite human vanity, ten dollars is usually considered tops as prices go, and collections are sometimes lamentably slow among a de luxe clientele.

It was by way of meeting these merchandising problems that Burke's gave proof of their ancient prowess. Where rival firms seldom ventured beyond genteel hints, only Burke's had the prestige to turn on the heat. Hence the Amer-

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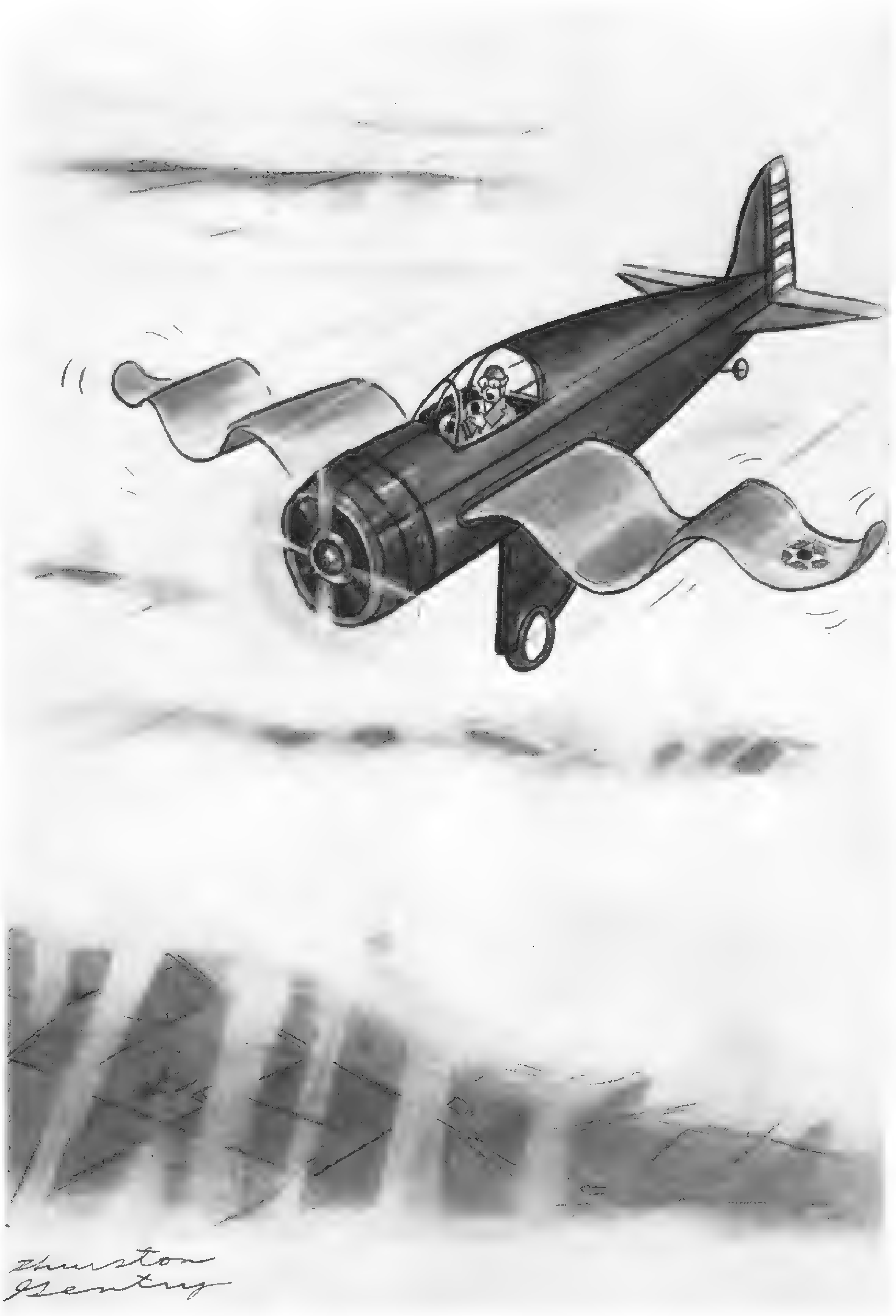

Thurston Gentry

"Test pilot Holloway calling—say, are the wings on this job supposed to flap?"

Hail to the Gentry

Continued from pages 33-112

icans who received crested invitations requesting their family histories for this year's *Landed Gentry* must have been warned by a significant paragraph in red ink:

"It is regretted that limitations of space make it impossible to include all the remaining histories of Overseas Collateral Branches in the great Coronation Edition. The purchase of a copy of this Volume is not in any way a qualification for inclusion, and while the Editor will give each family history careful consideration, *preference must naturally be given to those requiring a copy for their own Family Record and Reference. It is therefore essential that you sign the Application Form below before returning this Form.*"

But if Burke's talked turkey on the ticklish subject of advance orders, they also left their competitors far behind in the matter of protecting the customer's interests. As a result of their solicitude any American blue-blood who duly enclosed a check for "25$" need have no fear that the mails will bring him a genealogical pig-in-the-poke. The application he signed was assurance of his money's worth:

"Please reserve for me one copy of the Coronation Edition of BURKE'S LANDED GENTRY *containing my family history . . .*"

Italics have been added in both excerpts, but without them it is made sufficiently plain that neither the firm nor the client is taking any risk of an unhappy misunderstanding.

There remains, in fact, only one slight trace of the hauteur which has chilled Burke's attitude toward this country for a century—one last, lingering echo of the social estrangement dating back to our difference of opinion with the third George. It concerns a very trivial point, to be sure, yet one which has always been a prerogative of the aristocracy. From time immemorial, as many an honest tradesman can attest, the landed gentry have been conceded the privilege of doing business on the cuff; but at least in this respect Burke's have not seen fit to admit Americans into full fellowship. Unfortunately the cordiality of their invitation is tempered by the bleak reminder:

"All Overseas Applications must be accompanied by a Remittance."

The Kid Wants to Know

Continued from page 27

any obstacles in the way of his making still more important money. If you do, he just takes his dishes and goes home. The General claims, to get real technical about it, you practically have to guarantee the investor a nice fat profit or he won't invest which means he won't put his dough back in that tank I've been talking about.

I guess I made it plain enough to the kid all right but I was mistaken about getting rid of the explaining job. He wants to know what method the General wants to use to keep the tank filled up so the investors can keep taking out more than they put in.

He had me there. To save my life I couldn't remember where the General ever covered that particular angle. It seems the General's job is to tell 'em not explain 'em.

Anyway, I was right back where I started. The boy made some crack about he must be awful dumb but as far as he could see I hadn't told him anything yet.

That irked me a little so I says, now listen Son, this thing has gone about far enough. I'm going over this once more and if you can't understand it, you'll just have to wait till you get a little older or something.

Now get this, I says. Mr. A owns a factory, he's the employer. He wants to go in the gocart business so he gets a lot of people to come in his factory and make gocarts. That's what you call a partnership between capital and labor. Now after they make a lot of gocarts there has to be some way to split up the results of the job. You can see how clumsy it would be to have everybody lug home a lot of gocarts to trade off for groceries and automobiles and chewing gum and overshoes and things so we have a money system. Money, you know, like that dime I gave you last Christmas. They change the gocarts into money by selling them to somebody and then Mr. A divides the money by paying wages to the men that do the work and keeps some for himself, say ten per cent. What he keeps is his profit.

The kid sees the point all right but wants to know where the people that buy the gocarts get their money to pay for them.

That's easy, I says, money travels in a cycle. Suppose Mr. A's outfit makes five thousand dollars' worth of gocarts. The money Mr. A puts out for wages and other costs is spent with somebody else. Mr. B, for instance. Mr. B puts out money for wages and costs and keeps a little for profit. What Mr. B puts out is spent with Mr. C and so on until finally the money gets around to somebody that needs a gocart and it starts all over again. What one company sells to the people that work for another company is called the volume of business and that's what keeps the tank filled.

I thought I had him stopped at last because he starts making some figures on a piece of paper and don't ask any questions. I only get about halfway through the funny page though when he comes over with the piece of paper in his hand.

Lookit, Dad, he says, when the money gets around to Mr. A there ain't enough left to buy the five thousand dollars worth of gocarts. What happens then?

What's that, I says, here lemme see that paper.

Here's what he had written down:

	Volume of Business	*Profit*	*Wages & Costs*
Mister A	5000	500	4500
Mister B	4500	450	3050
Mister C	3050	305	2745
Mister D	2745	275	2470
Mister A	2470	247	2223
Mister B	2223	223	2000
Mister C	2000	200	1800
Mister D	1800	180	1620

And something else looks funny too, he says. If the money goes around the cycle enough times Mr. A, B, C and D will have it all and there won't be any left to go in the other two columns.

Son, I says, I got to go down to the drug store right now for a package of cigarettes. Let's just hold this up till I get back.

I went to the drugstore and got the smokes and decided I might as well take a couple of aspirin as long as they were right handy. Then I thought a little walk would do me good as I haven't been getting much exercise lately. I must have walked a few miles more than I intended because the kid was in bed when I got back.

That piece of paper he fixed up had me worried so I got it out to see where I'd made a bust. According to the kid's figures by the time he got around to Mr. D the second time, business had dropped off to about a third of what it was when he started out. That ought to be a depression I figured so how does this government borrowing and spending fit into the picture. The government can only sell bonds to them as has the dough so that would be to Messers A, B, C and D who have previously skimmed off a little profit now and then.

All right, Uncle Sam now has the dough so he pours it in at Mr. A and it starts around the cycle like that first five grand. That works swell as long as Uncle keeps pouring but like the kid pointed out, if the dough goes around the loop enough times, Mr. A, B, C and D have it all back again and Uncle still owes them the same dough. Uncle can borrow it again and repeat the spending operation but dumb as I am about such stuff, I can see what the answer is going to be along that line eventually.

Then I get a bright idea that a good way to put that profit money back into circulation would be for the government to grab it off by taxes and then pour it back in. This idea don't seem so bright after I remember they already thought of that. In fact, that's the very thing General You Tell 'Em got so riled up about. Far be it from me to doubt the General's word.

After I get the government and the heavy taxes out of the picture, I get to figuring on just what does happen to that profit after the A B C crowd gets hold of it. If Mr. A would spend his end with Mr. B and Mr. B spend his with Mr. C we wouldn't have any trouble. The way I understand it though, Mr. A, B and C all make more profit than they can spend personal so they either stack it in the reserves or invest it.

That boils it down to what the General says they want to do with it the worst way if the government will lay off. That is, they invest it in some new business one way or another. I looked the kid's figures over and doped out a deal where A, B, C and D got together with a hunk of their profit and started up a new business called E. That gave the layout a shot in the arm for a minute but the final result was just to put another link in the loop and make one more place to sidetrack some reserves. I hate to act so dumb about such a simple little thing but I hope to go to hell if I could figure out how the A, B, C crowd by reinvesting a part of their profit, could keep the volume of business up to where it was supposed to stay. According to what I've heard, the A B C bunch are inclined to hold back a right good-sized wad in the reserves.

I struggled around with that set of figures half the night trying first one thing and another and the only answer I could get was the same as the kid's. The A B C's finally got all the money and the merry-go-round always broke down. I never could get it worked up to where A sold all his gocarts.

There must be some other answer but don't ask me what it is. I'm asking you. If you happen to know what it is, I'd appreciate it if you'd drop me a postcard or something, quick. I can't use any crack about increase of capital gains, expansion of credit, fluctuation of basic commodity prices or lack of confidence due to administration policy or any of that kind of stuff. All I want to know in little words is how you can take a dollar or ten dollars or ten million dollars, pour it in at Mr. A, have it change hands any given number of times, let somebody sit down permanently on any part of it, and have the same amount on hand to do business with when it gets around to Mr. A again.

Promptness is the essence in this particular case because I've been dodging the offspring for two weeks now and I already have enough stuff on hand to start a drugstore of my own. The only other store in the neighborhood open nights is a pet shop. I can't afford to start in on that.

LICKING A 720 LB "BLUE TORPEDO"

618 pounds heavier than the girl who caught it... MRS. S. KIP (Chisie) FARRINGTON... wife of the famous fishing authority and author of "Atlantic Game Fishing"

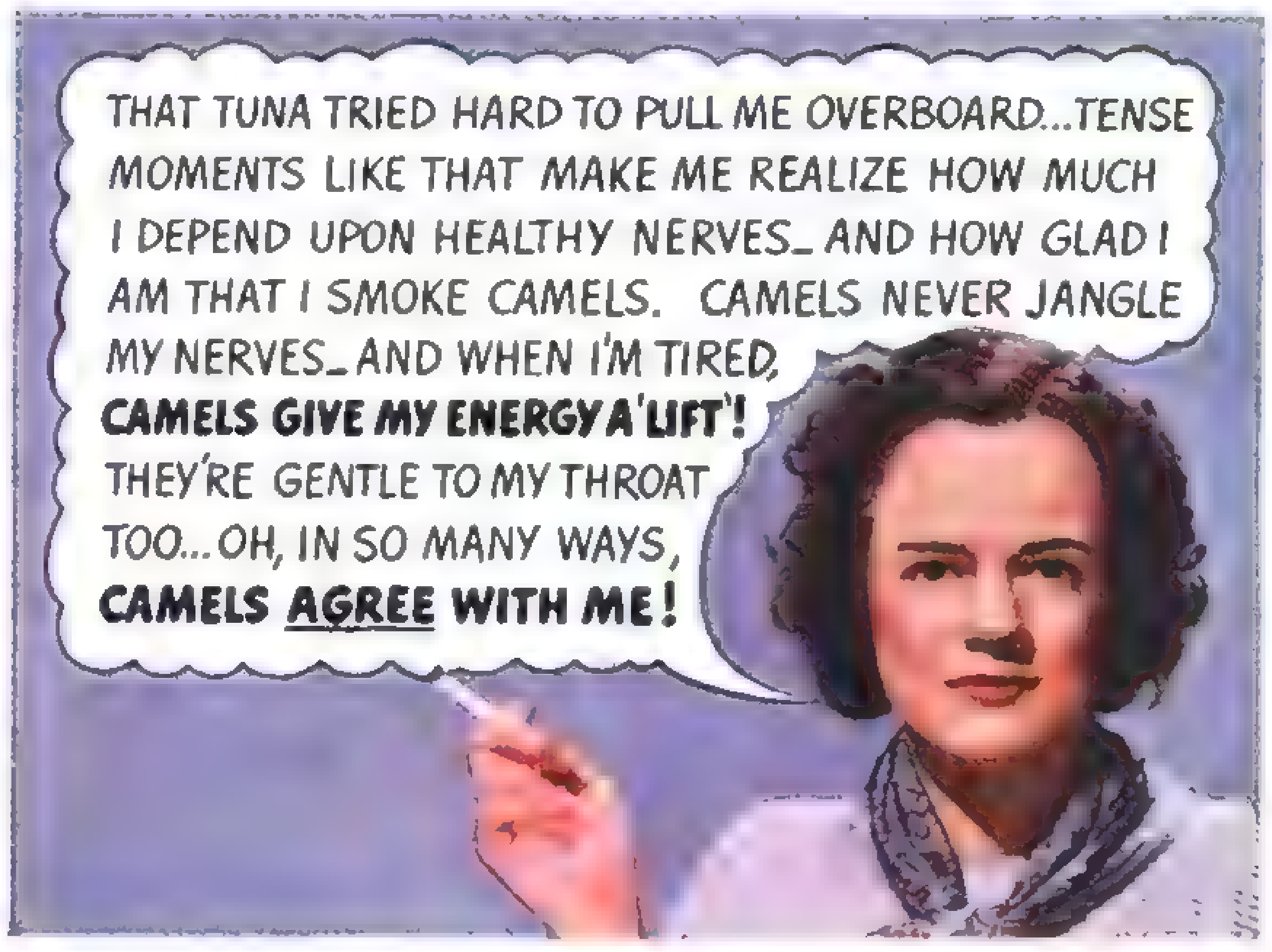
ALL READY, MRS. FARRINGTON
O.K., JOE... SHOVE HER OFF! LET'S GIVE THIS JORDAN BAY A TRY FOR TUNA
3:30 A.M.

4½ hours later

LEAVING THE DOCK—Chisie Farrington has her rod and reel all ready... Camels handy. "Time we were throwing herring!" she says to the guide... This tiny slip of a girl is out to catch big game—the mighty bluefin tuna that streak the waters off the coast of Nova Scotia!

A STRIKE—*a giant tuna hooked!* With a torpedo-like rush, the bluefin starts boring down—putting a tense strain on Chisie. She shows that healthy nerves can "take it." Yes, and in her own words she's glad she smokes a cigarette that *doesn't jangle* her nerves—Camels!

JUMPS clear out of water! The *first time,* the guide says, he's ever seen a hooked tuna do *that.* Keeping a light drag, Chisie lets him run. Fighting-mad, that bluefin gives them a "Nova Scotia sleigh-ride" they'll *never* forget! Soon Chisie shouts: "I'm going to *put it to him.*"


THAT TUNA TRIED HARD TO PULL ME OVERBOARD...TENSE MOMENTS LIKE THAT MAKE ME REALIZE HOW MUCH I DEPEND UPON HEALTHY NERVES_ AND HOW GLAD I AM THAT I SMOKE CAMELS. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES_ AND WHEN I'M TIRED, CAMELS GIVE MY ENERGY A 'LIFT'! THEY'RE GENTLE TO MY THROAT TOO...OH, IN SO MANY WAYS, CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!

BROUGHT TO GAFF—in the fast time of 1 hour and 38 minutes! Chisie's biggest catch! The moment her hands are free, she smokes a Camel. "When I'm tired," she says, "smoking Camels seems to freshen up my energy. I *like* them!"

PHOTOGRAPHED after catch was weighed in. 720 pounds...9 ft., 10 in. long! And she is a mere 102 pounds. Not much over 5 feet tall!

LIKE MILLIONS of smokers, Mrs. Farrington notices a difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Not in just one way—but in many ways! Turn to Camels yourself. You'll discover that the costlier tobaccos in Camels *do* make a difference. Camel spends millions more, year after year, to assure a finer, more delicate quality.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

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THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER: "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

Those who grow tobacco —*know* tobacco
That's why tobacco growers smoke Camels

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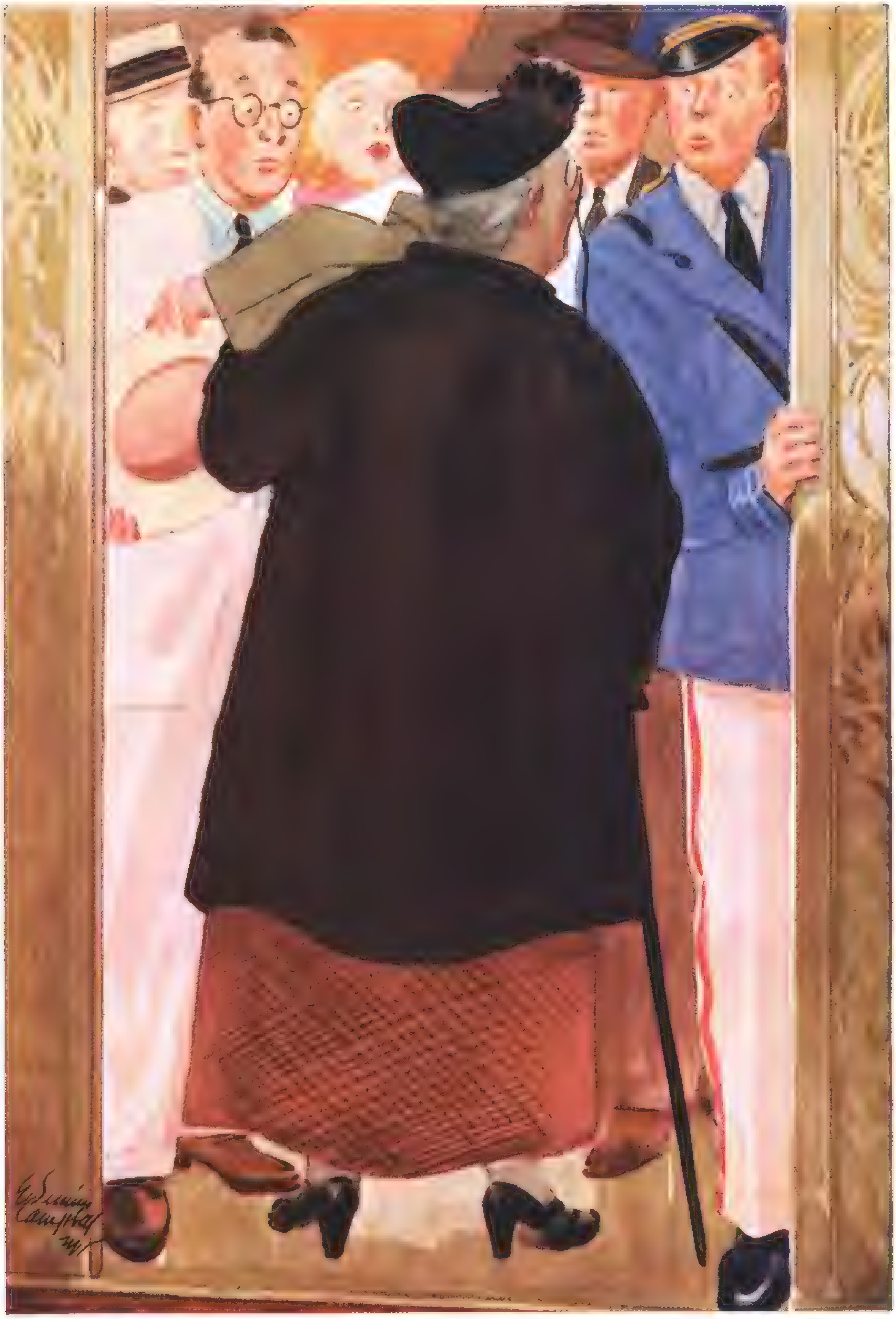
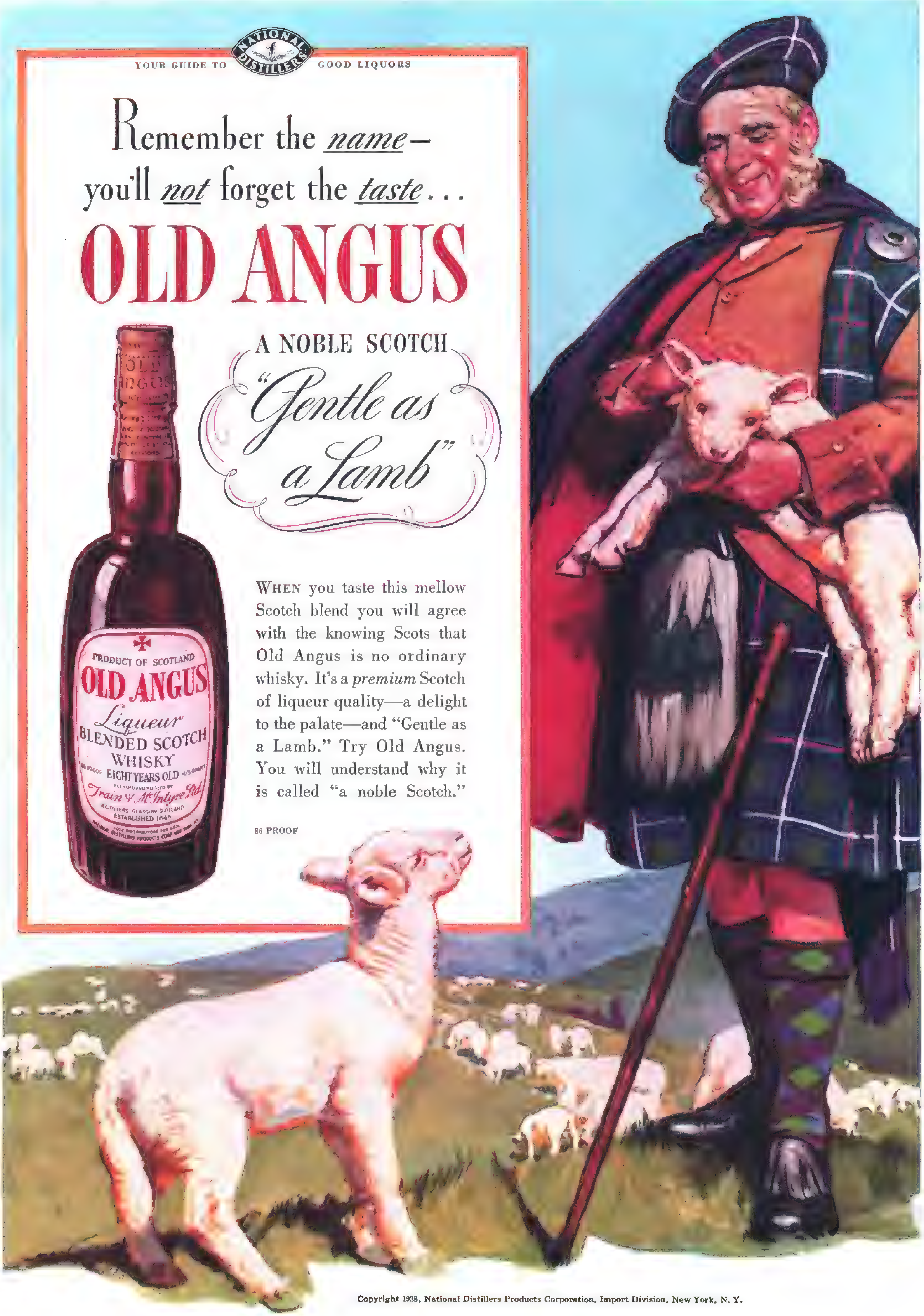
Marvin Speight, well-known tobacco planter, knows quality tobaccos like his A-B-C's. He says: "I know Camel gets the finer grades. They bought the best of my crops last year. We growers 'most always smoke Camels."

Experienced planters like William Vandiford know tobacco from both sides of the fence. "We grow it and we see it auctioned," he explains. "I saw my best grades sold to Camel. I smoke Camels too."

John Durham, Jr., who raises quality tobaccos just as his father has for years, says: "One year after another, I've seen Camel buyers take the finest tobaccos—my finest too. Like most planters I know, it's Camels for me!"



"Young man—I'll have you know I'll face any damn way I want to!"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A NOBLE SCOTCH

"*Gentle as a Lamb*"

When you taste this mellow Scotch blend you will agree with the knowing Scots that Old Angus is no ordinary whisky. It's a *premium* Scotch of liqueur quality—a delight to the palate—and "Gentle as a Lamb." Try Old Angus. You will understand why it is called "a noble Scotch."

86 PROOF

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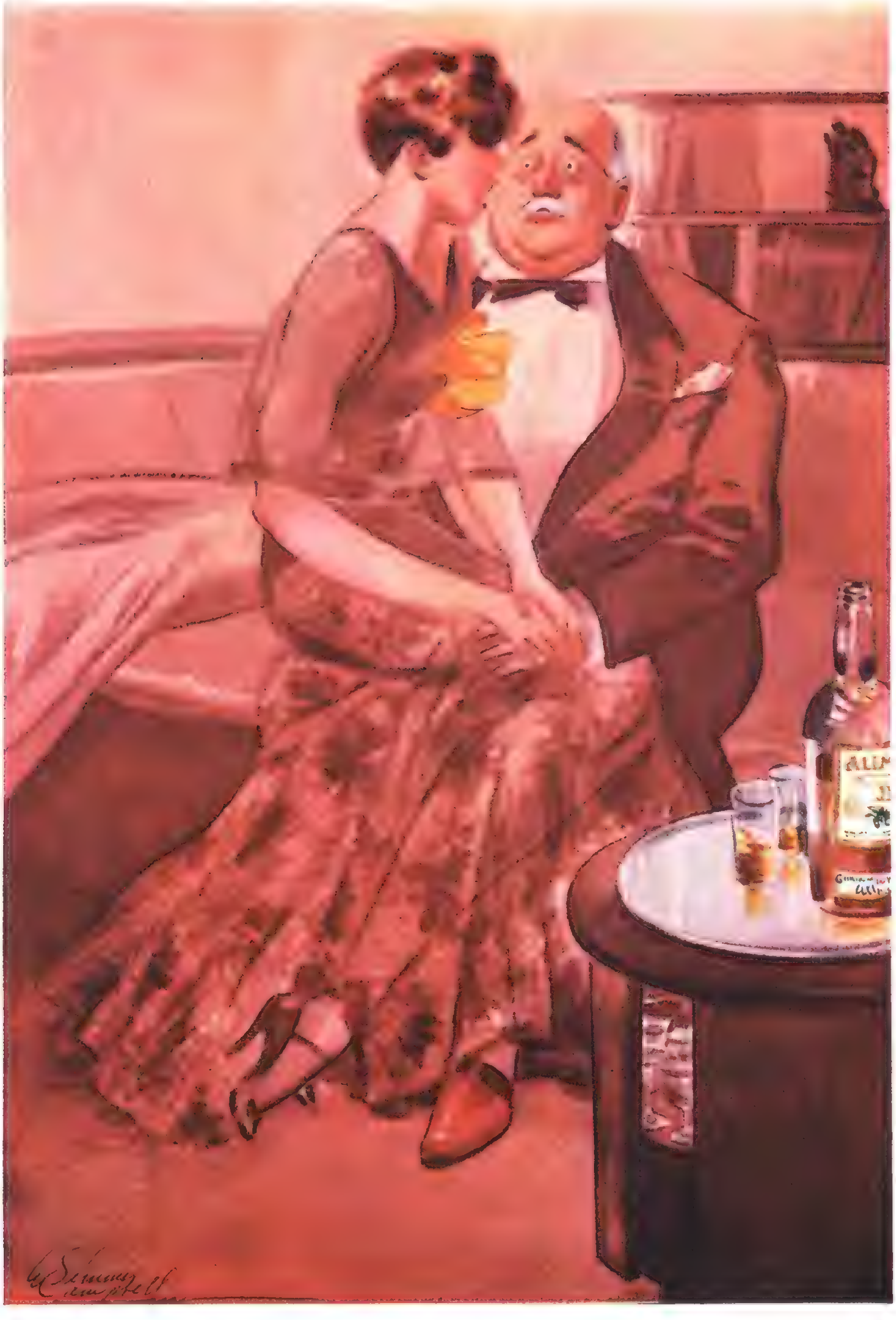


"Mr. Kirk, it's the other servants again—they resent my rapid rise!"

Unrecognized Stars

Continued from page 75

and in the spring of '87 a Negro league was launched, but promptly collapsed. In '89 a league of six white and two Negro clubs was organized in the East, but it, too, passed out within a few weeks.

Mixed semi-pro teams of colored and white players were frequently seen in the 1890's. Although that was forty years nearer to the Civil War than now, curiously enough, the color line was not drawn so sharply in semi-pro and amateur baseball. The disapproval of major league magnates gradually eliminated this condition, however, and nowadays a colored player is seen only occasionally on the roster of a white college or high school team.

By 1906 there were in the East the Genuine Cuban Giants, the Cuban X-Giants, Lincoln Giants, Royal Giants of Brooklyn, New York Giants, Quaker Giants of New York, Washington Giants, Baltimore Giants of Newark—this gets a bit complicated along here—and Keystone Giants of Philadelphia. Most of these, together with two Cuban teams—for that island had by this time gone baseball mad—formed the International League that year; but it, like its predecessor, folded up before the Fourth of July.

The Negro National League which has been functioning during the past four years seems to be on firmer ground than previous organizations. It has clubs in New York, Newark, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh and Homestead, Pennsylvania. These teams have salaried squads of from fifteen to twenty men, not to mention a business staff, and in some cases, a coach. Up to this year more than half the games have been exhibition affairs, played with semi-pro teams, either white or colored. This season about a hundred League games will be played, most of them in the form of Sunday double-headers; for colored and semi-pro baseball must offer a heaping platter to attract the crowds.

The colored ball player of today is condemned to do most of his stuff by electric light. It is difficult to get a good, paying crowd together on a week-day afternoon; some major league clubs are finding it so, and so are playing a few night games. Therefore, every good semi-pro ball park nowadays must be floodlighted. The Negro League teams try never to have an idle day, and some of their days are pretty strenuous ones, as they do all their traveling from place to place by automobile, for economy's sake, with one of the players driving. A hop between New York and Pittsburgh nearly always means some night driving, and it isn't easy to sleep in a crowded motor car on those twisting roads through the Allegheny Mountains. Some of the Eastern teams even jump to Cincinnati or Chicago on rare occasions for an exhibition game. The New York Cubans, apparently the most plutocratic outfit in the League, bowled around in a big, roomy bus with their name emblazoned on the sides.

These lamented Cubans, a team which passed out of existence with the end of the 1936 season, were a colorful outfit, about one-half of their playing squad being West Indians who came into the States under bond every spring to return home in the autumn. Two of their number last year were Santo Domingans, half a dozen others Cubans. In 1935 the club even had a Venezuelan player. The manager, Martin Dihigo, once so highly complimented by McGraw, had been playing in the States for fourteen seasons, having begun when he was in his teens. He repeatedly played every position on the team save that of catcher; for a colored player must needs be versatile. Even in the League, pitchers frequently have to fill places in infield and outfield, and fielders are often highly capable pitchers.

Back in 1930 Marty Forkins, manager for Bill Robinson, the Negro dancer and movie actor—known to Harlem as Bojangles—had an idea. Forkins is a baseball fan, and he wanted a team which would adequately represent Harlem. His notion was that it be called the New York Black Yankees, and that it play alternately in the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds. But Colonel Jake Ruppert didn't like the idea of having two sorts of Yankees in his Stadium, so the name was out and Forkins, disappointed, chose Harlem Stars instead. The team was a good one, but it didn't draw well, and playing in the big league parks was dreadfully expensive. So presently Mr. Forkins withdrew, and his successor in ownership changed the name back to Black Yankees, though there was much argument about it and many fears expressed that colored citizens wouldn't like it. But they seemed to take to it strongly, and the club became a success.

For the better part of its career (it entered the League only last season) it has been a free lance organization, but busier than the famous one-armed paper hanger, playing seven days a week, with many double-headers; notwithstanding which, the necessity of economy was always present, and the whole squad, usually of about sixteen men, had to travel from place to place in two none-too-reliable automobiles. On one occasion they put on an endurance test probably unparalleled in history. They had played a double-header in Pittsburgh on Saturday, and were scheduled to play another in South Orange, New Jersey, next day. They didn't get away from Pittsburgh until nearly ten o'clock that night—eight men with their baggage, bats and other paraphernalia in each car, if you can imagine it—and pounded away all night across the mountains, the two cars keeping together for fear of a breakdown. And sure enough, it happened; early Sunday morning, while they were still in Pennsylvania, one car developed engine trouble. After tinkering frantically with it for a while and summoning help from a near-by shop, it became evident that a start would have to be made if they were to reach South Orange in time for the first game, which was programmed to begin at two p. m.

So one full team of nine men, including a pitcher and a catcher, was jammed into the still serviceable car, and in that sardined condition, rode another one hundred twenty-five miles, reaching the park at one-forty. They had hoped to have a bit of lunch before playing, but there wasn't time. Hastily they piled out of the car, so cramped that they could scarcely stand at first, changed into their uniforms, and with only about five minutes' practice, with almost no sleep the night before, and with nothing to eat since early morning, they went out and won the first game.

At one-fifty-five, five minutes before that game began, the second car, its engine humming again, arrived after a fast dash across New Jersey with the other seven men. They were at once bestowed on the dressing room floor and on the ground outside it, and slept soundly all through the first game. Then most of them were aroused and donned uniforms—though some of the weary basemen and outfielders had to play in both contests—and went on the field and won the second game, too!

Outside of the players, the League draws no color line. There are white umpires as well as colored on its staff. The Caucasian race usually supplies a considerable portion of the audience, and does its share of cheering and jeering. In some parks, the refreshment vendors in the stands are about equally divided between the two races. One may sometimes see a white man in the box office, another at the gate.

Many Negro baseball players put a gusto into their work which is seldom seen on white fields, and adds to the entertainment for white spectators. Others are as nonchalant and machine-like as any major leaguer. Some colored players, however, are real showmen—notably West, the Washington first baseman, who adds a melodramatic touch to every play, but under it all is a sterling performer. Oscar Charleston, Pittsburgh first baseman—a genial Hercules now beginning to slow up a bit from the weight of years, but still able to wring a new ball's cover into wrinkles, just with his two hands—is one of the best drawing cards on the circuit. The Black Yankees have a knockabout comedian, "Country" Brown, who can be so funny on the coaching line that the spectators almost lose track of the game.

To help out the exchequer, both clubs and individual players strive for barnstorming tours in the South after the Northern season is over, or for contracts to play during the winter in Latin America or California. Happy the American Negro player who can spend a week in these exotic scenes, playing only two or three games a week and making rather more than expenses; for, as even white minor leaguers know, the mere $1200 or $1400 which one earns during the regular season is not enough, if one has a wife and a child or two to support. One colored baseball hero, who did not succeed in going to the tropics a couple of seasons ago, spent the winter washing dishes in a restaurant kitchen.

In Cuba the fans are just as familiar with the deeds and records of our leading players as are our own enthusiasts. They listen to the radio whenever a game is broadcast from here, and during the World's Series they gather around the scoreboard in Havana with bated breath, to cheer or groan and wring their hands. Each winter there is a sort of little league of four clubs there, of which one is managed by Dihigo, one by Adolfo Luque, coach and former pitcher for the New York Giants, and another by Mike Gonzales, coach of the St. Louis Cardinals. Porto Rico, Santo Domingo and Mexico are but little behind Cuba in love of the sport. The son of the President of Venezuela is a baseball bug, and has a team of his own.

It is in certain of these off-season exhibitions that colored players sometimes triumph over major leaguers. In 1935 the Cincinnati Reds, training in Porto Rico in March, were unexpectedly upset by the Newark Eagles, and Luis Tiant, New York Cuban pitcher, with several of his league teammates behind him, beat the St. Louis Cardinals at Havana, with Parmelee pitching, by 2 to 1 in eleven innings. Holland, mound mainstay of the Black Yankees for several seasons past, was pitching for the Lincoln Giants in Los Angeles in 1926 when he mowed down Bob Meusel's all-star team of big leaguers with Lefty Gomez pitching. "Satchel" Paige of Pittsburgh, whom some critics consider the top-ranking pitcher today, has made many a major league batter look amateurish.

The Black Yankees have a clubhouse on 135th Street which is a sort of colored baseball headquarters for New York. There the members of all clubs—mostly well-behaved young men whose lithe figures are tastefully tailored, not according to the wilder eccentricities of Harlem, but in the best Fifth Avenue manner—may be seen, as well as mere baseball fans in considerable numbers. There are pool and card tables, but the favorite recreation is talking baseball. During the playing season,

Continued at top of page 120

Unrecognized Stars

Continued from pages 75-119

the scores of the major league games are posted on a blackboard, and are watched as keenly as those of the Negro League; more so by the Harlem public, some managers morosely complain. During the World's Series, the place is jammed with players and fans, listening tensely as the radio brings the story, play by play, and debating hotly whether Terry didn't make a mistake when he took Melton out in that last game . . . etcetera, etcetera.

In midwinter few players are found there, but the fans, the Hot Stove League, are in constant session, still loudly debating present and past. Who was the greatest This or That? For in colored as in white Fanland, the oldsters can always tell you of colossi of thirty to forty years ago who outclassed any whippersnapper of today. "Look at that bunch!" exclaimed one of the League managers, tapping a group photograph of 1910 with his finger. "Have we anybody like that pitcher, Cyclone Williams today? We have not! Look at those infielders. You couldn't get a team like that together today, not if you had the pick of the whole country." It was ever thus. The figures of some of those heroes of the past have become surrounded with as great a cloud of legend as Paul Bunyan and Mose, the Bowery Boy. You hear of one super hurler who pitched thirty-seven no-hit games! Let Messieurs Hubbell, Dean, Feller, et al., try smoking *that* in their pipes! #

The "Genius" Himself

Continued from page 55

was respected more because he had written a novel called *Sister Carrie* than for his position as editor-in-chief. He was rude, ruthless, abrupt. He commanded. He was gruffly impatient. The managing editor, Lee Harriman, would leave Dreiser's office, swearing, and the women members of the staff often walked out in tears. I don't believe Dreiser meant to be harsh. When he gave orders, he tried to be jovial, bantering. But those curious eyes and that twisted mouth made his attempted lightness seem arrogant and dictatorial. What he intended to be joviality, was mistaken for sarcasm and he could be very cruel.

My predecessor, Mr. G—, was bitter. Dreiser to him was a slave driver, always raising hell about a book of letters praising that damn novel, which he charged G— with losing. It was Dreiser himself, declared G—, and not he who had lost that book or misplaced it. Well, that may, or may not have been so, but Dreiser later found the letters himself. You can see how I was given to understand that my job would be no bed of roses. I would be lucky to get one week's pay before I got fired or got mad and quit.

In a bookcase at one end of the reception room, on my first noon hour, I found a copy of *Sister Carrie* by Theodore Dreiser. To think of that sour, unpleasant man writing a novel at all, let alone one about a Catholic nun. That's what the title, *Sister Carrie*, implied to me.

Now I judged him to be a religious fanatic, a strait-laced bigoted Catholic. That's why he was editor of a woman's magazine. Well, if it is part of a secretary's job to laugh at the boss's jokes, it would be part of my job to be familiar with a novel written by my present boss, no matter how bad it might be. So on my Saturday half holiday, in a second-hand bookshop at Fifty-eighth street and Eighth avenue, I bought a copy of *Sister Carrie* for thirty-five cents. It was an A. L. Burt reprint, an edition which Dreiser insists never existed. The book has the broken bowl on the cover and the original frontispiece by Forest Halsey. I still have that copy. It is autographed "To W. C. Lengel from Theodore Dreiser, October 14th, 1910."

I was sacrificing my Saturday half holiday when there were so many things I wanted to see and do in this new city of magic. I sat on a bench under a tree on The Mall in Central Park. I read until dusk and continued to read by the light of the street lamp. And when I closed the volume, I sat stunned and shaken at this chronicle of the pitiful Carrie Meeber and the more pitiable Hurstwood and I thought of this man who had written this amazing book. His harshness dropped from him. The cruel arrogance of his manner was gone. These were but a shield, a protection against his own softness. He was a human being whose heart was filled with pity, whose sympathy and understanding were deep and profound. Is it any wonder that Theodore Dreiser became my literary god? His novel was my introduction to realism in literature. Up to then only Hugo's *Les Misérables* had moved me as *Sister Carrie* had.

On Monday at the office, I tried to tell Dreiser something of the effect his book had upon me. He fixed his eyes on me, and his expression was quizzically sardonic. "Why," I said, "you must have written that novel before you were thirty. How could a man so young have such a knowledge of life, such pity and understanding?"

"Genius, I suppose," he said in a matter-of-fact tone of voice. For a moment I thought, what colossal conceit, but I soon realized it was not meant that way. It was a humble and sincere answer and appraisal. And pretty near the truth.

"And that's your only novel?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"But you can't quit there," I said. "How can you waste your time editing a woman's magazine when you can write like that? You ought to be made to write. There ought to be a law."

He smiled. "One must live," he said. "Don't you know the history of that book? Well, some day I'll tell you."

And in time he did relate to me of the discovery of *Sister Carrie* by Frank Norris (that other great realist of his day), of its "technical" publication, or in effect, its suppression, by Doubleday-Page, because some feminine member of the Doubleday family thought the book immoral.

Dreiser in fact during his *Delineator* days had little time for writing. Editing a magazine is a full time job. In the period I was with him, he wrote nothing except the poems referred to, a number of the sketches later included in *The Color of a Great City* and a brief article for a new magazine called 1910. 1910 was started by the artist Charley Falls. The original intention was to change the title progressively each year, 1911, 1912, and so on. But it never got beyond the first few issues. Dreiser's article was entitled *Six o'clock*, a word picture of the New York homeward-bound crowds at that hour. Later he made use of it in describing a painting also called *Six o'clock*, by Eugene Witla, the central figure of *The Genius*.

But Dreiser *had* started another novel. In a drawer of my typewriter desk, I found a publisher's dummy, a book with the full number of pages, but only the first half-dozen or so printed. The book was similar in binding to *Sister Carrie*. The publisher, as I recall, was J. F. Taylor & Co. And the title in gold leaf on the cover was *The Transgressor*. The opening sentence read: "One morning in the Fall of 1880, a middle-aged woman, accompanied by a young girl of eighteen, presented herself at the clerk's desk of the principal hotel in Columbus, Ohio, and made inquiry as to whether or not there was anything about the place she could do."

Of course you recognize this as the opening sentence of *Jennie Gerhardt*. I took the dummy in to Dreiser. (I should have kept it myself. What a rare collector's item! I wonder if Dreiser still has it?) I asked him why he didn't finish the story. He shrugged his shoulders and said he probably would do that some day. (He really did it much sooner than he expected, due to a crisis in his affairs at this time.) *Jennie Gerhardt* which was begun in 1901, was completed and published in 1911, a little more than a year after I had found the old dummy, and in the copy he sent me, Dreiser wrote, "My dear Lengel: You ought to like Jennie—you have followed her career so interestedly."

But I am getting ahead of my story. Just now, I was his secretary and very much in awe of him. When he invited me to lunch one Saturday, I was too timid to accept. But almost every evening, I followed him from the Butterick Building at Spring & McDougall Streets to the Ninth Avenue Elevated, watching and studying his gait; he rolled in his walk like an old sea dog, and he wore an odd-looking high-crowned sailor hat. And as he swung along, he would hum *Mighty Lak a Rose*, *Deep River* or those strangely incongruous camp-meeting hymns.

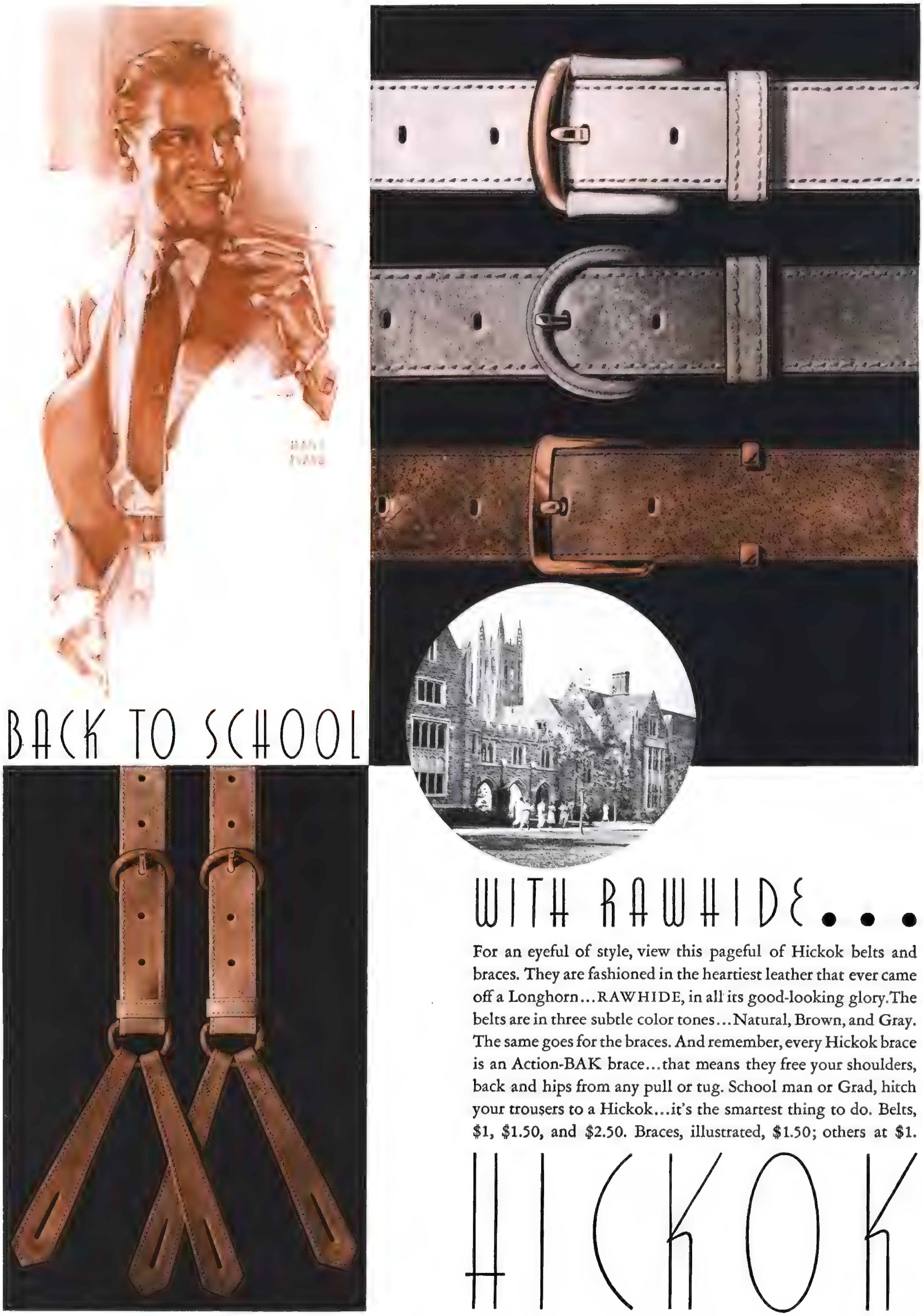
I wrote home about my job and my distinguished chief. Back came a letter from The Girl I Left Behind Me. "You think you're smart working for Theodore Dreiser! Well, we don't think so much of him. When I was a little girl, he used to come up to M— from St. Louis, courting Sallie White. He looked like a big silly. He wore bicycle pants and a silly little cap and had fancy stockings on his skinny legs. He was always going about gawking and mooning and we didn't think he was quite bright even if he was a reporter for the *Globe Democrat* in St. Louis. Then he went to New York and wrote a nasty book. I hope you don't read it. And don't get so biggidy just because you're working for him."

Can't you picture the youthful, gangling, gawky, wide-eyed reporter from the big city setting a little Missouri town by its ears? And the sight he must have been in those bicycle pants and that dinky little cap perched on his head! And without a bicycle!

But for all his mooning and gawking he was gathering and storing up material for use later. In *Twelve Men* the story entitled *A True Patriarch*, was Dreiser's father-in-law to be, whom he had studied in M—. And a full account of his courtship of the shy little school teacher who became his wife is fictionally recorded in *The Genius* and more factually in *A Book About Myself*. Also that great wrestler and health builder William Muldoon furnished the story of *Culhane the Solid Man*. This Dreiser picked up when his brother, Paul Dresser, the song-smith, sent him to Muldoon's health farm to recover from a nervous breakdown. And during this period or another when his health again failed him, he worked as a timekeeper on a railroad construction crew. This netted him the very fine study of the Irish boss of this section gang: *The Mighty Rourke*, not only published as an entity in *Twelve Men*, but used as an episode in *The Genius* and also in *A Book About Myself*

The story of *My Brother Paul*

Continued on page 124



BACK TO SCHOOL

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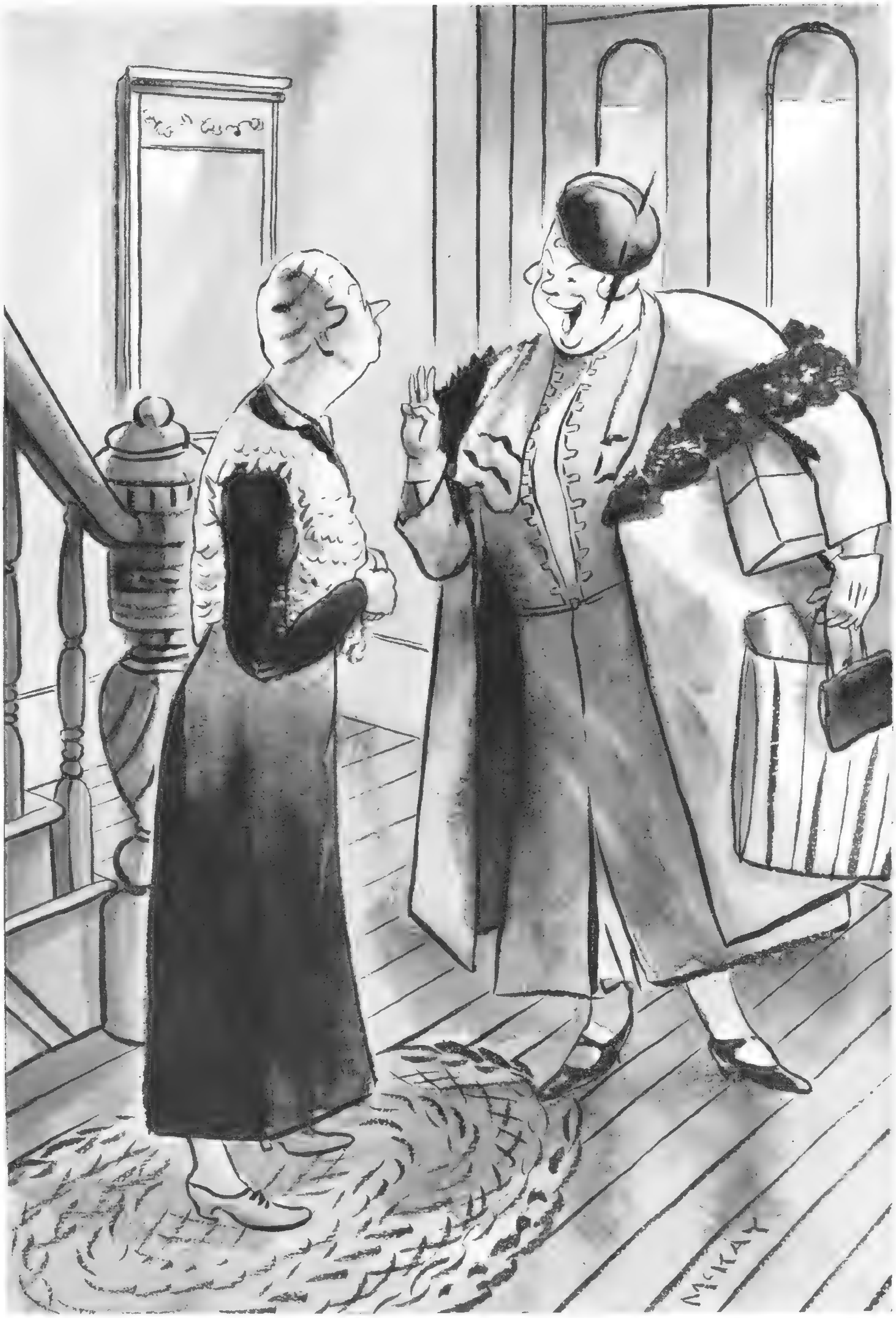
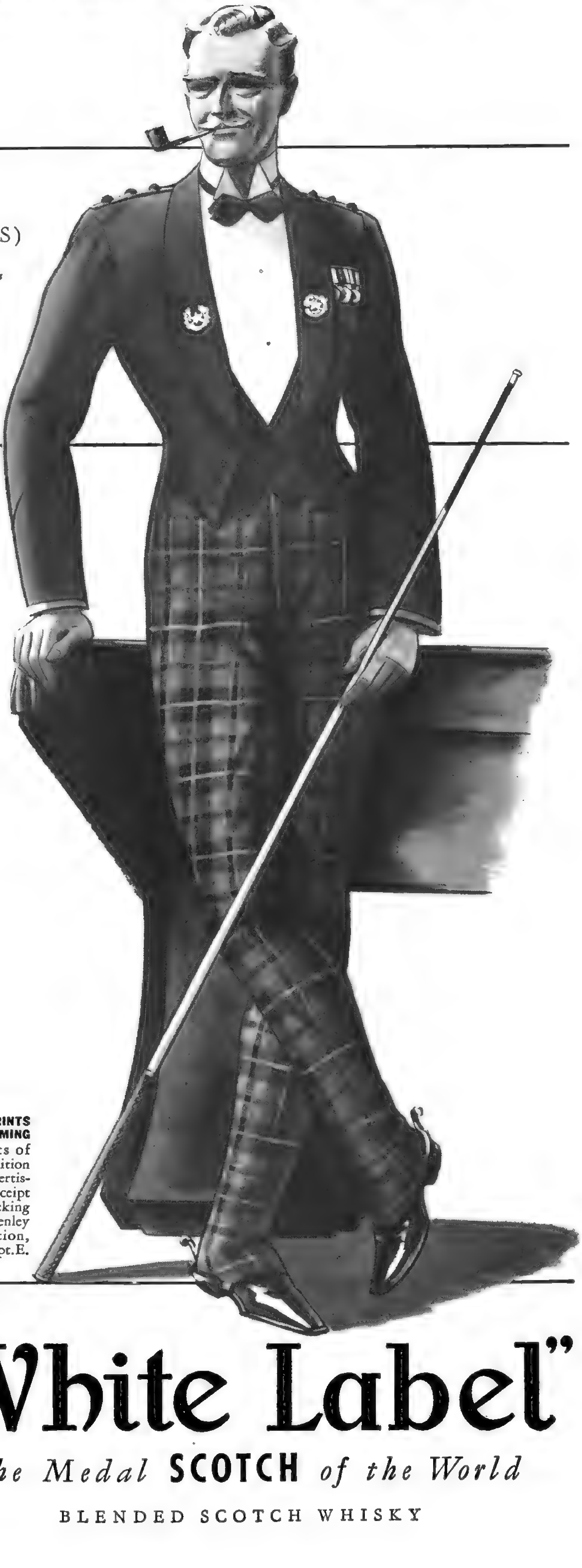
HICKOK



"The nicest three men gave me a seat in the trolley car!"

For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF THE

CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES)

Blenheim Ramillies Oudenarde Malplaquet Mandora Corunna
Martinique, 1809 Guadaloupe, 1810 South Africa, 1846-7 Sevastopol
Lucknow Abyssinia South Africa, 1877-8-9 Relief of Ladysmith
South Africa, 1899-1902 Mons Marne, 1914, '18 Neuve Chapelle
Loos Somme, 1916, '18 Ypres, 1917, '18 Hindenburg Line
Macedonia, 1915-18 Gallipoli, 1915-16 Palestine, 1917-18

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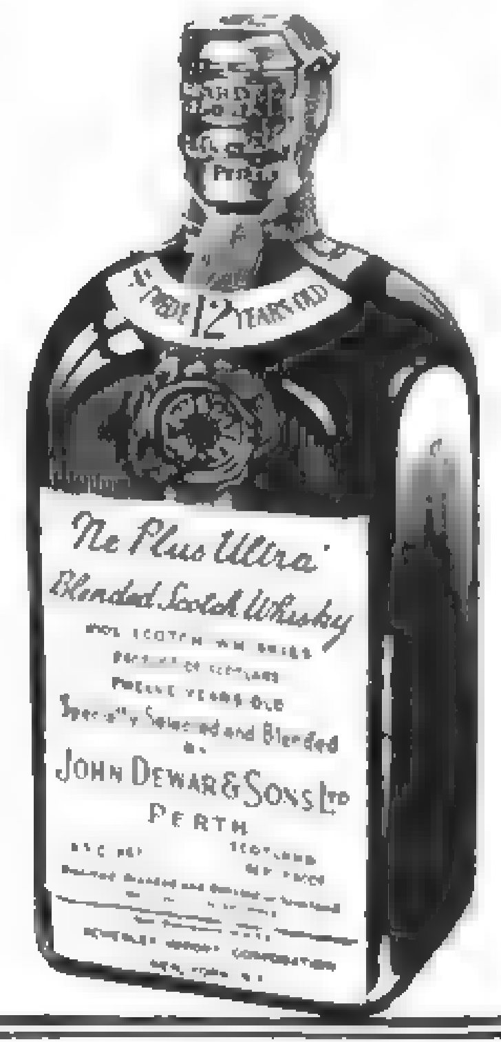
Command DEWAR'S *White Label*, highball of the highlands, and be "At Ease." For at your service will be *the* Scotch whose standard has been decorated by more than 60 medals of honour for distinguished conduct. We cite it for your consideration because it wears its honours well.

Ne Plus Ultra

12

years old

86.8 PROOF
Blended Scotch
Whisky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Perth

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John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
50 Gold and Prize Medals
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The Medal **SCOTCH** *of the World*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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The "Genius" Himself

Continued from pages 55-120

in *Twelve Men* has come to be regarded as a minor classic. This tribute to his beloved elder brother is not only a superb pen picture and characterization of the type of man Paul was, but it is also unconsciously more revelatory of Dreiser and his own peculiar nature, than almost anything he has written about himself. And certainly he has been as frank and honest in those self-revelations as any man can be, consciously.

Theodore idolized Paul. Paul was his god. No one in his life, not even excepting his mother, to him the epitome of beautiful womanhood, affected or influenced him as much as Paul.

Yet he envied Paul as he perhaps has never envied any one else and this envy became at times violent hatred and they often quarreled bitterly, Dreiser undoubtedly doing most of the quarreling, as he indicates.

Paul was all that Theodore would like to have been. A gay, jovial man-about-town. A Falstaffian back-slapping Broadway minstrel. The life of the party. His very entrance into a saloon or dining room was hailed by everyone. His popular, tear-jerking songs played and sung everywhere. And the way he had with women! The way they ran after him. Throwing themselves at his head. Offering their favors!

And Dreiser at this time, glum, morose, brooding, feeling more than ever when he was with his gay and fascinating brother, what a sorry lot was his, terrified at the present, fearful of the future. And these women, with their "shameless daring" so far as Paul was concerned, "distant and freezing enough to all who did not interest them," meaning himself among these they did not interest.

Paul was a grand success, the toast of the town. His songs, *Just Tell Them That you Saw Me*, *My Gal Sal*, *The Pardon That Came too Late*, *On the Bowery*, had swept the country. Catchy, sentimental, the output of the acknowledged music master of Tin Pan Alley of the day, yet among all the things he had written, Dreiser is perhaps happiest that it was he who wrote the first verse and chorus of the greatest of all of his brother's songs, *On the Banks of the Wabash*.

It was not until both artistic and monetary success came to Dreiser, following the publication of *An American Tragedy*, that he lost much of his gloominess, and came to be, in a measure, like his brother Paul, genial, gay and jovial.

But the curious phenomenon of Nature that produces a Dreiser, truly a great novelist, perhaps even a genius! A boyhood of poverty and privation, the twelfth child in a brood of thirteen, three of whom had died before his birth. Going to school often without shoes, and to a parochial school at that, undergoing a discipline or tactless lack of understanding which later turned him against the Church. A German immigrant father, strict disciplinarian and fanatically Catholic, who lost in part his reason as well as his own woolen mill business following the death of his first three children.

So poor were they that Dreiser once told me that in the back yard of their home was a shallow depression—usually a pond in wet weather—abundantly inhabited by crawfish. "It was not until I was working in St. Louis as a reporter and saw cooked crawfish being sold by Negro vendors on street corners that I knew they were fit to eat. To think we could have caught and eaten those crawfish that were crawling all over our yard."

Dreiser does not seem to have had much affection for his father, the elder Dreiser always harping on Catholicism, hellfire, the wrath to come, even in his illness a Prussian martinet, but such is the pride of family, that let anyone else speak disparagingly of his father and Dreiser is quick to defend him. "He owned his own mill, and once he was production manager of a big mill. He knew more about wool and about weaving than any man in that part of the country," he will tell you.

But his mother! Ah, there was a paragon of all the virtues, "a strange, sweet woman who did not know how life was organized . . . like a poet who suffers much yet unfailingly and irresistibly continues to contemplate beauty—her one enduring earthly reward, as I came to know," he has written.

With her failing husband, with this brood of children, she further burdened herself by taking in boarders and doing outside washing for more prosperous neighbors. And it is obvious that from what Dreiser has written and from what he has told me that it was she who instilled in him a feeling for the beauties of Nature, "to contemplate beauty."

He remembers her best in her rare moments of ease, peacefully rocking back and forth in a rocking-chair, and no doubt, starved as he was for affection with her holding him on her lap and satisfying his need for love and tenderness. And the picture I retain of Dreiser is also that of seeing him rocking back and forth in a rocking-chair. He never seems so much at his ease. In whatever hotel room he may occupy he manages to have a rocking-chair furnished for his use.

From that lowly home, from that unpromising background, from that sorry environment, to become a hardware clerk, a runner for a real estate firm, collector for an installment house, newspaper reporter, free-lance magazine writer. editor and novelist.

But let's get back to the staid-appearing, prosperous, well-paid editor of a woman's magazine, who had just moved into a six-room flat in a new apartment building in the residential section of upper Broadway with a rental based on the extravagant rate of ten dollars a room, or sixty dollars a month. Remember this was 1910! And in contrast to the picture of him as a youthful reporter and suitor in Missouri here is a self-portrait written in response to a request for some material about himself for use in a review I planned to write. ". . . from having worked with me, you know something of my character. By temperament, I am a moody and solitary person and I am entirely at variance with the modern theory of life. I don't think the Midwest conception of what is good and virtuous and worth while, is worth two cents, but it wouldn't help me any, or my book, to have you say that. I should like to see a race of people on this earth who, like Nicolo Machiavelli, could look life in the face. I care nothing for sham or pretence, and am fascinated by artistic merit wherever I find it . . . I would really prefer to write always if I could live that way, but I'm afraid I can't. I'm not a George Barr McCutcheon, nor yet a Robert W. Chambers. Would that I were! . . . Writing is sometimes a delight, and sometimes very hard work. I am 6 feet, 1 and one-half inches tall, weigh 180 pounds, and I like to eat, walk, travel and dream. I wish I were rich."

Can you wonder that in fact I did feel "biggidy" working for him, and while I was rarely able to transcribe my own shorthand notes with any degree of accuracy, I managed to turn out letters which he generally read and signed. After a few weeks, I felt so secure, that I asked Towne if he would not let me help him read some of the stories that were submitted. Glad to be relieved of wading through a mass of unsolicited material, he gave me a bundle of manuscripts every day, which I read at night and reported on the next morning. I mentioned this to Dreiser, hoping he would say that was a fine thing for me to do. Instead he gave me one of those sardonic glances and said, "Don't you think you had better master what you are doing, first?"

There was no answer to that, and I left his office with my ears burning. Then an hour later, he sent for me. "Did you say you were reading manuscripts for Towne?" "Yes sir," I said. "What does he think of your opinions?" he asked. "Why don't you ask Mr. Towne?" I said.

He evidently did that, because the next time I took him some letters to sign, he said, "Lengel, you notice I am signing these letters . . . They are not written as I dictated them . . . Why should I waste time dictating letters that you can write as well as I can? I am going to make you my assistant. Then you can have a stenographer and take care of these things for me. Towne tells me your literary opinions are sound, so you can read more important manuscripts and report to me directly."

All during this time, one of those great dramas of business intrigue was being enacted, actually under my very eyes and rushing even now to its dénouement. I felt the undercurrent of it without being exactly conscious of it. I was too excited about life itself, particularly about life in this supercharged electric atmosphere of New York City.

It is a bit difficult to describe the peculiar state of aphasia in which I existed. I was a stranger in New York, yet I had dreamed of it and its glories for so long that no matter to what strange sections of the city I went, they seemed as familiar to me as if I had known them or had lived in them before.

I became acquainted in the theatrical district and had a one-act play produced and I met and watched the music masters of Tin Pan Alley at work. And here in the office of *The Delineator* I was seeing and interviewing the authors of the day, who, until now, were but magical names of inspired geniuses heading stories in magazines. Richard Le Gallienne, who, with his ascetic face and long mane of hair, looked the poet, and who came in to complain to Dreiser that a reviewer in *The Sun* had poked fun at him and his work, and wanted to know if the remarks were not libelous and having Dreiser ask me my opinion. And to watch the dynamic, bearded, little man who was Lincoln Steffens, chief muckraker of this era of muckraking, stride briskly into the office, followed by a tall, serious, bespectacled young man just out of college, and carrying Mr. Steffens' briefcase; Walter Lippmann, F. P. A., Zona Gale, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Rupert Hughes, William and Anne Hard, young radicals in those days. Writing letters to Jack London, H. L. Mencken, Arthur Brisbane, Congressman Champ Clark and even President Taft.

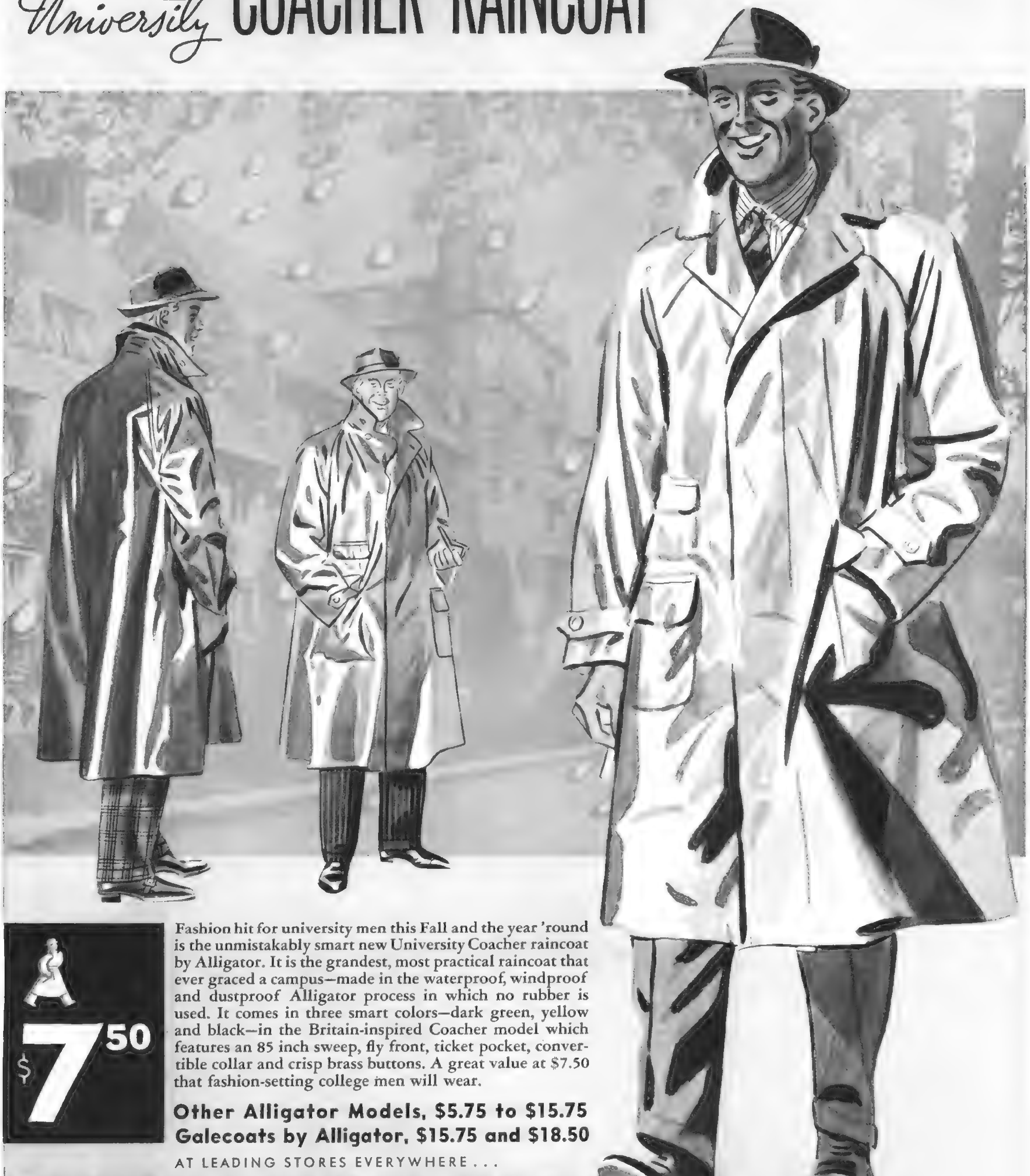
Then Dreiser giving me an assignment to call on Colonel J. Hamblen Sears, president of the publishing firm of D. Appleton & Co., to sound him out on the possibility of Robert W. Chambers writing a serial for *The Delineator*, and Mr. Chambers, whose charming and mildly risqué froth had made him a great magazine circulation builder, and who commanded a very high price for his work—coming down to New York from his estate at Broadmoor, a well-fed, finely tailored man one would expect to find in a bank. Yes, he would write a serial for *The Delineator*. Yes, he knew he would have to be circumspect in the writing. He would make it one of his Revolutionary historical romances. But, he would want a big price. Fifteen thousand dollars! The figure stunned me, but Dreiser said that it would be all right. We would publish it in twelve installments and that would not run the cost up too much an issue. Fifteen thousand dollars for

Continued on page 126

Going Back to School

ALLIGATOR'S BRIGHT, NEW, AUTHENTIC

University COACHER RAINCOAT



$7.50

Fashion hit for university men this Fall and the year 'round is the unmistakably smart new University Coacher raincoat by Alligator. It is the grandest, most practical raincoat that ever graced a campus—made in the waterproof, windproof and dustproof Alligator process in which no rubber is used. It comes in three smart colors—dark green, yellow and black—in the Britain-inspired Coacher model which features an 85 inch sweep, fly front, ticket pocket, convertible collar and crisp brass buttons. A great value at $7.50 that fashion-setting college men will wear.

Other Alligator Models, $5.75 to $15.75
Galecoats by Alligator, $15.75 and $18.50

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE . . .

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS AND GALECOATS

The "Genius" Himself

Continued from pages 55-120-124

the man who was just about the top author of the day! And within the last few years, at least three women authors have been paid in excess of seventy-five thousand dollars for the serial rights to novels to be published in generally no more than eight installments!

The Chambers serial was written, delivered and paid for. But it was not published in *The Delineator*. It was resold to *Cosmopolitan*. But that was after Dreiser had gone. Erman Ridgway, godly soul that he was, decided the very name of Chambers with its association of a model posing nude in an artist's studio, and the suggestion of even worse goings on would contaminate the pages of a woman's magazine like *The Delineator*.

Dreiser had taken over the editorship of the "Del" when the circulation had fallen to less than 400,000 copies a month. The magazine, with its milk-and-water fiction and features which were but fillers in a pattern book that was little more than a glorified house organ. The pattern department which depended on the magazine for bringing in business was rapidly losing ground. Dreiser, with his vigorous and virile editorial policy put on circulation so fast that the advertising-getting boys could not keep pace with him. In other words he increased the circulation faster than they could increase the advertising line rate.

He was made editor-in-chief of the Butterick Trio, *The Delineator*, *The Designer* and the *New Idea* (later the *Woman's Magazine*). A dynamo himself, he charged and vitalized the staff of each magazine. He loved this surge of life around him and while he was not as well known as Edward Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, who was contemporaneous with him, he did as distinctive a job in his way as Bok had in his.

So prosperous did the Butterick Company become that it was decided to expand and add to its trio of women's magazines a magazine of general interest, and the flashily sensational *Everybody's* which had skyrocketed to success with the publication of Tom Lawson's *Frenzied Finance*, was purchased for too many millions.

It was an interesting and able crowd. Erman J. Ridgway, John O'Hara Cosgrave, Trumbull White, Gilman Hall, Ray Brown. But as generally happens when two organizations are merged, there arises that inevitable struggle for control and dominance. And the real troubles of Dreiser began. No editor who is an editor can tolerate outside interference or harassment, and during this period, Dreiser was continually beset by interference and harassment.

A new circulation manager also had been engaged. He came from *The Woman's Home Companion*, and to his notion, *The Delineator* was altogether too virile and dynamic. He honestly believed that the women of America ought to be fed pap, and said so, and insisted that *The Delineator* should be that sort of magazine.

Dreiser's editorial vision was beyond this type of mind. He foresaw the growing emancipation of women, their increasing importance. His editorial policy was directed to this new woman. It may be that he was too advanced. Too far ahead of his time. But I am inclined to believe he was a great editor. He had instinctive sensitivity to trends. He had insatiable curiosity, that indispensable quality of the great editor. He was truly interested in people, individually and in the mass. He was sympathetic to seemingly trivial problems which are of tremendous importance to the particular persons confronted with those problems. I have seen him sit, absorbed, listening to a housewife tell of her troubles with servants or tradesmen—in effect, making her troubles his troubles. (That too, I think, accounts largely for his success with women. Plus a casual indifference to them.) He did and still does lend almost fascinated attention to anyone relating the most prosaic experience or adventure. He was constantly educating himself as well as his readers. And, incidentally, most successful editors have not had too great a formal education. The average highly educated editor is too apt to think that everyone is familiar with the things he knows. Dreiser realized this wasn't so.

And the editorial ideas that emanated from him! Almost every morning he would bring in a sheaf of notes, carrying suggestions for articles and features, which he transferred methodically to specially printed blanks. Once or twice a week, he would hold editorial meetings for the staff. He would first ask what ideas and suggestions they had and then he would read those he had to offer. Enough ideas for half a dozen magazines. He was exceedingly tolerant at the criticism of his offerings, and, at these meetings at least, never showed any impatience or raised his voice.

Some years later, Ray Long paid Dreiser a tribute such as only one editor can pay another. Long had followed Dreiser as editor of *Broadway*, later called *Hampton's Magazine*. He confessed that he had gone through Dreiser's file of suggestions and had appropriated them for his own use and that Dreiser's letters to authors outlining articles and features had served as his magazine editorial education.

But getting back to this atmosphere of unrest and apprehension which pervaded the editorial department of *The Delineator* at this time. As close as I was to Dreiser, my desk within a few feet of his in that magnificent office, I was almost totally unaware of this battle for control being waged.

Then the little groups of employees gathering, whispering. Meetings in Dreiser's office and in Ridgway's. Dreiser pleating and folding his handkerchief. And one day, George Wilder, the president of the company, followed by his man Friday, Jim Birmingham, the treasurer, and Ridgway.

"How are you, Wilder?" said Dreiser.

"Dry-sir," punned Wilder; whereupon, everyone except Dreiser laughed. I was asked to leave the room. And a few days later the sudden announcement that Mr. Dreiser was to take a year's leave of absence.

As I have said, I was too absorbed in myself, or perhaps too lacking in inquisitiveness, to have been aware of what was going on. But, all that I should have seen and pieced together, you will find considerably fictionized but fairly factual in a novel entitled *The Genius* by Theodore Dreiser.

So ended Dreiser's career as an editor. I gathered his personal belongings and took them to him at a room he had rented in the Murray Hill Hotel. As he sat on the edge of the bed, pleating and folding his handkerchief, I looked upon him as a broken man. To me he was a man who had lost his job, a big, well-paying job. And he was nearing forty. He insisted he was glad to be relieved of the burden of editing. The job had become no more than a chore and he was well out of it. He had no plans, he told me. Some literary service bureau had made him an offer, which he was considering. He also thought of buying into a book publishing house. He seemed to be giving little thought to writing, fearful no doubt as he had already expressed it, that his writing would not earn him enough on which to live. Yet, within a year from this time, October, 1910, he had not only completed and obtained publication of *Jennie Gerhardt*, but had written *The Genius* which ran close to 200,000 words, but which did not appear until 1915, or after the publication of *The Financier* and *The Titan*. At the same time he was embarked on his discovery of Europe under the guidance and tutelage of Grant Richards, which resulted in *A Traveler At Forty*. And at the very time he was bemoaning the fact that he was not as prolific as George Barr McCutcheon or Robert W. Chambers.

But his publishing path had been bestrewn with difficulties and detours. His sorry experience with *Sister Carrie* at Doubleday-Page, made him suspicious of all publishers. Yet he seemed solidly set when Harpers brought out *Jennie Gerhardt* so successfully and followed in like measure with *The Financier*. Yet in the early part of 1914 after *The Titan* had been set and printed and ready for binding, Harpers suddenly decided they would not publish the book. There was, I believe, a question of possible libel. Jefferson Jones, who was then American manager of the John Lane Company, took over the book immediately. Then all went well with the John Lane Company until John S. Sumner, the vice-hunter-upper, threatened the Lane Company with prosecution unless they withdrew *The Genius* from sale. This Lane did, and soon bootleg copies of *The Genius* were selling for fifty dollars a copy and rented out for as much as ten dollars for a reading and return of the book. Incidentally, a shortened serial version of *The Genius* while the book was still under Censor Sumner's ban, was published in the *Metropolitan Magazine*. (Item for collectors.)

Another change of publisher. This time to the effervescent, hunch-playing, literary-lion-hunter, Horace Liveright. And that day when Liveright came to my office, shaking and unnerved, and asking me if I knew the ridiculous title Dreiser had given his new novel. I pretended ignorance and Liveright said, "*An American Tragedy*. Think of it. The book is licked before it is published. That is a terrible title, terrible. Lengel, you have influence with Dreiser. Try to persuade him to change that title, won't you? It will ruin him—and me."

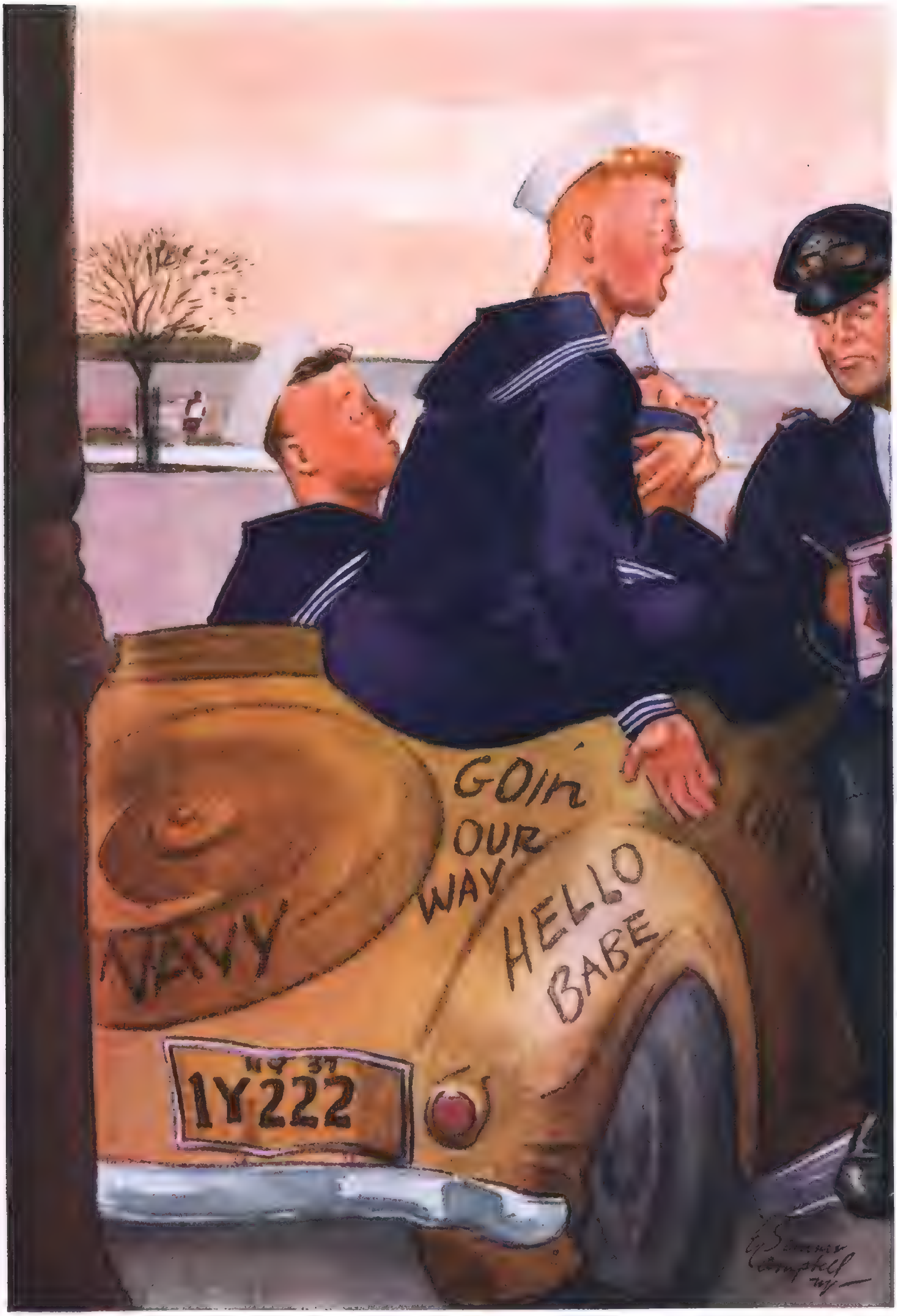
Well, influence or not, which I certainly haven't, thank heavens I did not ask Dreiser to change that title. It was this very *American Tragedy* that in 1925 brought him long delayed popular recognition and also the wealth that he had such little hope for in 1911. He is now the squire of a landed estate near Mt. Kisco, New York, called "Iroki" which means in Japanese, I believe, contentment. In the most fantastic-looking house in all Westchester County is a great stone workroom even larger than his magnificent office at *The Delineator*. You can find him there, in a rocking chair inevitably pleating and folding his handkerchief or working at a massive desk made from an old square piano once owned by his brother Paul. Before him will be a full ream of typewriter paper in a neat pile. Slowly, methodically, plodding, he will write a page in his peculiarly individualistic script, place the finished page on an adjoining smaller but equally neat pile, and as the days go on the pile of blank sheets directly in front of him will grow smaller and smaller and the pile of written sheets grow higher and higher, and another book will be finished. But every now and then, when he is stuck, as all writing men generally are during the course of a novel or other major effort, he disappears. He rents a cheap, smelly, hall bedroom that has in it a rocking chair and here he will sit and rock, pleating his handkerchief, and in this familiar atmosphere of his past days of struggles and privations achieve the proper mood in which he can best work out his problems of plot, continuity and construction . . . and perhaps dream of that distant day when he might be rich—and famous. ⧺

"There's *real* magic for you!"

White Rock
Always cool before opening
White Rock
White Rock
Water
A natural water
White Rock Mineral Springs
Waukesha Wis. U.S.A.

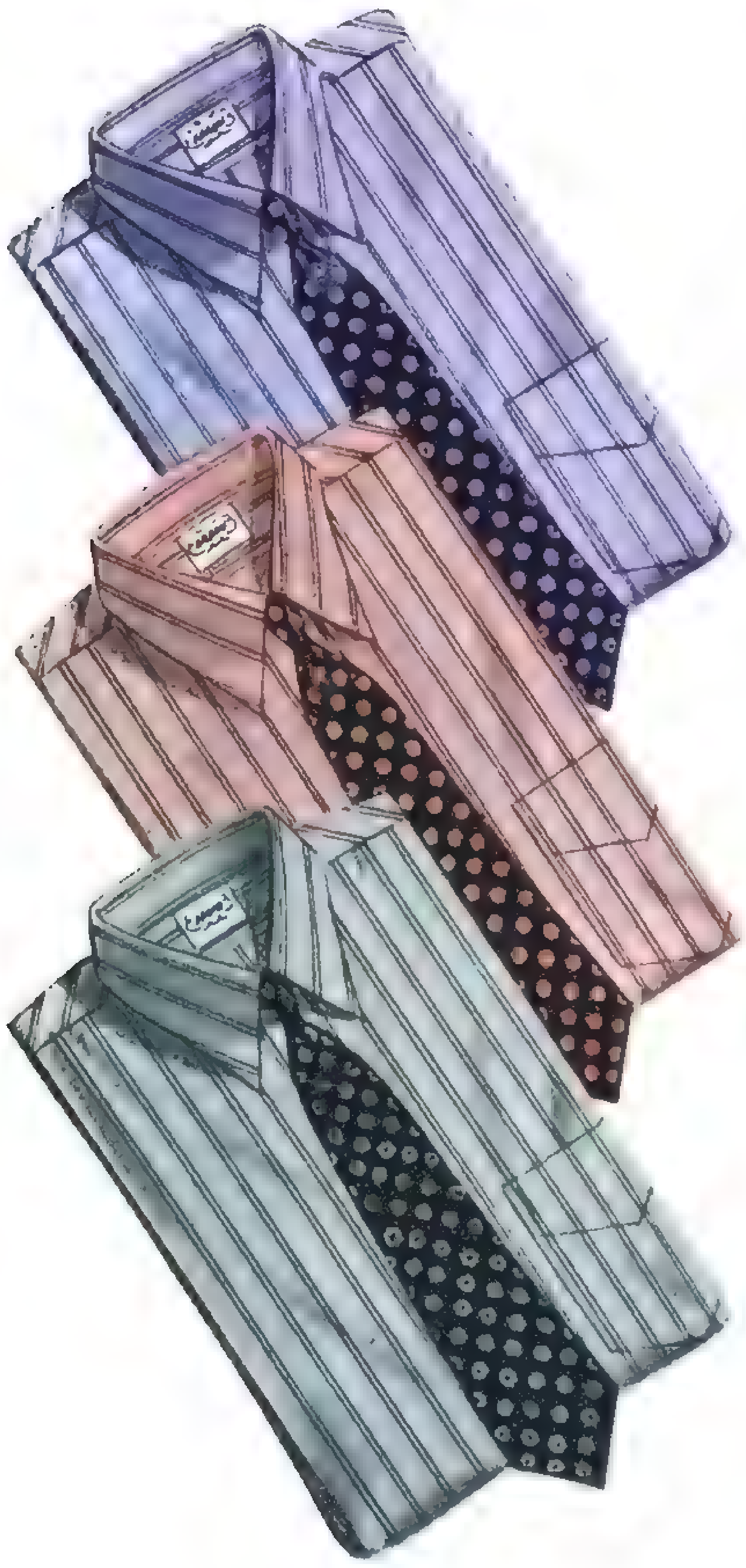
Bubbles from nowhere! Look into a drink made with White Rock. You'll see hundreds of tiny bubbles rising up to the surface. And in a moment they are gone. But magic of magic! Hundreds more appear from nowhere...and still hundreds more when those have gone. And so it goes. Thousands upon thousands of bubbles in steady succession . . . to keep your highball alive and keen to the end of the drink.

On the alkaline side . . . **BETTER FOR YOU!**

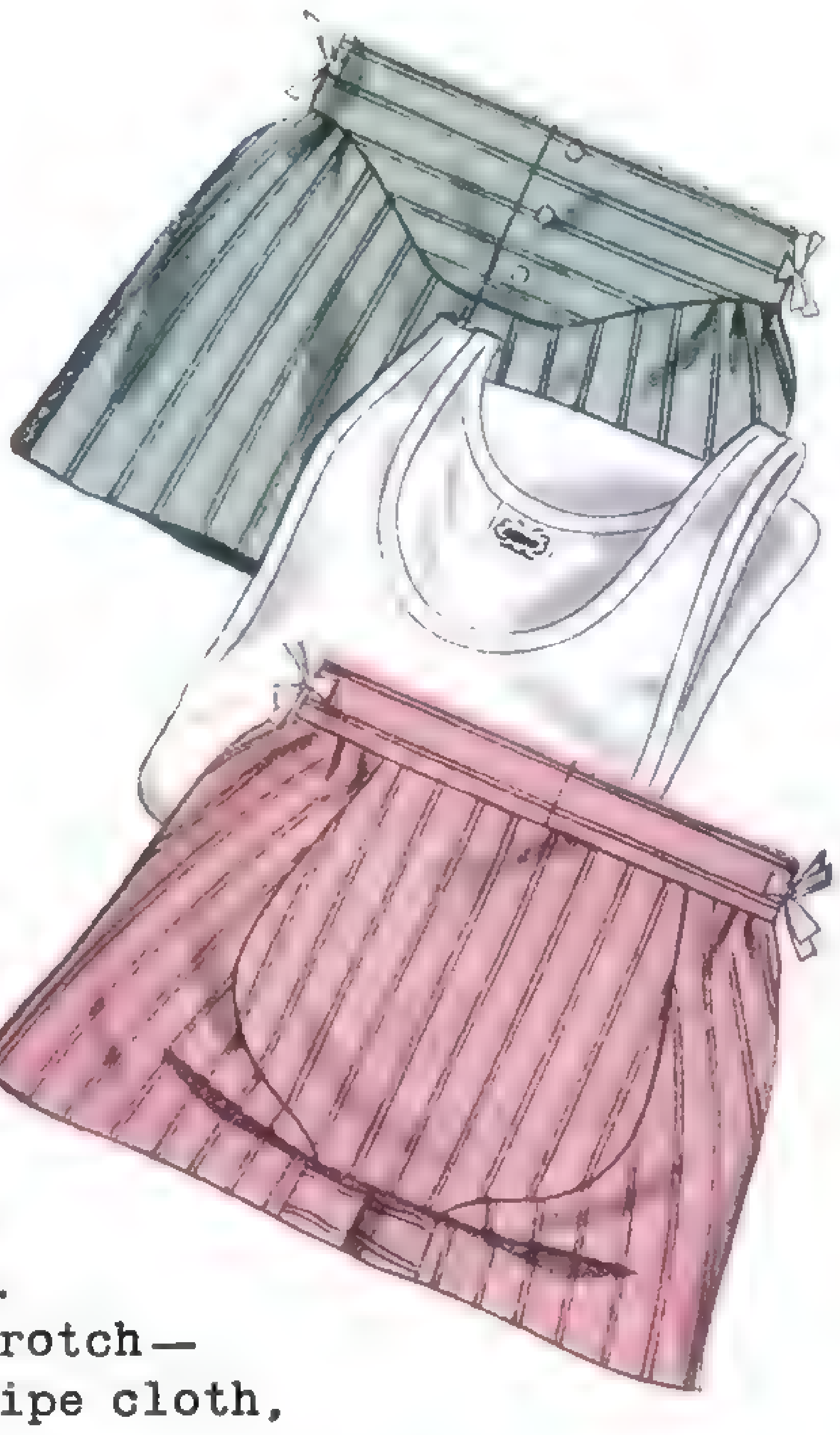

GOin
OUR
WAY
NAVY
HELLO
BABE
NY 37
1Y222
E. Simms
Campbell

"I have not got a girl in every port—I haven't been in every port"

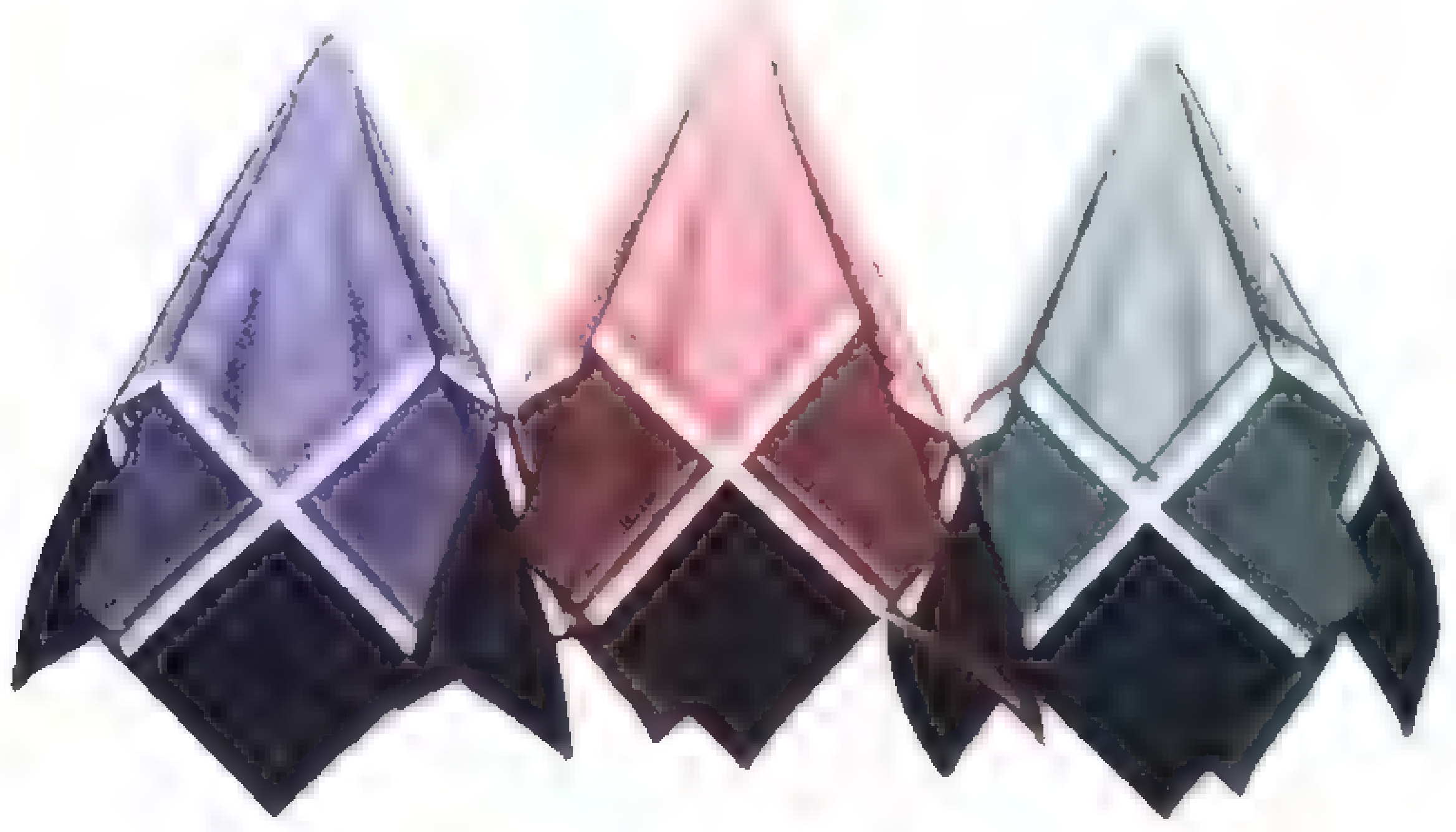
Arrow's Choice for August . . . Blentone Stripes



What's smarter than soft colors in shirts? Answer: soft colors with widely spaced stripes! Arrow's interpretation of this new fashion is the Blentone Stripe. Sanforized Shrunk. $2. Arrow also kindly provides special neckties for these shirts, Blentone Woven Foulard. $1.



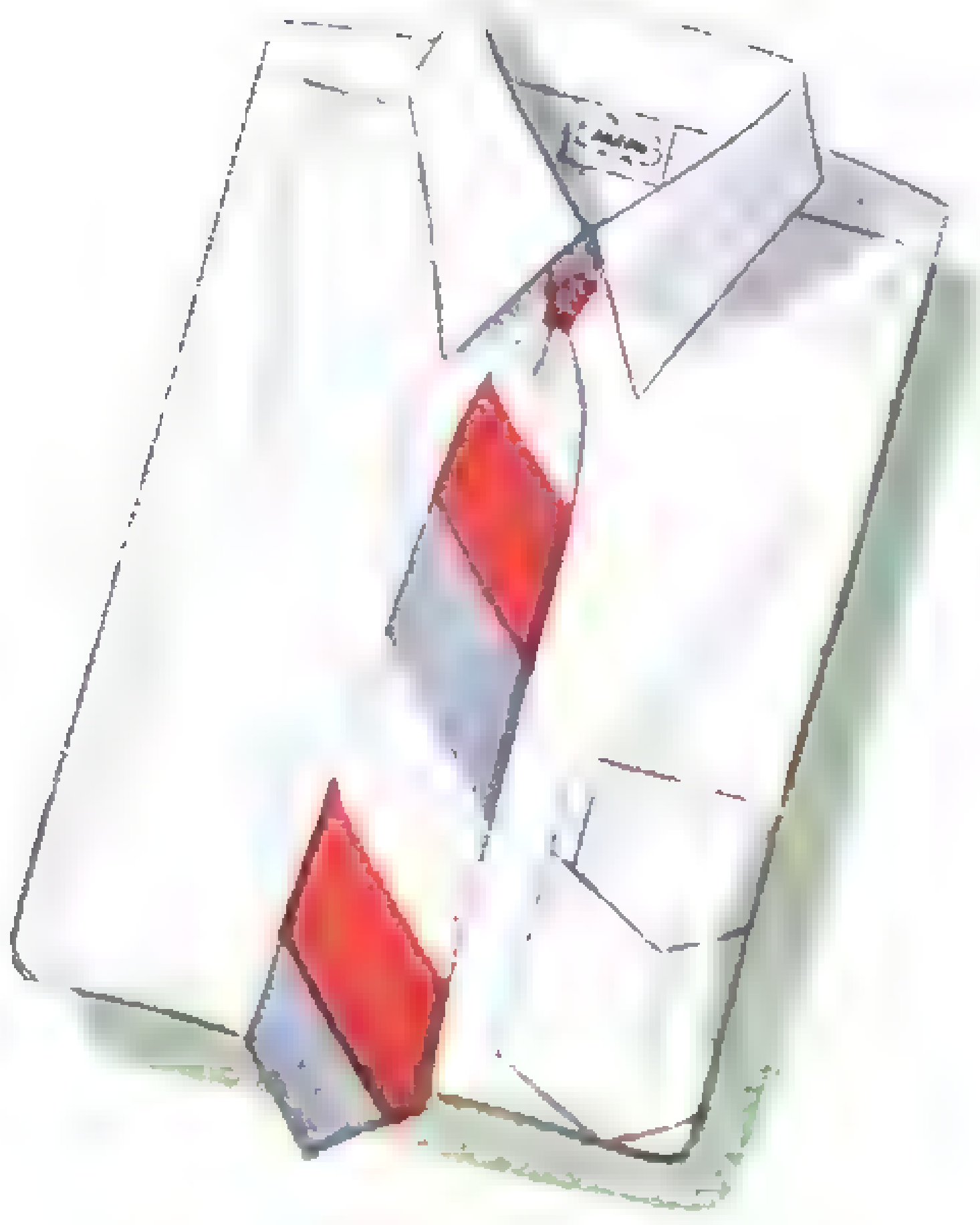
Chief mischief-maker in shorts is the seam in the rear. It causes sawing, chafing, twisting, hiking. Arrow shorts have no seam in the crotch—are a joy forever. In Blentone Stripe cloth, 65¢. Tops, 50¢ up.



Often, it's a thankless job to try to find the proper handkerchief for a shirt. Not so here! Arrow has specially made these Blentone handkerchiefs for the shirts and ties. 35¢.

ARROW
SANFORIZED

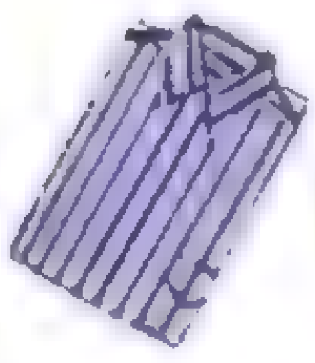
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

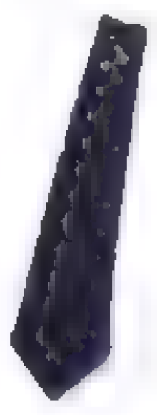
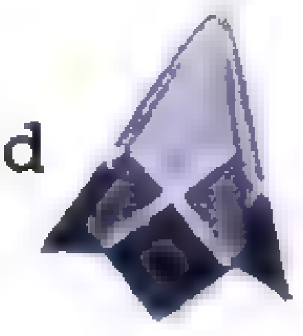


One of the two most popular shirts in America is Arrow Hitt. Hitt has the well-mannered Aroset starchless collar that never, never wrinkles. Sanforized Shrunk. $2.

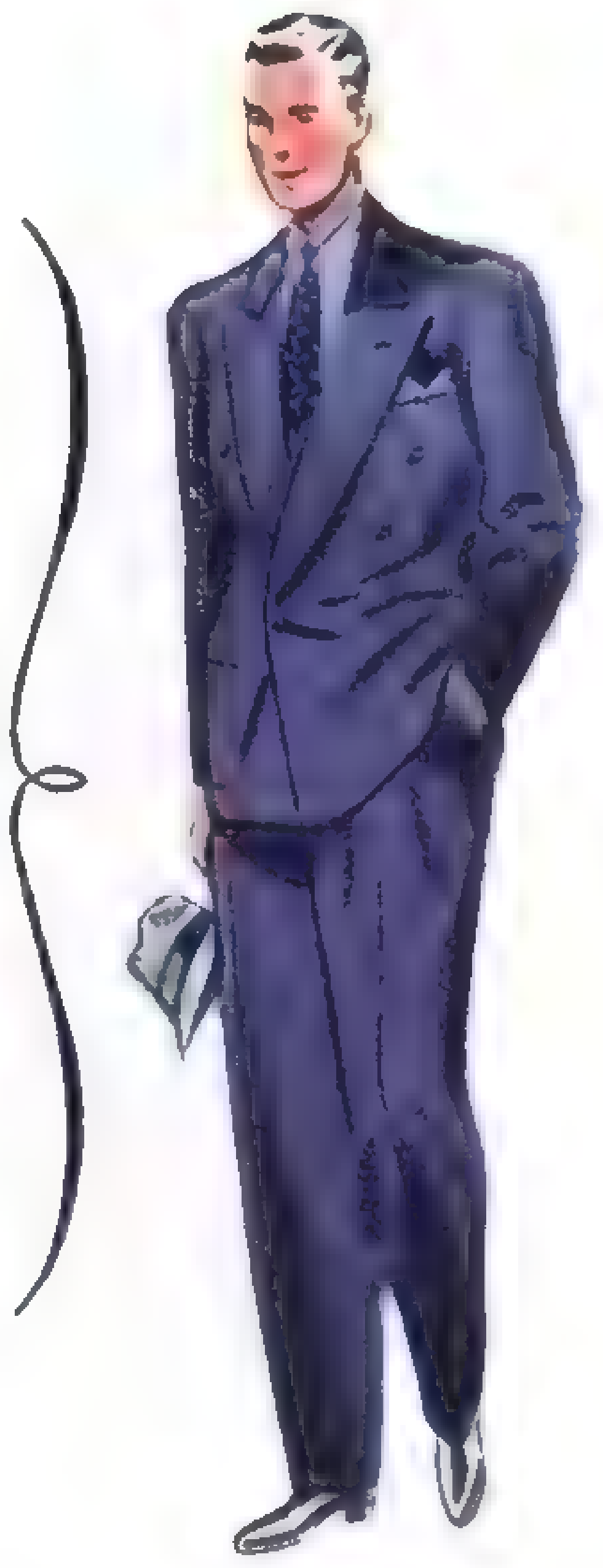
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

With blue suit

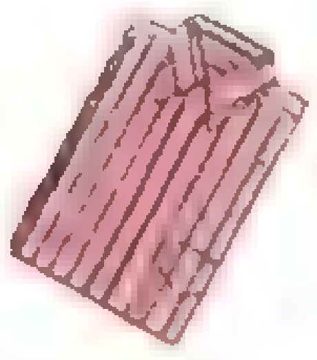
wear  shirt,

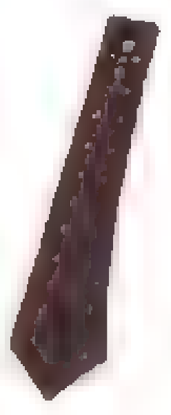
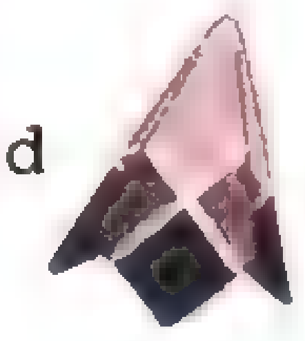
 tie, and 

handkerchief.

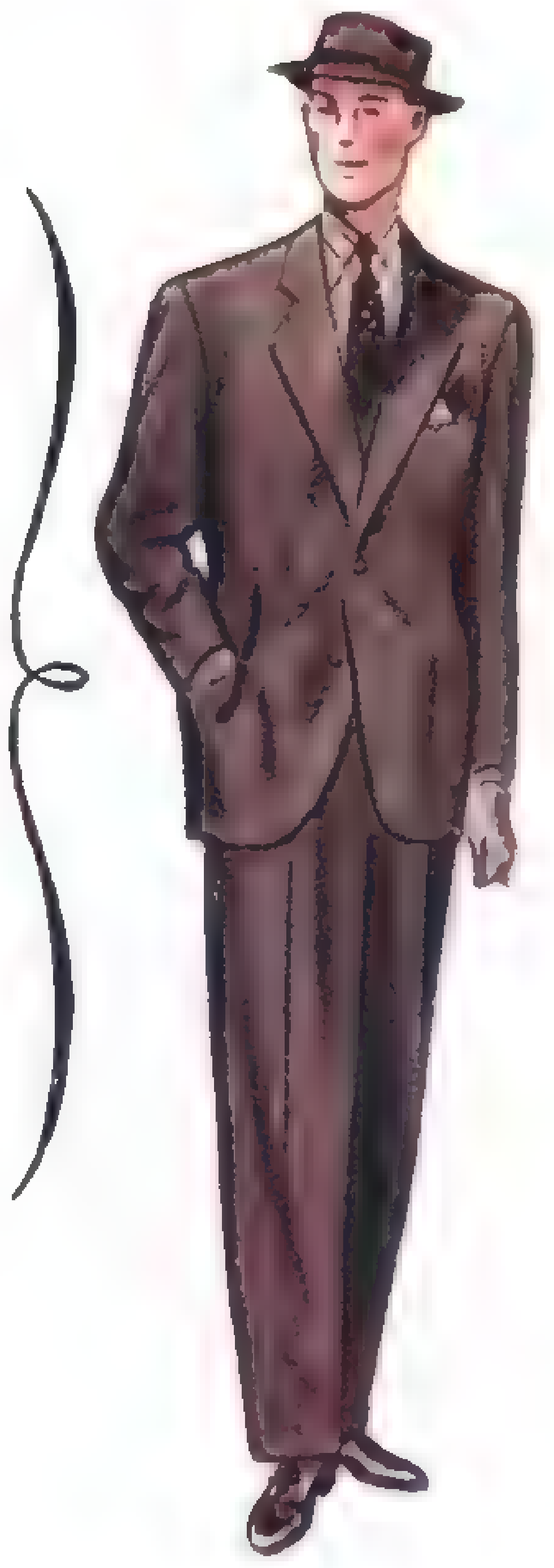


With brown suit

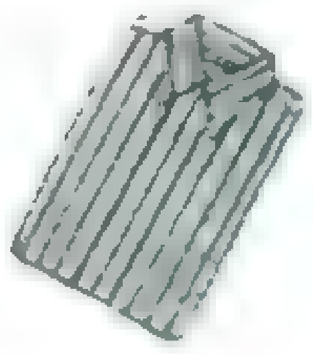
wear  shirt,

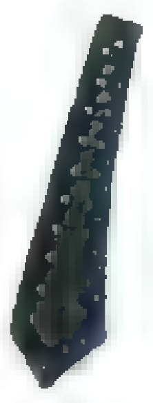
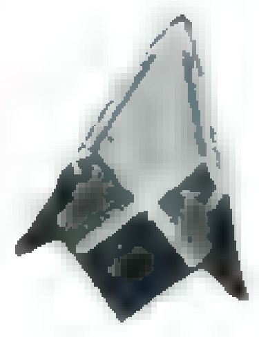
 tie, and 

handkerchief.

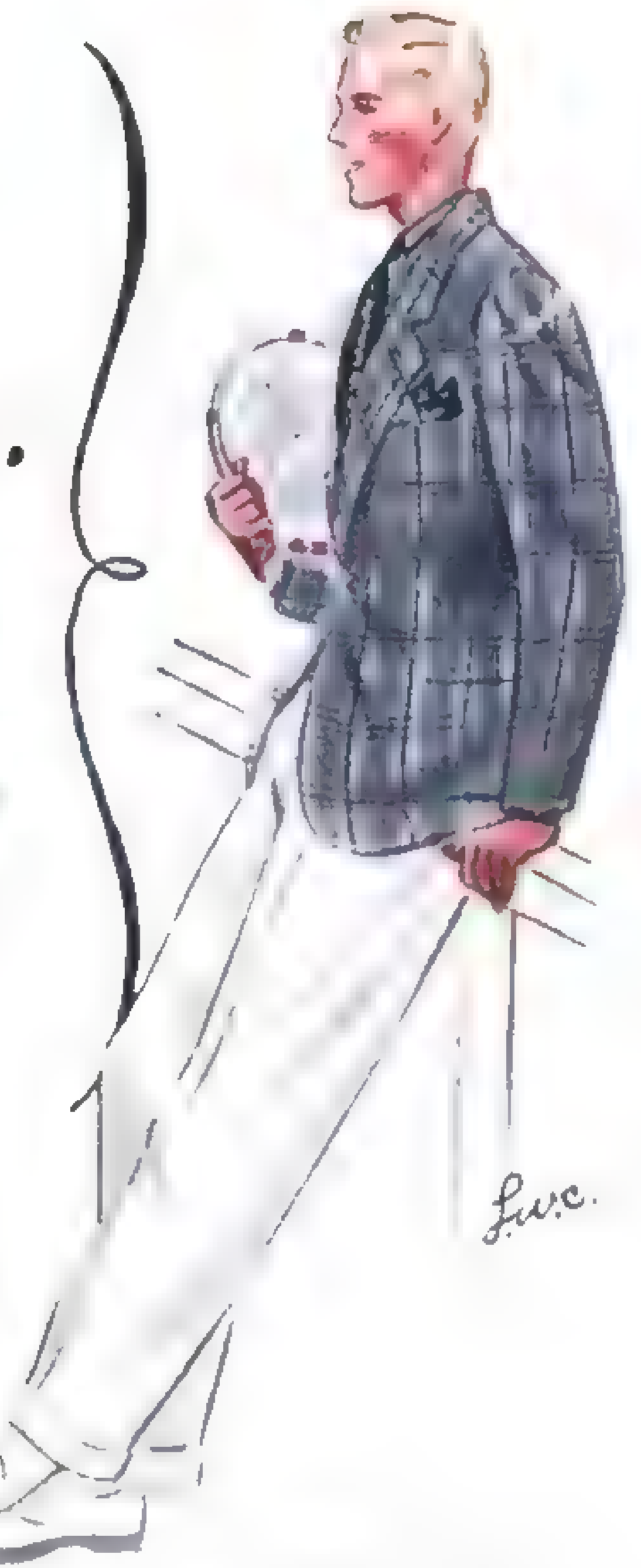


With gray outfit

wear  shirt,

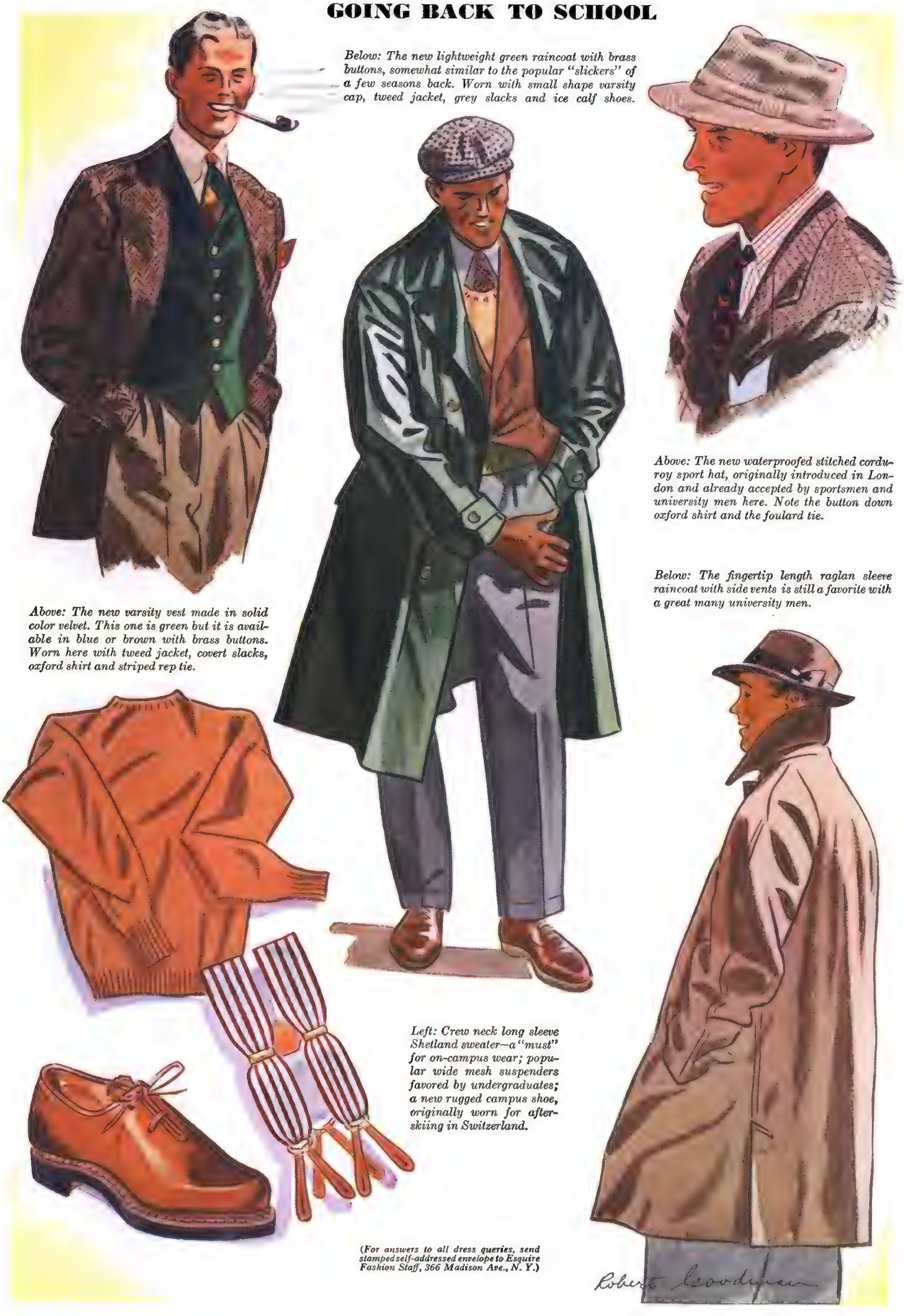
 tie, and 

handkerchief.



The combinations suggested above don't exhaust the possibilities. Try your own, if you prefer.

GOING BACK TO SCHOOL



Below: The new lightweight green raincoat with brass buttons, somewhat similar to the popular "slickers" of a few seasons back. Worn with small shape varsity cap, tweed jacket, grey slacks and ice calf shoes.

Above: The new varsity vest made in solid color velvet. This one is green but it is available in blue or brown with brass buttons. Worn here with tweed jacket, covert slacks, oxford shirt and striped rep tie.

Above: The new waterproofed stitched corduroy sport hat, originally introduced in London and already accepted by sportsmen and university men here. Note the button down oxford shirt and the foulard tie.

Below: The fingertip length raglan sleeve raincoat with side vents is still a favorite with a great many university men.

Left: Crew neck long sleeve Shetland sweater—a "must" for on-campus wear; popular wide mesh suspenders favored by undergraduates; a new rugged campus shoe, originally worn for after-skiing in Switzerland.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Ways They Bet 'em

Continued from page 62

place and show bets made there by bookmakers to get rid of liability and to adjust odds downward, throws place and show prices out of all just mathematical relationship with win-prices. If a horse is eight to one to win, almost always he will be much less than half of that, or four to one, to place, also much less than a third of the winning price to show or run third.

The public, just because it is the public, the aggregate of men and women that make prices by putting up the bulk of money wagered in the mutuel machines, defeats its own purpose in betting horses to run second and third; the weight of its money bet place and show so depresses prices for those finishing positions that an utterly impossible average of winning place and show bets must be secured over a period of time if profits are to be made. Forty win bets of a hundred won at an average price of two to one mean a profit—and both the winning percentage and the average price are attainable at the tracks.

But seventy per cent winning show bets at an average price of one to two is an ideal attainable neither as respects the winning percentage nor the average price in that position.

The bright-eyed hopeful who shoots at good winnings with small amounts wagered on parlays really is smarter than the more stodgy gent who pushes one hundred dollar bills through the show windows in an attempt to chisel off a small percentage-profit. The parlay addict at least has some fun, has the thrill of a real, if small, gamble—and occasionally pulls it off. The show bettor will have relatively prolonged winning streaks, without real thrill because items of profit must be so small in proportion to what is risked—but he is bound to lose in the long run through the operation of averages that would break the heart of an unemotional rhinoceros.

The stock market affords a very exact analogy to the way in which the public insures its own loss by playing horses otherwise than to win. Everybody buys toward or at the top because everybody is buying when everybody is buying, and everybody sells toward or at the bottom because everybody is selling when everybody is selling. There is much more than a play on words in that sentence; no one can make a penny at any speculative enterprise, from stocks to horses, by following the public. What the public knows is known to everybody, whereas the essence of successful speculation is to anticipate what none or only a few know or reasonably expect. Everyone at a race track expects an eminently solid horse to run in the money, finish no worse than third, and the fact is reflected in the very short price paid by such a horse in the event he does so.

Very occasionally a most solid contender will pay more to place or show than to win, but the fact only re-enforces my point. When an animal is so apparent a stick-out to come in first that even the chronic place and show bettors wager on him to win then the diminished and relatively small amount bet on him to run second or third picks up in the machines its pro rata of all money bet on all other contenders to do the same thing—except that bet on the three which ultimately do run one-two-three—and the place and show pay-offs may be quite substantial in comparison with the win-price. Top Flight, the outstanding two-year-old filly of 1931, in the mile and seventy yard Pimlico Futurity of that year paid more both for place and show than she did to win. Brevity, in the Kentucky Derby of 1936, paid more to place than he would have done to win had he beaten Bold Venture. In each case the reason was the same; the chronic conservatives and cautious boys for once were down on each horse to win, so that relatively few dollars played on them to place and show divided half and a third of the substantial mutuel pools for those positions.

To say or imply that profits on horses can be made only through win-betting is not to ignore the fact that the public as a whole always must lose at the mutuel tracks through the drain on all money bet imposed by the fixed percentages taken by track and state from the mutuel pools on each race. The public in the aggregate must lose, but clever individuals can win—not, however, through shortsighted betting for second and third. A smart handicapper can make a trifle betting horses to place, but he is strictly up against it in wagering to show over a prolonged period of time or through a protracted series of bets. His throat will be cut by short prices created by others trying for sure things.

Each new crop of horse addicts goes through the experiences of, and shows the same reactions as, its predecessors. A neophyte at the game begins stabbing blithely for winners, either his own choices or those of selectors in the public prints. Speedily licked at that he begins to be cautious and conservative—the burnt child dreads the fire—and starts to bet place and show. Licked also at such operations, he either quits for good and intones for the rest of his life that the races can't be beaten, or else becomes a habitual or occasional small bettor, running a dollar on one nag with an if money bet on another, parlaying two or even three, or playing a pair back to back. Once in a while he hits and collects, and the impetus of the success carries him over the ensuing dry spot and furnishes the mental and spiritual fuel to keep him going.

It is difficult to class the various types of bets here discussed as lunatic or sane. Even the parlay, superficially the most hazardous and least logical of all, adheres to

Continued at top of page 132

. . but still running

This Schick Shaver was put on the execution block to "run to destruction." Day after day, twenty-four hours a day, it hummed its merry way to the inevitable end. When this photograph was made, the motor was still functioning perfectly though it had run continuously for 2,903 hours. Allowing ten minutes for a shave (an experienced Schick user takes only five), this gives a total of 17,418 shaves, or 47 years of shaves . . . *and the motor was still running.*

● Colonel Schick not only invented a shearing head that would shave quickly and closely without blades or lather, he also made the motor to run it. Then he invented and designed machines and methods to produce the cutter and the motor.

His brains and genius are still guiding and perfecting the Schick Shaver, for we are working on *his* ideas, *his* developments and *his* policies.

Schick spent twenty years studying hair, skin and shaving before he put on the market the shaver that is changing the shaving habits of the world.

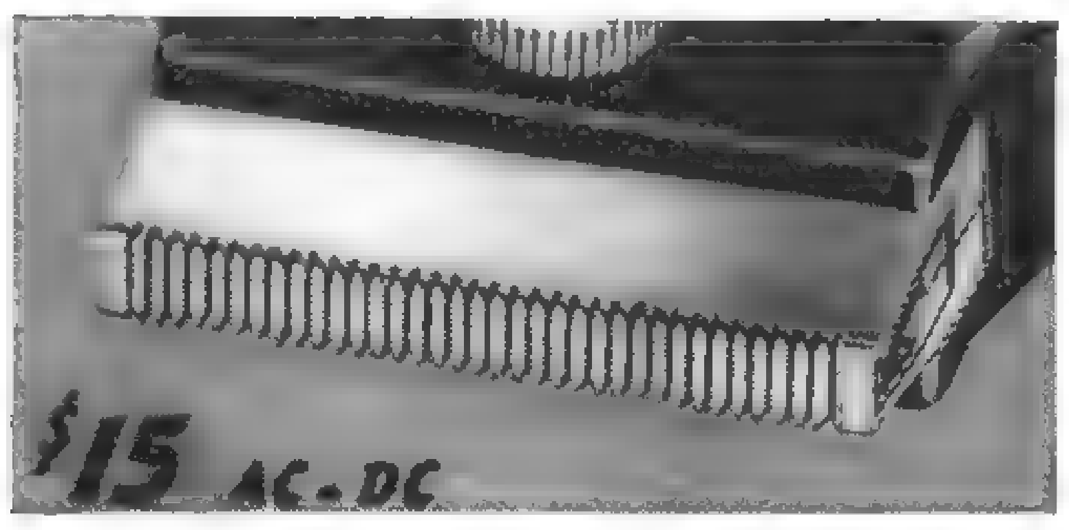
Why Schick?

Use a Schick—not so much because Schick was the inventor of dry shaving, but because we have never seen a dry shaver that shaves as quickly and closely as the Schick Shaver *without injuring the skin.*

We can make a Schick Shaver that will shave any man quickly the first time he uses it, but we prefer to give a man a shaver that for many years will shave him so that not a vestige of beard stubble is evident—*and yet his skin is not hurt in the slightest.*

It may take him a week or two to get his skin back to normal, to repair the damage that blade-shaving has caused, but from then on he will be perfectly satisfied.

Let an authorized Schick dealer show you the marvelous, precision work on the patented, flat shearing head. He will demonstrate how simply you can shave the time-tested Schick way—without blades or lather. Remember that Schick Service Stations throughout the country are ready to give you less than twenty-four hour service on repairs.



110 volts (also made for 6 and 32 volts)

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., Stamford, Conn. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: made and sold by Schick Shaver, Ltd., Montreal
Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

SCHICK ● SHAVER

"I can't be bothered-

till you get a Barbasol Face"

HERE'S a little test you can try on yourself. Let your mind dwell on the prettiest girl you know. Now look into the mirror and rub your hand over your cheeks and chin and jowls.

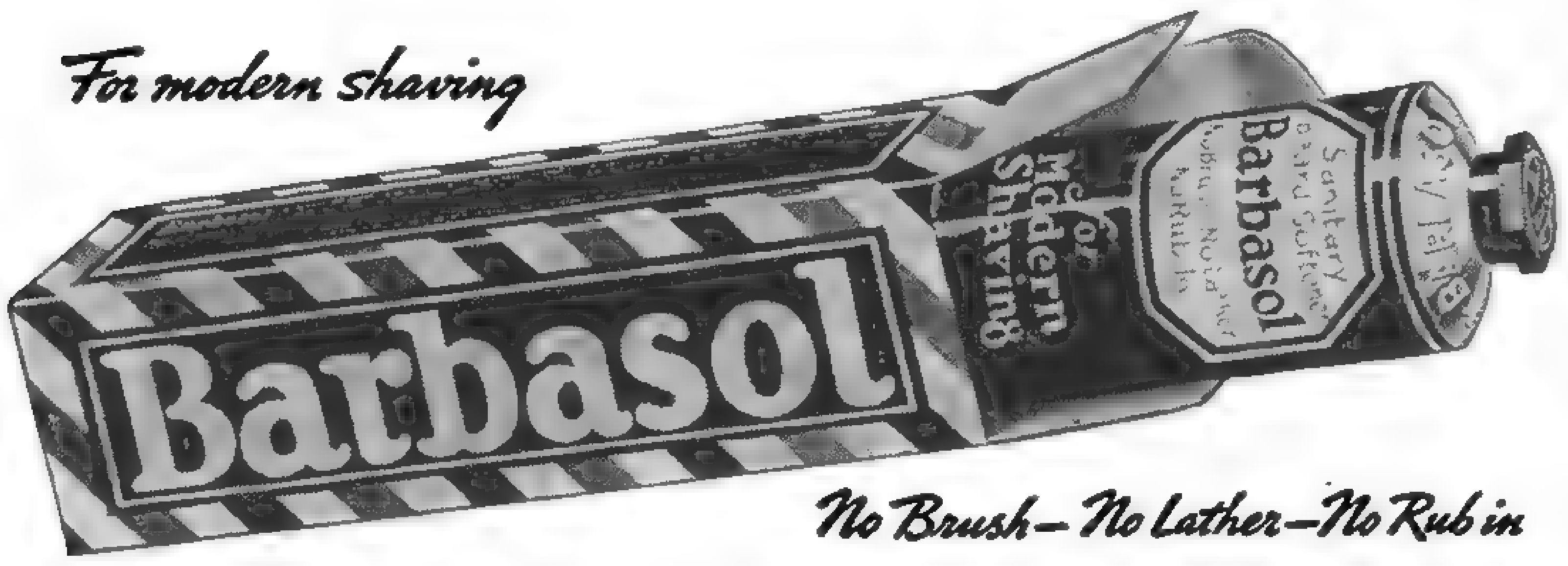
If the skin feels supple and soft, if it looks smooth and youngish, you can bet it's okeh by her, for that's what any woman likes.

But if the skin feels tight and roughened, if it looks a bit wrinkled and oldish, then you'd better change your shaving methods and get yourself a youngish Barbasol Face.

For Barbasol not only gives a cleaner, sweeter, quicker shave no matter how wiry the whiskers . . . its beneficial oils soothe the skin, keep it from getting dry, tight, coarse and rough.

Try Barbasol for just ten days. Then look into the mirror again and go about your conquest with a more attractive Barbasol Face. On sale at all druggists, large tube, 25¢· giant tube, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Five scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades, 15¢.

For modern shaving



No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

The Ways They Bet 'em

Continued from pages 62-131

the sound gambling principle of playing on house-money. And the show-bet, superficially the most conservative and logical of all, in cold fact is the surest road to financial disaster. One using it will win more bets, of course, but they will yield him little, far from enough to compensate for those that go down through the normal hazards of racing and the secret intentions of owners, trainers and jockeys.

Racing, as a sport, is a magnificent sport, and the one under the most incomparably stringent regulation for the protection of the public. Tactics as common as cabbages among fight-managers, prize fighters and boxing clubs would lead to instant and severe discipline of offenders if employed and detected at the tracks. Yet to say this is not to suggest that the game can be beaten financially by one who gives it no real study but instead stabs blindly for his horses or else takes them from public selectors and in betting employs the superficial and uninformed reasoning that leads a majority of the crowd at a mutuel track to buy a ticket on the favorite to show.

In my experience there are just four prerequisites for any measure of success in betting on horses:

(1) Ability to handicap fields entered to race together; to prefigure, as accurately as possible, the winning chances of any single animal in comparison with others, taking all off their records—

(2) Self-control; particularly as regards ability to hold winnings to carry one through inevitable losing streaks and not to dissipate them in necessary or unnecessary outgoes unconnected with betting—

(3) Will power; particularly as regards courage to continue betting unflurried and unafraid through losing streaks—and

(4) A sound technique of wagering as respects what positions are bet and in what manner.

If these propositions are true, if these things are in fact the prerequisites, success at the tracks like most other things in life depends on sense, self-control and guts. ⧺

To Hell with the Referee

Continued from page 68

fore the puck went in. Consequently it didn't count, and the Detroit side with their lead protected went on to win the game and the Stanley Cup.

Officials are of varying importance in various sports, but there's no doubt about the sport that requires the greatest number of badgers. Track meets need 94 officials.

To keep the thing going properly you must summon in their white flannels and blue coats if the meet is outdoors, or in their soup-and-fish and hard hats if it's inside, a Referee, a Starter, 7 Finish Judges, 5 Inspectors, 5 Timers, 3 Clerks of the Course, 1 Walking Judge and 24 Field Judges. (Including 2 for the pole, 5 for the shot, 3 for the broad jump, 3 for the weights, 3 for the high jump, 5 for the hammer and 3 for the javelin.)

In addition you must have badges ready for 3 Marshalls, 1 Announcer, 1 Scorer, 1 Doctor, 1 Surveyor, 1 Press Steward, 1 Inspector of Implements, 1 Custodian of Prizes, as well as an Assistant Timekeeper, Judge of Walking, Clerk of the Course, Scorer, Press Steward, Marshall and Announcer. The possibilities for confusion are, as you see, endless. Yet at the A. A. U. Championships in 1936 at Madison Square Garden, New York, the officials were unable to decide whether the contestants in the 1,500 meter walk were running or walking, so they just disqualified the first two men on general principles and let it go at that.

The next most over-officiated game is tennis. A Davis Cup match needs no less than fourteen officials. Not to mention the referee of the affair, who like God is never seen, but sits in judgment on the good and the bad from a lofty seat above. His duty is to settle the contentious points that can't be determined by the umpire. As for instance, whether Miss Wills shall be allowed to default or whether she should be forced to play until she drops, whether von Cramm is to be called Baron, or just plain Mister, or simply Cramm as he requests. On the court itself, everything is in charge of his delegate, the umpire, who sits in his high chair like a tiny tot at breakfast. A mike is placed at his elbow, and if he isn't careful he'll get entangled with the cord as he climbs down after the match. Beneath him is a lesser star in the firmament, the netcord judge, sitting with one finger daintily placed on the net to determine lets. A man is stationed at the end of each service line, on each baseline, and each sideline. There are sideline judges at both ends of the court. Then there are two footfault judges, and two gawpers on the center service lines. Or a total of fourteen adults to make decisions for a couple of twenty-year-old boys. Naturally the more officials, the greater the chance for trouble. In tennis as in hockey, football and almost every over-officiated sport, one decision may cost the match. After a heavy lunch linesmen get sleepy and nod, especially when it drags on under a hot sun all afternoon. That's when the vital moments come. Linesmen forget that a wrong decision in the first set is unfortunate, but a wrong decision at matchpoint is apt to be discouraging. Two of the most famous decisions in tennis history have been made at matchpoint.

Back in 1927, Bill Tilden was playing his rival Rene Lacoste in the French Championships at St. Cloud, outside Paris. Reaching matchpoint, he served what appeared to be a service ace. Everyone thought it good, save the linesman who called the ball out. Lacoste went on to capture the match. The name of the linesman was Henri Cochet, a teammate of Lacoste.

Five years later Wilmer Allison was playing Jean Borotra in the deciding match of the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup at the Stade Roland Garros. He reached matchpoint when Borotra served what appeared to be a double-fault.

Allison hit the ball into the air with joy and ran for the net. But the linesman said nothing. The ball was called good, and Borotra having been saved, went on to win the match and the Davis Cup for France.

What I'm trying to say is that amateur referees are just as incompetent—and no more so—than paid ones. Both these decisions looked wrong. But I'm sure they were honestly and correctly given as the two linesmen saw them at the time. The truth is that in every sport the home player invariably gets the breaks. Don't imagine this applies only to France. It's universal.

Like football, tennis and other sports, basketball today is submerged in a Sargasso Sea of Officialdom. Most of the time the authorities themselves are a trifle confused, because rules are different in different parts of the country. And officials have trouble agreeing among themselves on knotty points like blocking, contact, the jump, the throw-in and other problems. Originally the chief duty of the umpire in basketball was to climb up a ladder and fish the ball from the peach-basket overhead. Today he has as helpers a referee, two timekeepers and two scorers.

A basketball game is handled by the "double referee system," in which each official covers one end of the court.

Even with all this attention, there's no small amount of controversy when the boys get into action. In a close intercollegiate match recently the two teams were tied, and just as the whistle blew one player caged a basket. Question; had the whistle blown before or after the ball had fallen into the hoop?

Last year in the Northwestern-Notre Dame battle, the scorers had difficulty in agreeing with each other, one giving the contest to Northwestern, the other calling it a tie. The tie stood, although Notre Dame was perfectly willing to play it all over again.

Unfortunately we can't do much about the curse of Officialdom. Today our games belong to the lads with the white suits. Comes the revolution maybe we can liquidate the whole fraternity and all their paraphernalia of pistols, stopwatches, rulers, tapes, yardsticks, whistles, horns and other gadgets. They order these things better in Russia, and if we don't like the way our games are run, we'll simply have to go back where we came from.

In a recent football match between the leading teams of Moscow and Leningrad, the crowd got beyond the control of Umpire Joselvich and the contest ended in a grand free-for-all. *Pravda*, the organ of the Communist Party, blames the umpire—in Russia they call him a judge—and not the crowd.

"For how can a spectator, seeing incorrect, incompetent and prejudiced umpiring refrain from uttering a protest?" How indeed? *Pravda* then proceeds to name several umpires even worse; Umpires Komatchef and Ousof who declined to perform unless they got more rubles, and Umpire Betsof—yes, that's really his name—who made flagrant errors in a Moscow stadium. By the time these lines are in print all these umpires will have been abolished by the Russian rules of the game. Here we can only suffer in silence.

Or almost in silence. I was talking with a famous baseball ump along these lines the other day. Strange to say, he became very testy.

"Well, we can't all be right all the time. I merely call them as I see them."

Ah, but that isn't good enough. It was Bill Klem, the National League umpire who once remarked:

"I don't call 'em as I see 'em. I call 'em as they are." #

ARRIVAL OF A MAN
Who Knows His Luggage

It isn't just because Hartmann luggage is so good-looking that knowing young men take Hartmann to school; it's because Hartmann is also the most practical luggage made.

The **HARTMANN WARDROBE**... for comfort at school. It takes your *all*, conveniently and efficiently... $32^{50} to $320. Alternative is the Hartmann **TOUROBE**, the "trunk-in-miniature" which carries with you. Choice of coverings... $15 to $95.

The **KNOCABOUT**... for going and coming, and week-ends. Suits on hangers wrinkle-free—special section for other apparel. Soft and pliable, rugged and nonchalant... a *man's* bag, perfect for college. In various coverings... $18 to $110.

At stores featuring better travel goods, or write Hartmann, Racine, Wisconsin.

HARTMANN
FINE TRAVEL GOODS FOR 60 YEARS

NOT EXACTLY
THE *Life* OF THE PARTY

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU*

They say you never miss your health until you lose it. The same can be said of the hair on your head. Ask the man who owns a goose egg and let him tell you how often it injures his ego in his social and business life. Start using Kreml every day and spare yourself the tragedy of which dandruff and excessive loss of hair may be a warning. Kreml is beneficial to your scalp and hair. It removes dandruff, cleanses, stimulates and lends new lustre to hair. It's also a marvelous dressing; keeps the hair neat as a pin—no grease, no plastered-down look. Women, too, love Kreml for the soft alluring sheen it gives the coiffure. Call for Kreml at the barber shop and beauty parlor. Ask for it in the drug store.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It's made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

***Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.**

KREML

Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

First Aid to Producers

Continued from page 89

work. Without any ballerina as Learning, you will have the founding of universities; you will have a honey of a choral scene in the story of Giordano Bruno. Slowly as you go through this section, and it may seem like a lifetime, you will become aware of men and women mastering the forces of nature; science will begin to live again; and woven into these scenes will be the encouraging spectacle of political freedom working its way into the minds of man. For an interlude, you might do something about Columbus.

Now the task of the ballet master becomes more difficult, because in quick succeeding scenes he will have to show how all the world profited by the experience of Renaissance Italy, while Italy fell under the spell of brutally ignorant rulers. Maybe this part had better be Intermission. In any case, the next episode will be quite different in tone, giving the choreographer a chance to show his versatility, because it will deal with commerce and industry. We will ask that the picture drawn be not too closely tied to Karl Marx and his theories; on the contrary, the daring innovation will be made of showing some of the advantages of commerce, some of the freedoms and pleasures brought by industry. This will gratify a few people and surprise the rest (following Mark Twain's dictum about the results of telling the truth).

In the third section we will approach modern times and the two parts of the ballet will begin to converge. From one side of the stage, the forces of knowledge, science, learning; we will see great research laboratories and, dancing in slow circles, biologists, chemists, astronomers, and the like. On the other side will mass the great industries, shipping, trade, manufactures of all sorts. Here at last the young women of the chorus will come in, and a very fine sight they will be, too. The merging of these streams will be very impressive and ought not to resemble, too much, the wedding of jazz and classical music which you see every fourth year in a revue. The composer of the music, however, will have here a magnificent opportunity, blending his themes, using fugues and all sorts of contrapuntal devices. By this time you will have had a climax of the first order, and you will have arrived precisely at the point where the old-style ballet would have rung down the curtain, for good and all, on the apotheosis of freedom in the world. But don't be silly.

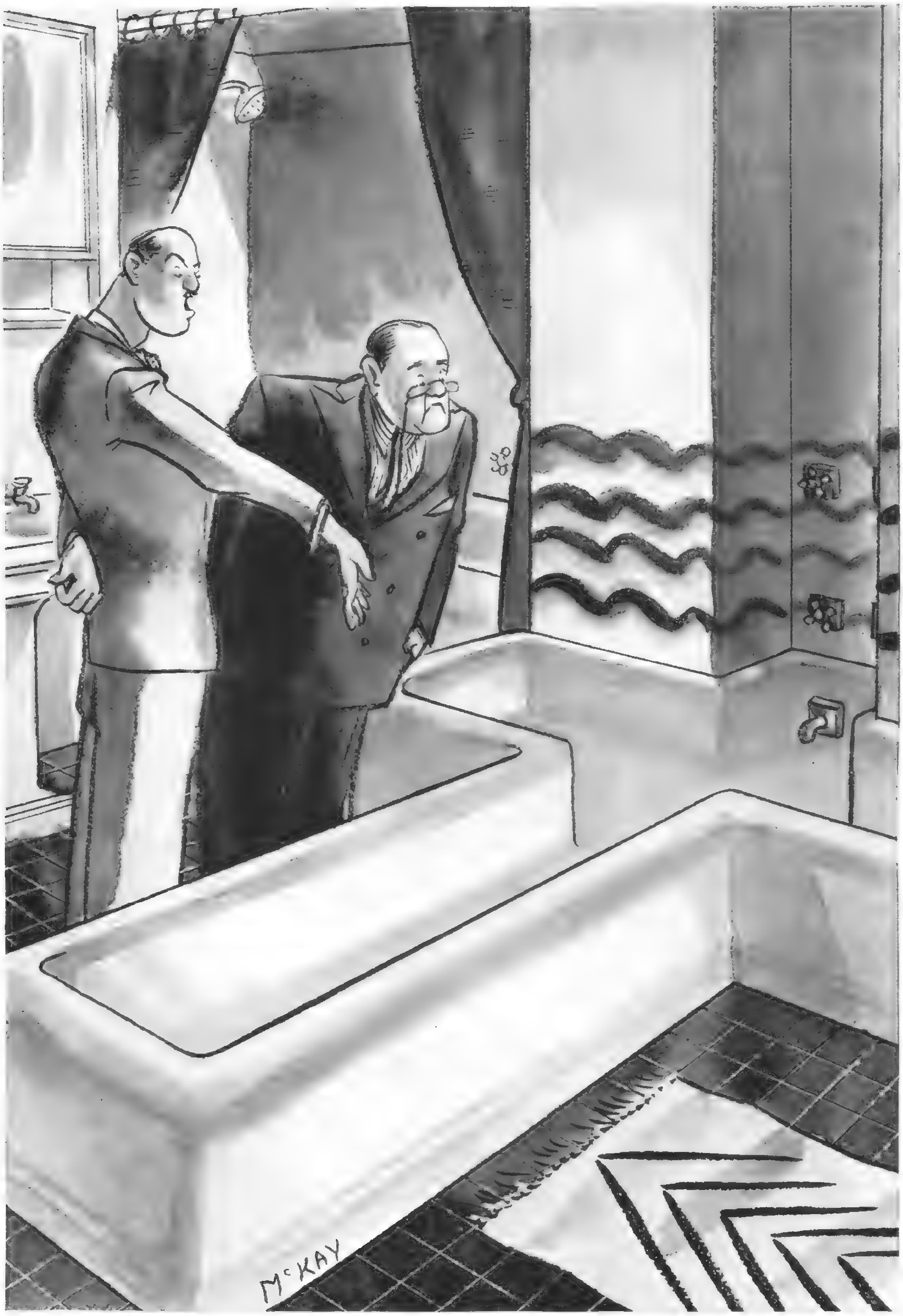
A scene showing the World War will not be obligatory, but it ought to appear. Anyone who imagines it is smart to be cynical about the poor louts who invented the phrases around which that war was fought will do well to compare them with the phrases around which the Next World War will be fought. You could get in a few excellent bits, including Woodrow Wilson dancing *le pas de séduction* around Clemenceau, Orlando, *et al*, with d'Annunzio circling and darting in from a wide circle in the background.

Cutting across this comparatively dignified and old-fashioned figure dance, would be Mussolini's march on Rome, with Mussolini, in the interests of history, appearing several minutes after the march is finished.

The mere run of chronology will have told the audience, by this time, that the end is near. But between the apotheosis of the scene before last and the big climax still to come, we craftily put in a scene in a gentler mood. Here we have science in a deploring vein, and statesmen, too, doing a harmonious dance which expresses contrition over the harassing cruelties of the past and a firm determination to do better in the future. Then, emerging from intricate chorus work, solo dancers being a mounting series of triumphant leaps and bounds as science discovers one new thing after the other; the lighting of the set glows with greater and greater brilliance; and filtering into this group comes another—the same lads who impersonated trade and commerce and industry, but far more splendidly costumed, jumping higher into the air, doing *entrechats* (which are barely distinguishable from double-crossing) to dazzle the eye. So that as this great scene approaches its climax we get the full value of the ideas developed so far: the endless labors of scientists, the devotion of researchers, now wed to the tireless enterprise and invincible gambling spirit of commerce. In a sort of vision we catch glimpses of the great men who, for five hundred years, have created the modern world: Darwin and Lavoisier, Garibaldi and Cavour, Lincoln and Edison, the inventors of automatic machinery, the Wright Brothers—and finally, in magnificent costumes, in parallel lines, a series of chemists and a series of manufacturers, interweaving until their whole dance is a vast embrace, and you know that science and commerce, the two liberators of mankind have at last come together. As the scene mounts and mounts, the music pulses, the dancers leap, and what you feel, with elation in your soul, is that now you know for what the great men of all ages have labored, now you know why we have had to experience disasters and misfortunes in the past: because here we have the triumph of the free spirit of man!

At that moment the curtain suddenly falls—the music screeches to an end. And flashed on a screen in the middle of the curtain is the legend:

Rome, Mar. 15. (U. P.)—The government has just completed arrangements for the sale of gas masks on the installment plan to the poorer classes. ⧺



"We said to our designers, 'Give us a tub that'll let a man stretch out!' "

LIFE GUARD
Allen
A
UNDER WEAR
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made better with
"Lastex" yarn

Better fit! More comfort! Greater support!

These two styles in the new Allen-A "Life Guard" knitted underwear for Fall and Winter are registering in colleges and universities in a big way. Both embody the very latest in streamline design. They are buttonless, form-fitting and supremely comfortable, thanks to the stretch of "Lastex" and spring needle knitting. The support sections, made with "Lastex," guard health and vitality. "Life Guards" come in four fabrics: (1) pure combed cotton; (2) 75% combed cotton, 25% wool; (3) 50% combed cotton, 25% silk, 25% wool; (4) 50% combed cotton, 50% wool. All four are kind to the skin and rate A Plus in the laundry test. You'll find supporter tops made with "Lastex" in Allen-A Pedigree Patterns, in both full and half length hose. Allen-A men's apparel, underwear, hosiery, swim suits, sweaters and sportswear, is sold by leading stores everywhere.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ALLEN-A CO.

THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT Lastex
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York City

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 78

most of their inclinations. They enjoy themselves.

God's children justify their experiences on the grounds that they are performing an act of adoration—or is it mortification—in a Temple devoted to Prayer. Taking refuge in a sanctimonious halo, they create a hell on earth for every musician within earshot and compel him to sit at attention, a helpless booby not allowed even to writhe in his seat. He cannot hiss nor applaud. Forbidden is critical investigation: it would profane holy ground. There is no comeback, nothing to be done. Church music, like a church wedding, is made in Heaven.

Its doers are absolved by baptism from all guilt. They are responsible only to their own fancy. No power, spiritual or temporal, can silence them. Their mission is divine. And, what is worse, they have established and had it written into canon law that, in the eyes of God, an amateur is as good as a professional. All efforts, therefore, are accepted as *bona fide* in advance. They are commended as earnest and well-intentioned, which becomes in effect an unqualified excuse for both incompetence and indolence, despite Samuel Johnson's injunction about the pavements on the way to Hell.

Emancipation is possible only through absolute interdiction. The Friends used to do it. In their meetinghouse, silence prevailed. And silence is not the worst atmosphere in which to worship a Saviour.

Perhaps, before Gabriel blows his horn, church musicians will take things in their own hands. Perhaps it will dawn on them that they are not benefiting humanity or the Lord so much as glorifying themselves. Perhaps they will retire, with the comforting thought that "they also serve who only sit and wait."

But, no, that is wishful thinking. We will always have church music. Choir members will croak croaking.

We can but hope that they will examine their consciences and find it in their hearts to follow the Holy Father's advice, sing only the music he has prescribed . . . and attend training schools such as that sponsored by the Westminster Choir in Princeton, which had the brains to enlist creative talent in its service and to take on, if not to retain, a ranking composer like Roy Harris. With such direction, church music may become a labor of intelligence and inspiration instead of one of desperation and desecration. #

Wine Comes of Age

Continued from page 83

of suitable vines. (The experimental station at Geneva, New York, has twelve thousand seedlings of wine grapes on hand. Some of these will grow up into new types of grape, combining the best features of the old-line wine producers.)

The American vintner differs from his French brother mainly in one thing: he does not strive for a vintage or a distinct district product. For the most part, his wine is made from a stock that has been blended from the pressing of several years. His wine also is made from a combination of grapes, most of the Eastern vintners using at least four wine grapes. Some types, especially the sherries and ports, employ the California grape with the Eastern grape. One of the leading Eastern vintners is of the opinion that in a few years it will be found expedient to combine the Eastern and Western grape for all types.

The grapes in greatest use are the Iona, Diana, Elvira, Clinton, Ives, Delaware, Catawba, Cinthiana, Diogenes and Dutchess. The Concord, which grows so freely in this region, does not make as successful a wine unless treated with a carbon process that has been worked out by the State experimental station.

There has been found no substitute for white oak casks for the aging of wine. As this is expensive (thirty-five cents a gallon), experiments were made on the West Coast to use the native Redwood (costing only three cents a gallon). But something happens in chemistry of fermentation, the action of the acids on the oak, that cannot be duplicated by any other wood. Or so it is firmly believed, and until a better way has been found, the conscientious vintner will continue to use the oak cask. The smaller cask has been found to provide the best formula of aging, though this is not always practicable in the larger wineries. There is an evaporation in casks, and every week the wine tenders make their rounds replenishing the casks with wine of the same stock. In four years, in most types, the wine is ready, and is bottled for the market. The ports, however, are often allowed to remain for a longer period.

The writer in his searchings has come across some excellent varieties of American wines. There is a port in the East that has waited patiently through the long dry years. Some of it is forty years old. If our taste memory is any good, we are willing to match it with some of the best tasted in the old Bodega along the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. When put upon the market after Repeal it sold so rapidly (at a high figure) that the owners decided to withdraw it and use the old stock for blending with some of the younger wines. The writer also ran across some Tokay from upstate New York. The original firm had gone out of business, but last heard from, the precious liquid was being dispensed at a reasonable figure, I liked it as well as most of the imported Tokays, except, of course, the supreme yields from the authentic growers. The sherries, this writer feels, are not as easily simulated here as are the ports and other heavy types. There are some excellent burgundies and clarets and now any number of delightful white wines of the Chablis and Rhine Wine type.

What a good many of the younger generation do not know is, that a wine continues to work even after bottling. It can reach an age of breakdown but that is a long way off.

If properly corked, and laid upon its side so that no air can get into the bottle, the wine will continue to develop. And it is not always true that, once a poor wine, always a poor wine.

The experts will often tell you of a wine that can be bought and laid away, knowing that it is not at its best now, but given a few years, will be excellent. In this connection do not make the common error, that a wine containing sediment is a bad or spoiled wine. It probably is a hallmark of the wine's heritage and may denote a rare old wine. Remember to be careful in pouring, always drawing the cork with the bottle on its side and pouring from a basket carefully, so as not to disturb the sediment.

The pasteurization of wine has come into the picture recently and there are two schools of thought on that procedure. Leaving our own personal tastes out of it, the fact is, that wine does not travel easily or happily. And in a country where there is not much wine knowledge, and where urban life almost precludes space for the proper care of wine, some growers have found it expedient to put the wine through a pasteurizing process.

This stops the growth of the yeast and future fermentation. This wine will be the same a year from now as it was the day it was pasteurized. It will not get any better and will not get any worse. An uncorked bottle of wine will turn to vinegar in a short time. A processed wine will not turn when left uncorked. The label, as always, will be your guide.

For the Eastern market of Western wines, most of the good dealers ship the wine from California and then let it rest in oak in the East for some time. After it has recovered from its journey, it is bottled and put on sale.

There has been a great deal of pother about the matter of names. Some feel that an American wine gains nothing by using a foreign name. The writer can become very much excited about this argument, one way or another. It seems much too late to do anything about it. If the label states that the wine is a native product, the rest should be up to the producer's fancy. Some of them feel so strongly about it that they always use the word "type" after claret, burgundy, sauterne, etc. After all, the word "claret" comes from England, being the Englishman's variation of a Latin word for a Roman drink that nearest approached the French Bordeaux. The English taste stuck to claret and champagne through thirty years of war with France, so the French can't feel badly about having it called claret. It seems to me that the American wine maker, in educating a new generation, and recapturing a lost industry through great trials and tribulations, has enough to worry about without taking on the battle of foreign names. When the great plague struck the European vineyards, most of the replenishing stock came from America. So it is not altogether amiss if America uses the French designations. If the wine is honestly made and aged, and properly designated as to type, your correspondent doesn't care what it is called. Of course he does not relish some of the soda pop and concoctions brewed from all sorts of dried fruit that are put out under the name of "wine."

Again use your judgment in reading labels, and learn the integrity of the maker.

When Leif Ericson landed on these shores, long before the Pilgrims, the thing that impressed him most was the grapes. He then and there decided to name it Vineland.

If Americus Vespucius hadn't come along later, we might be called the United States of Vineland—and we would have all been saved a lot of headaches.

With the steady growth of wine using in America there has naturally come a better taste for cooking with wine. Nearly all foreign cooking, especially the French school, employs wines in fifty per cent of the food. Attached are several of the easier dishes made with wine. The writer has made or tried them all and can vouch for their excellence.

FILET OF SOLE, WITH WHITE SAUCE

Select sole in preference to flounder, though the latter will do. Put the sole in a baking pan and cover with butter, a little pepper and salt, a few small onions sliced, and a few mushrooms. Bake for ten minutes. Then add a large glass of white wine and bake for ten minutes more. Shallots, in lieu of onions, make a more delicate dish.

BAKED HAM

Take a ham, preferably a Virginia type, soak all night. Boil until tender in one quart of burgundy or claret, and one pint of applejack (or quart of cider). When done, remove excess fat, stick with cloves, cover with brown sugar, add a fresh pineapple, cut into rings, and then bake for about twenty minutes. Ahh!—you have something there.

CHICKEN MARENGO

Put three tablespoons of oil in a saucepan and, when hot, add the pieces of

Continued on page 138

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Tan Norway Tweed ...Heavy Brown Crepe Sole

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Wine Comes of Age

Continued from pages 83-137

one jointed chicken, and cook to a golden brown on all sides. Add 3 tomatoes and 1 tablespoon of tomato purée. Sprinkle the joints with a little flour, stir well till the flour browns, add 6 tablespoons of white wine, 6 tablespoons of veal stock, 12 pickling onions, 12 mushrooms, previously slightly browned in butter; season with salt and pepper, add 1 clove of garlic, and simmer gently for 1 to 1½ hours. Put the pieces of chicken on a hot dish, garnish with the mushrooms and onions, and croutons of fried bread, and pour the sauce over them. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the whole.

STEWED DUCK

Put pieces of a jointed duck in an earthenware crock and season with salt, pepper, sprig of parsley, thyme, and a small piece of bayleaf. Add 2 large onions, 2 small glasses of brandy, and 1 pint of red wine. Let it stand for a few hours. Put 1 large tablespoon of olive oil and 2 ounces of pork fat in an earthenware casserole and, when hot, put in the pieces of duck, and brown them for about 15 to 20 minutes. Add the wine, etc., in which they have soaked, clove of garlic, and ½ lb. mushrooms. Simmer on a very gentle fire for 1 or 1¼ hours. Serve in the casserole in which they were cooked. Ribbon macaroni is served at the same time as the duck.

LOBSTER À L'ARMORICAINE

Cut the pieces of a lobster in round pieces about 1 inch thick, and cook in ¼ lb. of melted butter in an earthenware casserole on a quick fire for 5 to 10 minutes. Remove the pieces of lobster from the casserole, and add to the butter in which they were cooked, a paste made by pounding in a mortar the shells and meat of two soft-shelled crabs and rubbing through a sieve. Stir this into the butter till perfectly smooth. Then add 2 finely chopped shallots, mixed herbs, 2 tomatoes, peeled and quartered; ½ cup of white wine and season with salt, pepper, and cayenne. Simmer for 30 minutes and place the pieces of lobster in the sauce, and cook for a few minutes longer.

CHICKEN GRAND'MÈRE

Quarter 4 small tender chickens. Heat to foaming point in a casserole ¼ lb. of butter and add pieces of chicken. Season with salt, pepper and mixed herbs. Add 1 small bunch of celery, ¼ lb. of mushrooms, and 1 lb. of onions, all finely chopped. Then pour in 1 glass of red Burgundy and cook for about 20 minutes. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.

* * *

From Captain Harvey Delano comes a copy of an old bar book, issued by the members of Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C. It was printed in 1926 in honor of the famous barman, Henry William Thomas. As it was privately printed and issued only to members, many of the recipes are not in public sources. A few have been culled for your trying:

A really excellent summer drink for a party of eight is the Champagne Bowler. Cull, wash and macerate with 2 tablespoonsful of powdered sugar a ½ pint box of strawberries or any other fruit in season. Pour over this 2 oz. of Cognac and a water glass full of domestic white Wine. Let stand for approximately 2 hours. When ready to serve, put a large piece of ice in the punch bowl, pour in the strawberries, and then add 2 bottles of domestic white Wine and 2 bottles of domestic Champagne. Serve as soon as cold.

PORT WINE COBBLER

Dissolve in a large bar glass ½ tablespoon of sugar, pony of Orgeat syrup, and ½ wine glass of water. Fill glass with finely chopped ice and pour on 1¼ wine glass of Port. Garnish with fruit. Mix well.

RHINE WINE COBBLER

Mix and serve as the Port Wine Cobbler, using 1½ tablespoons of sugar, ½ wine glass of water, and 1½ wine glass of Rhine Wine.

CLARET WINE COBBLER

Mix and serve as the above Cobblers, using ¾ of a tablespoon of sugar, juice of one orange and 1½ wine glass of California Wine. Top with a little Port.

SHERRY COBBLER

Dissolve in a large bar glass ½ tablespoon sugar in a little water and a pony of pineapple syrup. Fill glass with shaved ice and pour on 1½ wine glass of California Sherry, stir well and add a little Port. Garnish with fresh fruit.

CLARET, SHERRY, OR PORT LEMONADE

In a large bar glass put ½ tablespoon sugar and 5 or 6 dashes of lemon juice. Fill glass ¾ way with shaved ice. Pour on one wine glass of desired wine. Fill to top with water well shaken. Dress with fresh fruit.

ITALIAN WINE LEMONADE

Pour in a large bar glass ½ wine glass raspberry syrup, ¼ wine glass of Orgeat syrup, 3 or 4 dashes of lemon juice. Fill glass ¾ way with shaved ice. Add 1 wine glass of Claret or Port and fill balance with water. Mix well and garnish with fresh fruit.

SHERRY AND EGG

Pour in a whiskey glass enough Sherry to cover the bottom to prevent the egg from sticking to the glass. Break into this an ice-cold egg. Add the amount of Sherry desired.

PORT WINE PUNCH

Mix well in a large bar glass ½ tablespoon of sugar, ½ tablespoon of Orgeat syrup, 1 or 2 dashes of lemon juice and ½ wine glass of water. Fill glass with shaved ice and 1½ wine glass of Port. Stir and dress with fresh fruit.

SHERRY WINE PUNCH

Pour into large bar glass ½ wine glass of Orgeat syrup, and 1 or 2 dashes of lemon juice. Fill glass with shaved ice. Then pour in 1½ wine glass of Sherry while stirring. Dress with fresh fruit and float on a little Claret.

ANOTHER PORT WINE PUNCH

Dissolve in a little water ½ tablespoon of sugar, 1 or 2 dashes of lemon juice and the juice of ½ orange. Fill glass with shaved ice and mix in well with spoon 1½ wine glass of Port Wine. Ornament with fruit. Yes, a large bar glass is used.

HOT LOCOMOTIVE

In a large bar glass place the yolk of 1 raw egg, ½ tablespoon of sugar, 1 pony glass of honey, well stirred, and dissolved with spoon. Then add ½ pony of Curaçao and 1½ wine glass of Burgundy or Claret. Place all in a cooking dish and boil over fire. Pour from dish to mug back and forth several times. Add slice of lemon and sprinkle top with a little cinnamon.

SHERRY AND BITTERS

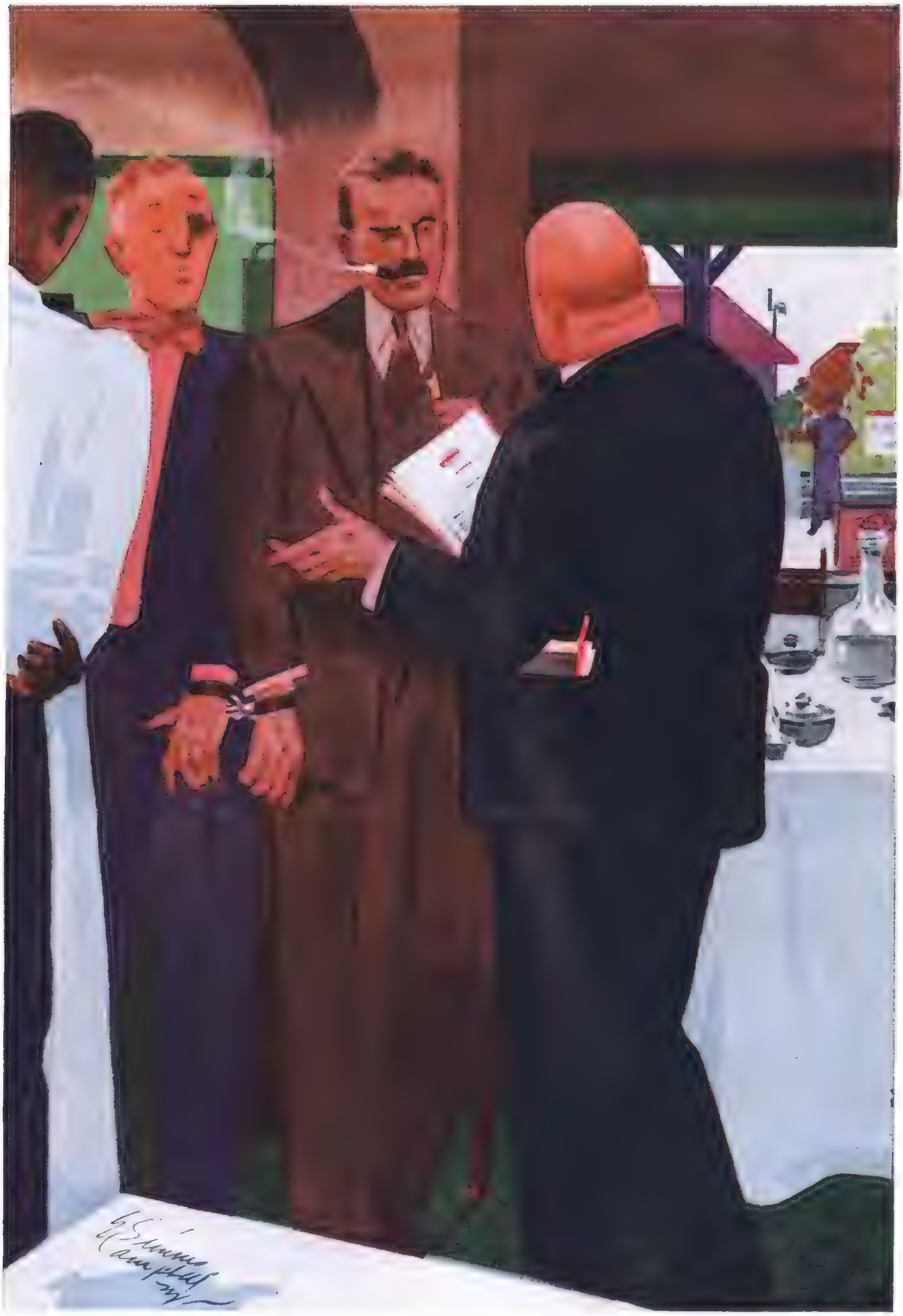
Roll a dash of Bitters to cover inside of wine glass. Fill glass with Sherry.

SHERRY EGGNOG

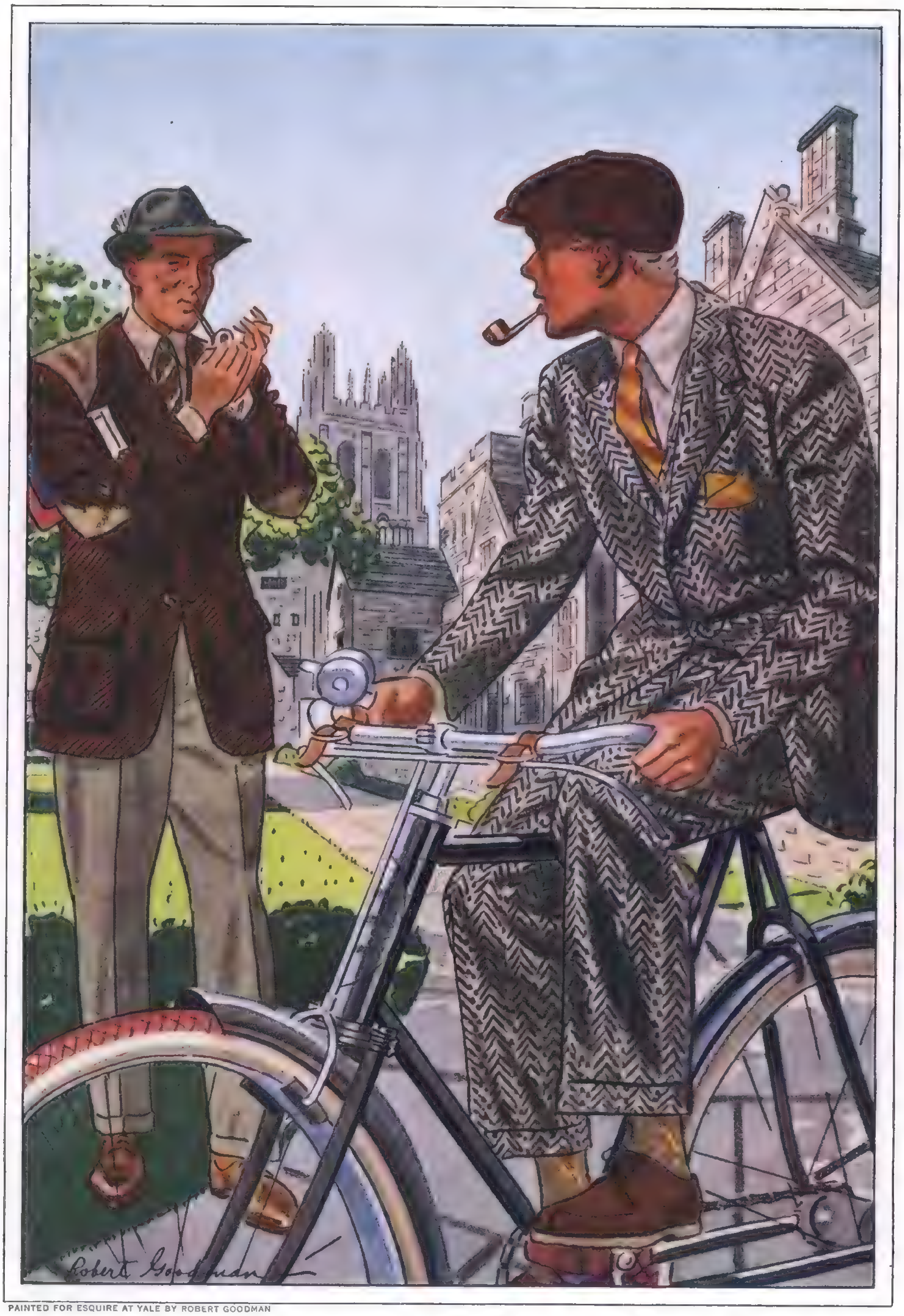
Use large bar glass. One fresh egg, ½ tablespoon of sugar. Fill the glass with fine ice, then 1 pony of Brandy and wine glass of Sherry. Shake well and strain into thin glass, sprinkle nutmeg on top.

BISHOP

In a large bar glass place 2 dashes of lime juice, 1 tablespoon of sugar, ½ an orange squeezed, and ½ of water. Fill glass ¾ full with shaved ice, then fill to the top with Burgundy. Add a few drops of Jamaica Rum and stir with a spoon. Serve with a straw. ⧺


E. Simms Campbell

"Are you gentlemen together?"



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT YALE BY ROBERT GOODMAN

IRISH TWEED JACKET WITH ELBOW PADS

The Irish homespun tweed jacket that seems to be so much a thing of patches is really the latest trick at the smart Eastern universities. The alleged patches are buckskin elbow pads and gun pad, an idea copied from the shooting jacket. The elbow pads are supposed to absorb a lot of desk-leaning punishment but the shoulder pad has to get by solely on its decorative merits. The slacks are also new—of natural color covert cloth, narrow in cut and worn short so that they don't break at the cuff. Accessories include a tan pincheck shirt, Irish homespun tie, velour finish Tyrolean hat, and blucher shoes. The other suit is of Shetland in a broken herringbone pattern, worn with a soft flannel shirt, regimental striped tie, silk foulard handkerchief, the new small shape varsity tweed cap, brown wool cable stitch hose with "lightning" pattern, and reverse calf ski front shoes with crepe soles and heels.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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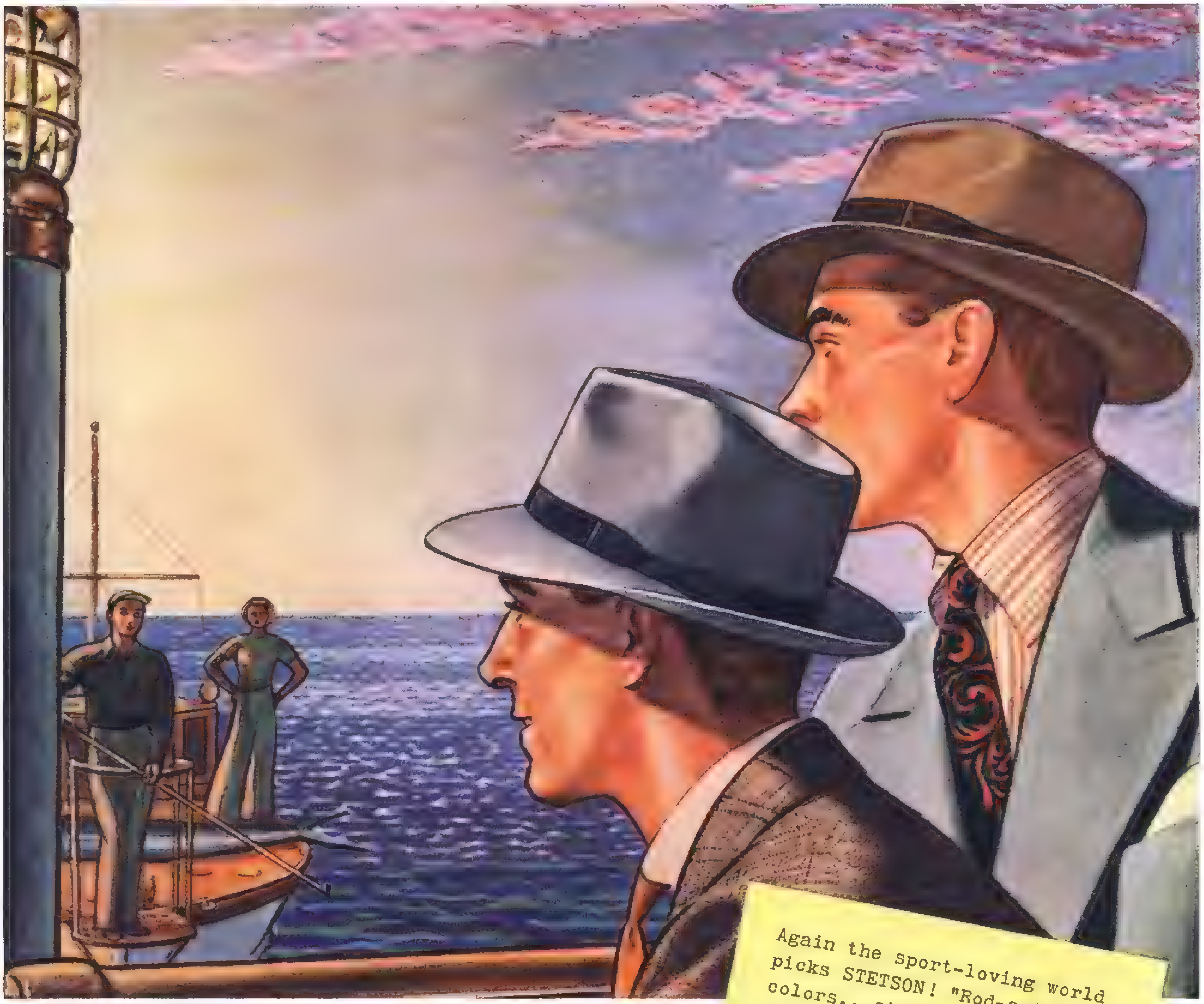

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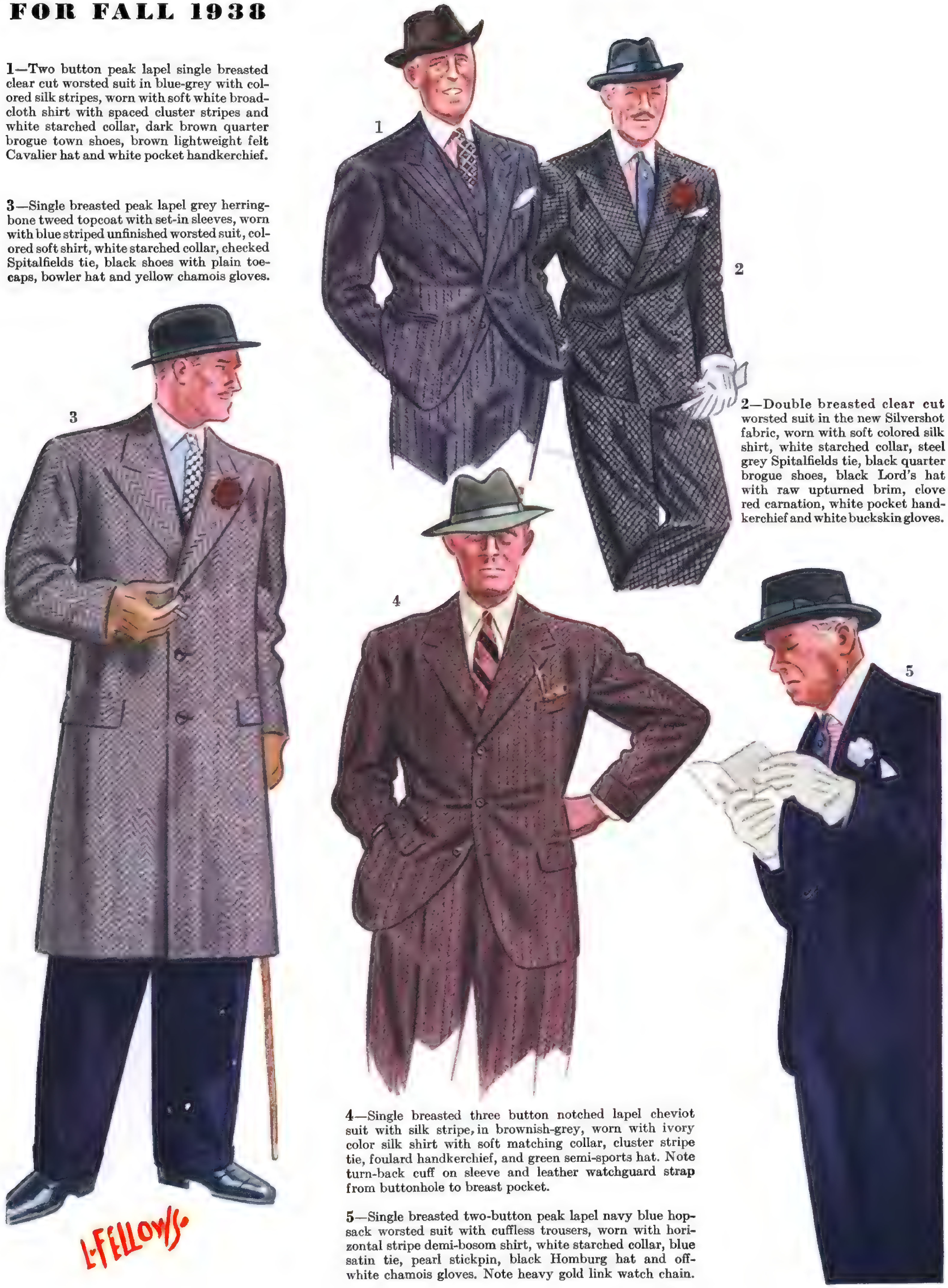
TOWN FASHIONS FOR FALL 1938

1—Two button peak lapel single breasted clear cut worsted suit in blue-grey with colored silk stripes, worn with soft white broadcloth shirt with spaced cluster stripes and white starched collar, dark brown quarter brogue town shoes, brown lightweight felt Cavalier hat and white pocket handkerchief.

3—Single breasted peak lapel grey herringbone tweed topcoat with set-in sleeves, worn with blue striped unfinished worsted suit, colored soft shirt, white starched collar, checked Spitalfields tie, black shoes with plain toecaps, bowler hat and yellow chamois gloves.



2—Double breasted clear cut worsted suit in the new Silvershot fabric, worn with soft colored silk shirt, white starched collar, steel grey Spitalfields tie, black quarter brogue shoes, black Lord's hat with raw upturned brim, clove red carnation, white pocket handkerchief and white buckskin gloves.

4—Single breasted three button notched lapel cheviot suit with silk stripe, in brownish-grey, worn with ivory color silk shirt with soft matching collar, cluster stripe tie, foulard handkerchief, and green semi-sports hat. Note turn-back cuff on sleeve and leather watchguard strap from buttonhole to breast pocket.

5—Single breasted two-button peak lapel navy blue hopsack worsted suit with cuffless trousers, worn with horizontal stripe demi-bosom shirt, white starched collar, blue satin tie, pearl stickpin, black Homburg hat and off-white chamois gloves. Note heavy gold link watch chain.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The White Peril

Continued from page 43

than two hundred bull reds (a bull red is one old enough to feel his oats) in Mexico's Laguna Madre in one morning. These men were fishing for fun, and they probably thought it was funny when they left more than half their catch dead on the bank when they departed.

I have experienced such catches. With three friends I caught more than four hundred fish on the coast of Mexico one afternoon—fish ranging from two to twenty pounds. I ask no crown of virtue from anybody when I say we put all of them except seven back in the water. I simply did not want to be burdened down with four hundred fish when I was far from home base in a foreign land.

This remarkable fishing ground is being invaded by the *gringo* with his seines and his nets, and with his fishing rod and his plugs. I foresee the day when Mexico will have to clamp down there, just as she has on the take of deer and turkey and quail. And I am inclined to believe she will not wait too long. The Little Brown Brother sits and watches with something of the Oriental calm which is probably part of his heritage. But along with this calm there is much of the shrewdness of the Oriental.

And even though the fish swims under the water and is seldom visible to those who stand on the bank so that it is hard to see what is happening to the supply, Mexico has shown that she is on the lookout. It is my prediction she will keep enough there for seed.

So that is the picture as a whole.

Mexico welcomes the American hunter and the American fisherman. You can go into Mexico with as much safety, convenience and economy as you can hunt in a neighboring state (where you will probably have to pay a $25 hunting license). You have a more liberal legal limit, and there is the added advantage of having enough game to actually get your limit.

If you do not know the country, it is a good idea to arrange your trip through some American hunting club, which will probably furnish you with both American and Mexican guides. Quite naturally you will not want to go roaming around in that country without somebody to point the way.

But whatever you do, brother, watch that limit. ⧺

More Tales from a Chief's Tent

Continued from page 44

tween his fingers until nothing but the blank paper was left. He exclaimed, "Now he is also finished. His evil eye will be forever blinded."

I was enormously amused by the childlike superstition of this rather intelligent chief, my old blood brother Prince Fuaz. I, with my tongue in my cheek, congratulated him and wished him still more power over his enemies.

My irony, however, was flung back to me in a strange manner. A few months later I met Mijhem on a walk beside the Barada River in Damascus. He was on his way to visit Nuri and Prince Fuaz. I was startled to observe that half of his head was bandaged. I stopped him and inquired what had happened to him, my friend. (In the desert we would have been enemies.)

With surprise in his voice he said, "But, Aziz, have you forgotten that on the raid against you a few weeks ago near the Bishri Mountains I lost one of my eyes?"

I must have turned pale, because he took my hand and said quietly, "Never mind. This is the way of the desert. Sooner or later we all pay for what we have sown. And I am getting old and prefer to live in peace and thank God I have not lost my life. In fact, I am going to see Nuri and Fuaz to settle the blood feud, as both of our parties lost some men and a number of horses in this last fight against you and Fuaz, and this must be settled."

I could not bring myself to confess to him the incident of Fuaz' superstitious triumph over him. But in my heart I felt shocked and almost guilty, in spite of the fact that I do not subscribe to such beliefs.

I am sure my readers will wonder what code would permit bitter enemies to meet so amicably away from the scene of war. It is a striking fact that the Bedouins feel no animosity when they meet on what they call neutral ground; that is, outside of pasture districts, in cities and other settlements.

Such an example occurred a few weeks later in Palmyra, the Tudmor of the Bible, about two hundred forty kilometers north of Damascus, when I entered a little hotel or rest house which formerly belonged to Cook and Son and was at that time owned by Count and Countess D'Anturin. I was on my way to the dining room when I encountered Mijhem whom I urged to have lunch with me. He tried to evade me by saying he was in a hurry, but after some persuasion he returned with me to the room, and we sat down at the table. With him were two of his slaves, men of his bodyguard, whom I invited to sit at the table next to us.

At the table at my left was Professor Max von Oppenheim, the famous German archeologist of Mesopotamia, and some members of his party. Nearby sat an American professor from the American College in Beyrouth, with his wife and children.

To establish really friendly relations with Mijhem once more, I asked the waiter to bring us a single glass of water. According to Bedouin custom, when you drink

Continued on page 144

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More Tales from a Chief's Tent

Continued from pages 44-143

with an Arab from the same bowl of milk or cup of water or coffee, or break a morsel of bread with him, you are immediately assured of friendship and protection. The result was that when I had offered Mijhem the glass and he had accepted it, I could almost feel the atmosphere of peace which then prevailed. I remember the shrill, gay voices of the children amusing their parents and the subdued conversation of the adults nearby.

Then suddenly we heard the thundering noise of an automobile with cutout wide open, approaching the entrance to the hotel. My heart caught in my throat when I looked at the face of Mijhem. He sat there almost petrified, and I realized at this moment, too, that there was only one man who drove around Syria in a car with the cutout open. That was Prince Fuaz, Mijhem's deadliest enemy.

For a moment I hoped that the car would drive by, but it stopped. A second later the door was flung open by a gigantic slave who stepped aside for his prince to enter. Fuaz had a smile upon his face as he passed his armed bodyguard into the room, but after he had taken only a few steps his eyes fell upon the occupants of our table. His expression changed like lightning. His hand went to his gun, and his warning voice shouted to the slave behind him. Instinctively I had jumped to my feet, and with my arms spread wide I rushed toward Fuaz. I tried to protect Mijhem, but I realized it would be without avail, for Fuaz was already within a few feet of us and had raised his gun to shoot Mijhem. At the top of my voice I cried "Ayb (Shame)!" to him.

This single word was sufficient to disarm my young friend at once. He understood by this exclamation that he was violating the unwritten law of Bedouin hospitality by threatening to shed blood on neutral ground. He replaced the gun in its holster just as I in imagination thought Mijhem had fired a shot at Fuaz. But when I turned my head I saw that Mijhem in trying to rise had allowed his chair to hit the cement floor. He also was holding a gun in his hand, and his slaves stood armed behind their table.

Fuaz with a swaggering gait walked toward the door, but I called to him to remain for lunch with us. He replied with scorn, "I cannot eat in the presence of my enemy!"

"But at least have a glass of water with me, and let us be friendly," I urged him.

He could not very well refuse this offer, because he thought that I felt hurt by his actions. So I walked back to the table and brought the glass of water to him. Hastily he drank it down. "Thank you," he said, returning the empty glass to me. "I am sorry we have not more time, but we shall meet later."

I smiled at him and holding him by the shoulder said, "But, Fuaz, you have to stay now. Mijhem and I have drunk together from this one glass to show friendship to each other. Now you have actually joined us and drunk with Mijhem from the glass, so you cannot refuse to eat with us."

Fuaz gave me a crafty smile and without further words walked over to our table and stretched out his hand to Mijhem. With hearty graciousness he said, "How are you, Mijhem, and how is my sister?"

Mijhem smiled in response, as though he had not just been at the point of death, and reported all well at home. After Fuaz had settled down comfortably at the table and clapped his hands for the waiter, we all entertained each other in peaceful, happy conversation. Only the faces of our neighbors—the children, professors and women—showed me at a glance what a scare must have been thrown into that little dining room after Fuaz entered and almost killed Mijhem in cold blood.

Fuaz didn't stay very long. Under his cool manner he was still raging because he had been ensnared in such a situation. He left us shortly after with the excuse that he must hurry on.

It may be hard for us of the Western world to understand the ethics of the Arab. I myself sometimes found their behavior strange, yet often beautiful and touching, as in the case of the Prince of Hayil. He had invited Nuri Sha'lan to come to his palace to visit with him. During the evening repast in the big medieval hall the meal was served under the balcony by the attendants of the prince. Nuri was seated on the right of his host who was half hidden behind a pillar, when suddenly a shot was fired from the upper floor. The bullet grazed the black goat hair cord of Nuri's head gear but left him unharmed. With the cool mien so typical of the Sheykh Nuri, he turned his head slowly to the Prince of Hayil.

"Is this then the reason you invited me to be your guest, that you might have me killed?" he asked.

With his outstretched arm the Prince pushed Nuri away, thus bringing himself into full view before the pillar. "My friend," he said gently, "the assassin is not after you." He pointed to the up-

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per gallery. "As you will now see, he is aiming at me."

At this very moment another shot was fired, and Ibn Raschid, the Prince of Hayil, fell dead at the feet of Nuri. He could very easily have saved his own life, but the supreme law of the Arab demands the protection of the guest.

Nuri, picturesque character that he is, has been involved in many such dramatic incidents. At ninety-two years of age he is still the political head of the great Ruala tribe, though his younger relatives administer the affairs of the tribe in the desert. Nuri, not educated in our sense of the word, has nevertheless great native intelligence and is an amusing and vivid companion. His palace in Damascus is a meeting place for many interesting people—Arabs and Europeans. In his big reception room he has chairs for the Jews and Christians, French officers, college teachers and others of the East. But in the center of the room mattresses and camel saddles have been spread around a coffee hearth for his guests of the desert and those who prefer to be closer to his heart in more intimate conversation. It is not impolite to lead a whispered conversation with him when other guests are present, and in some cases he did not even refrain from pulling his shepherd's coat over our shoulders so that his lips actually touched my ear when he confided to me some political or personal bit of gossip.

I mentioned that Nuri has no education. But his intuitive powers are such that we must credit him with great wisdom. This he proved on many occasions in his past when he displayed such strategical shrewdness that even highest British, French and German military authorities do not hesitate to call him a military genius as fine as Clausewitz. In 1909 Nuri defeated, with fewer than thirty thousand Ruala, almost two hundred forty thousand Muntifiq. He routed his enemies completely, and nine thousand of the Muntifiq were left dead on the field of battle. Nuri in hand-to-hand fighting killed the specially appointed war leader of his enemies, besides thirty-one other fighting men. The Muntifiq have never recovered from this defeat. They had to leave the desert entirely, and since then they have taken up the life of semi-settlers along the Tigris River and adjoining irrigated country near Besra.

In spite of Nuri's old age he has been appointed speaker of the Senate of the new national Syrian government. The French respect him for his insight into political matters. Colonel Lawrence in his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* credited him with being the foremost strategist among the Near Eastern leaders, the great political rulers of Egypt, Turkey and Arabia not excluded.

The mysterious ride which Colonel Lawrence undertook June 3 to 16, 1917, from Transjordan into Syria was of greater significance than anything else he attempted in the war. The Sykes-Picot Treaty had been revealed through the publication of the Bolshevik government and betrayed the double-faced politics of the British, who in this treaty had offered to the Italians, French and Russians a subdivision among them of the Near Eastern countries in case of victory. This had been a secret arrangement between Great Britain and her allies. Openly, however, to gain the assistance of the Arab world, the British had made a treaty with King Husseyn in Mecca, promising to him and his Arab allies complete national liberty and independence if they would assist the British Empire in their struggle to defeat Turkey and Germany.

Nuri, who had met Colonel Lawrence before this sudden revelation of the Bolshevik government, had kept his word and stayed neutral; that is, he and his great tribe and the Ruala and allies, the Wuld Ali and other Anazah, remained far away in the inner desert without taking part on the Turkish or British sides. However, he accepted money, ammunition and rifles from both sides and ever kept a watchful eye that the balance in the struggle for power be favorable to the British.

It was perhaps a foxy way of dealing with the Turks and the British, but Nuri's sentiments were with the British for a definite reason. Only a few years before the World War the Turkish government in Syria had invited him to a banquet in Damascus and there taken him prisoner and condemned him to death. He was to have been hanged publicly from the bridge of the Barada River in Damascus. If it had not been for the intervention of Professor Musil of Prague who was doing archeological and geographic work in northern Arabia at that time and was a good friend of Jemal Pasha, the Syrian governor, this execution of Nuri would have taken place. While this was a personal feeling of hatred against Jemal Pasha, it did not arouse Nuri enough to make him exclusively anti-Turkish or anti-German. But when the secret of the Sykes-Picot Treaty became known to him, he was so infuriated with the English that he called a council of the desert chiefs, friends and enemies alike.

Lawrence got wind of this forthcoming event and prepared to leave at once to meet Nuri again to discuss the new situation before the tribes, under Nuri's guidance, should start an open rebellion against the British. Lawrence at that time had but a handful of loyal Bedouin friends on his side. In fact, they were only outcast Bedouins of the Harra desert (the volcanic mountain regions of Transjordan and Hejaz). The large camel breeding tribes, the real and independent lords of the inner desert, were still untouched and uninfluenced by British gold and listless in their response to

Continued on page 146

VAT 69
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BY APPOINTMENT

The World Over—the Scotch to the Gentleman's Taste . . .

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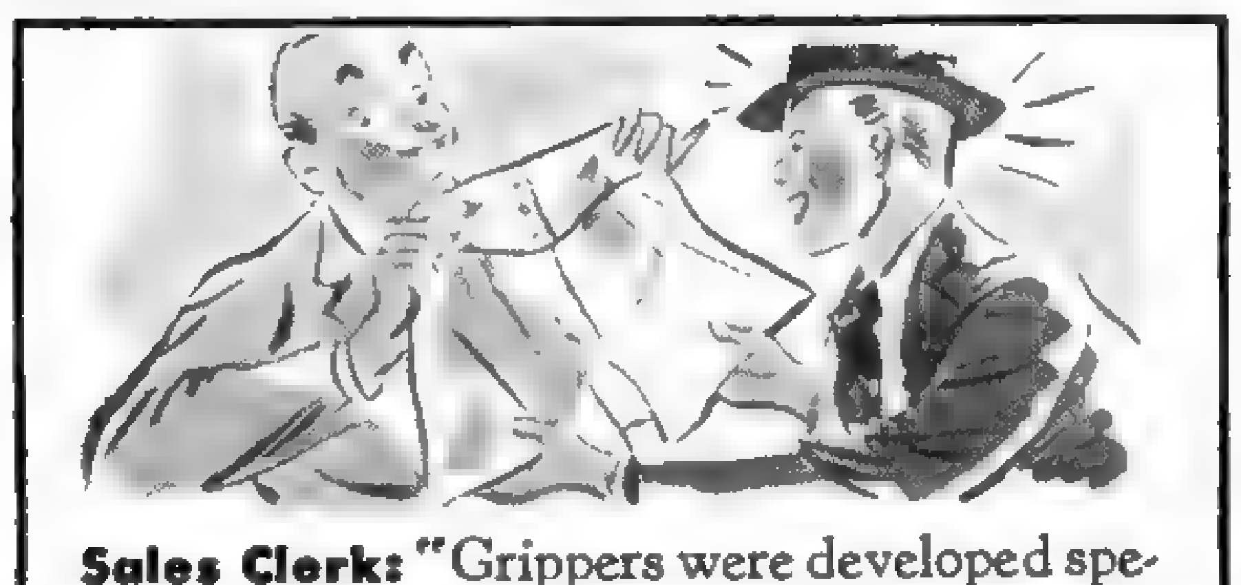
"Congratulate me! I'm off to college with shorts that won't shed buttons!"

Last Spring. It happened again and again. Buttons popped off Joe's shorts while trying to dress in a hurry for his eight o'clock class. */#*!! Not a safety pin in sight. Late again!

Late Summer. Joe goes shopping for new shorts to dazzle the campus boys—and learns about shorts with Grippers that end all button troubles. "Everybody's buying them," says the Sales Clerk.

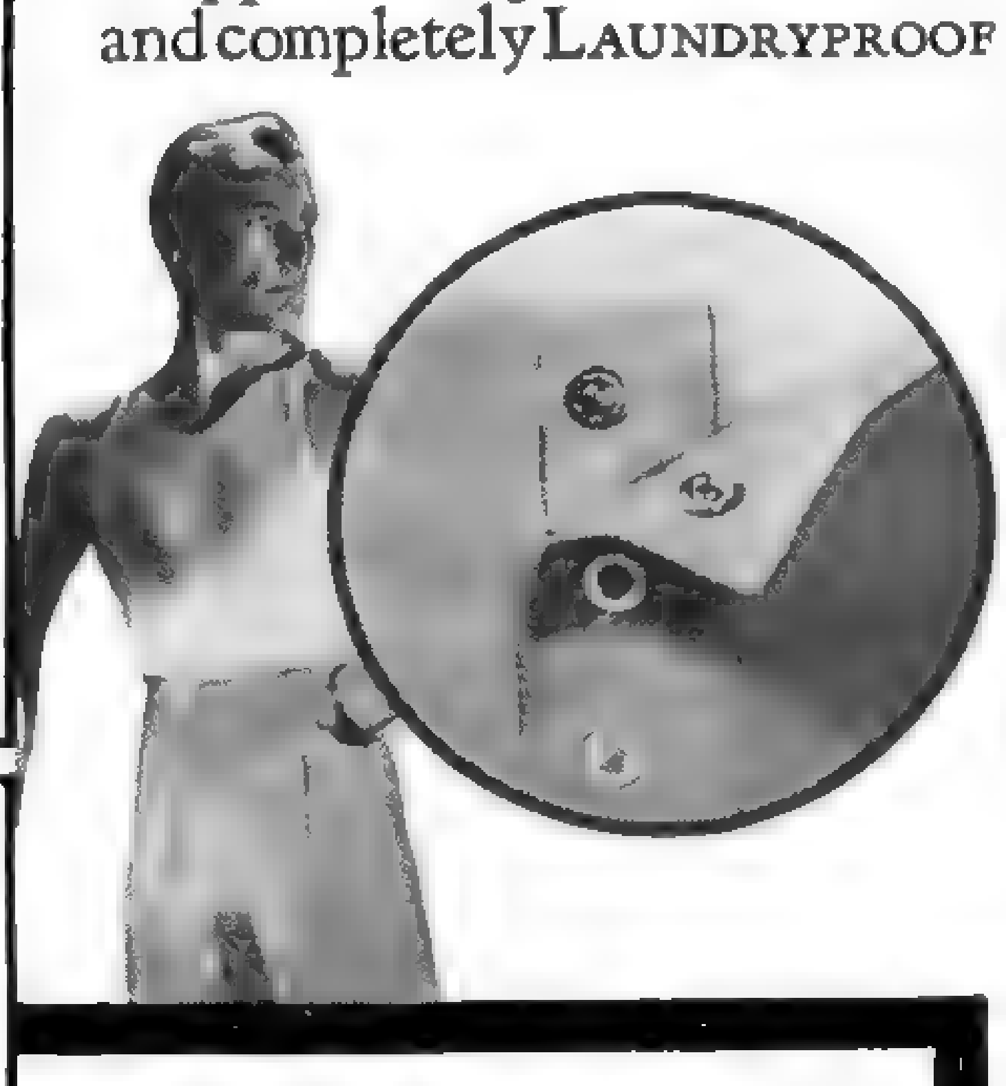


Sales Clerk: "Grippers were developed specially for washable garments. They won't break—won't pull out. Approved by American Institute of Laundering. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein."

Late Fall. Joe's mother is as tickled with the discovery of shorts with Grippers as Joe is. No more buttons to sew on—no more torn button holes to mend. And now Joe's father wears shorts with Grippers, too!

Everybody is buying SHORTS with Grippers Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. instead of buttons

Grippers are quicker—neater—and completely LAUNDRYPROOF



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Be sure the fasteners on the shorts you buy are stamped plainly "Grippers." Grippers have been *tested* and *proved* in actual use for more than two years. They are available on all leading brands of shorts.

Grippers are offered on your favorite brands of shorts by leading men's wear and department stores from coast to coast.

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More Tales from a Chief's Tent

Continued from pages 44-143-145

Colonel Lawrence's persuasions.

Lawrence realized it was his last chance to win the patriarch of all the Arab tribes to the British cause. But he also knew that he was taking his life in his own hands to face a man of Nuri's nature, known to be the most revengeful of all when friendship was betrayed. Nuri could be as kind and gentle as a child but, his fighting instinct aroused, he would not stop at murder or any other cruelty.

Just as Lawrence was setting out for his mysterious ride (which he omitted to describe in his own book), he was warned by Auda, the great chief of the despised Huweytat tribe, that Nuri already had expressed the desire to capture him dead or alive and turn him over to the Turks. Twenty thousand gold pounds had been offered to Nuri to bring Lawrence into the hands of the Turks and the Germans. Nuri now considered Lawrence only another British political agent, full of guile, and the last unfortunate news about the betrayal of the Arab cause by the British only served to convince him further that Lawrence was the chief author of this political trick to win the Arabs in their struggle for freedom and liberty.

Nuri told me he was well prepared for Lawrence's arrival at his camp. He wanted to capture him, possibly alive, before this Britisher could make use of the traditional custom of the Bedouins to save his life. Nuri well knew that Lawrence had lived with the Arabs long enough to apply certain emergency tricks to safeguard his own person which are included in the desert laws of hospitality and chivalry. Lawrence might have removed his Arabian headgear when facing the slaves or relatives of Nuri if he had sensed any danger to his life, thus asking for the "dakhil" or protection before the countenance of God which no Arab will deny, even to his deadliest enemy. Or he might have touched the tent rope, even at a distance of fifty feet from the entrance to the abode.

But Nuri said that he had been prepared to kill him on the spot if he had shown any designs toward self-protection. The old chief was through with the British! The only thing he cared about now was to collect the twenty thousand gold pounds from the Turks.

(Lawrence smilingly confessed to me in London that the reason for his asking twenty thousand pounds for his book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, was that he thought that if the Turks could offer twenty thousand pounds for his dead body, the public might as well pay as much for his living brain work.)

Nuri vividly described to me the arrival of Lawrence and the critical moments of that historic day. This is in substance what he told me: "He came up with a handful of camel riders to the dry river bed in which we had pitched our camp. Farhan, who had our Negro bodyguards organized to lay the trap for the British agent, announced to me that everything was ready. But to our great surprise Aurans (the Arabian name for Lawrence) stopped his camel more than three hundred feet away and made his beast crouch down. After this he picked up three sheepskins from his camel saddle and while his companions were also dismounting and preparing to stay with their animals, he spread his own sheepskins for bedding under the silver green branches of a tarmarisk tree and without further ado went to sleep.

"It was the most unexpected move this man could have made. To me it was the most sincere and courageous gesture a white man had *ever* made. He surrendered but did not ask for his life. He renounced any traditional help that might have come to him through the unwritten laws of our desert. He threw his life into our hands to accept as a guarantee of his honest desire to give liberty to our people.

"In full view of my tent he slept for more than three hours. I know that this is so because I walked over to the sleeper under the tamarisk tree (Nuri often used this term to describe Lawrence), and I bent down when I reached his couch and with the back of my hand touched his cheek and lo! he was asleep.

"I had forgotten that there was a price on this man's head. I returned to my abode and waited for him to pay me his respects. It was at this time that Farhan and I fell out over the fate of this foreigner. I gave orders to prepare for the reception of Aurans and his bodyguard as our honored guests. None of my people really understood at that time the responsibility I took upon my shoulders in acknowledging him and his mission, to ally ourselves from then on with the British cause.

"When he entered my tent and I stretched out my hand to wish him peace of God, I realized that the history of the Bedouin tribes in Arabia was entering a new phase. It was the first time that we independent, migrating Arabs made an alliance with a man not of our faith."

That Nuri was loyal he proved later when he held Damascus with four thousand riders of his own tribe for Lawrence against other Arabian conspirators in the rebellion who had been two-faced while British victory was at stake during those last two years.

Lawrence, understanding some of the strange but highly important customs of the Bedouins, had been able to play with innocence the most hazardous game.

And with Nuri he won the revolt. His back was no longer against the wall. ⌗

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THE SOCK IN THE PUBLIC EYE

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 86

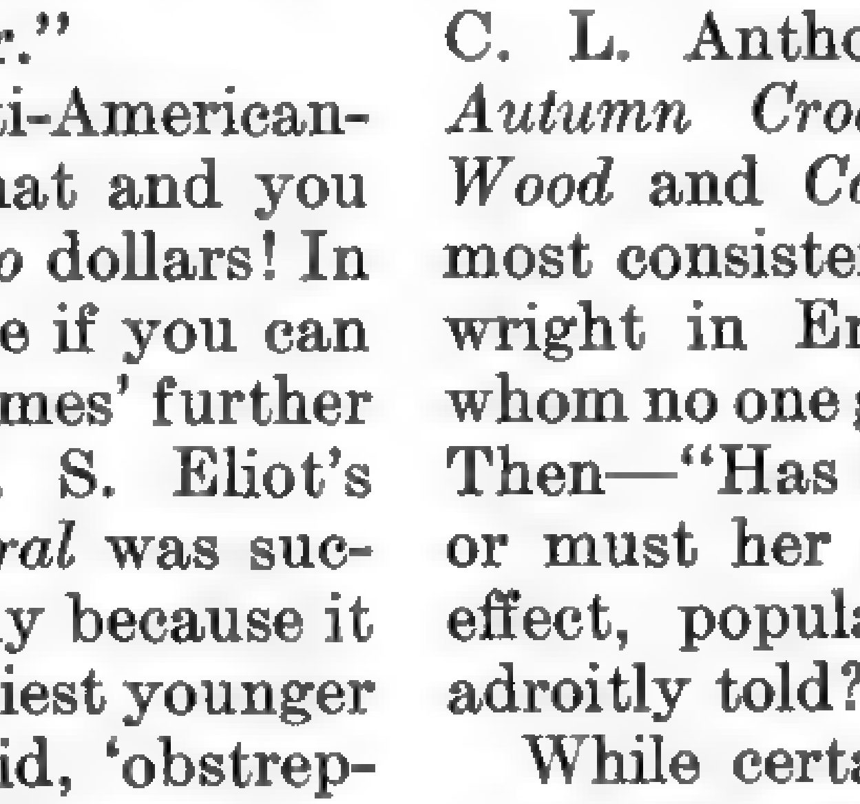
have misread Mr. Coward do so by writing too trivial comedies about too trivial people." Reviewing a play which he admired, James wound up thuswise: "I advise every reader to see it, provided that it is still running when this account of it appears. (But) it is such big stuff that I cannot understand, playgoing taste being what it is, how the bats in this metaphysical belfry have survived to flit across the London sky for a second, third and even fourth evening."

And in a review of *Banana Ridge*, by the popular Ben Travers, and of *Lady With Designs*, by Frank Gregory and Edgar Middleton, he had this disdainful say:

"The commercial theatre this week offers two plays, one of which is so good in its own way and the other so poor in any way that there is nothing whatever to be remarked about either."

Figure out the anti-American-theatre logic in all that and you get a grand prix of *two* dollars! In fact, I raise it to three if you can get anywhere after James' further confessions that "T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* was successful in England only because it was, as one of our wittiest younger critics, Alan Dent, said, 'obstreperously dull'"; that "Recent experience of English audiences shows that they take readily to two things only—unadulterated farce and sheer hugaboo, and by hugaboo I mean the T. S. Eliotish rhapsody . . . In other words, what Mr. Polly called alternatively 'Eloquent Rapsodooce' and 'Sesquippledan Verboojuice'. They like nonsense and they like uplift, and they hate anything in between, for a reason which, so far as I know, obtains in this nation alone—the reluctance to use brains in the theatre.

"Abroad things are different . . . In the end, this laziness of ours must ruin our theatre, because any theatre which is to continue as a living force must mirror the world of which it is a part"; and that such trashy melodramas as Walter Hackett writes "will doubtless always be considered masterpieces in a country which talks of giving its potatoes assistance."



(*Key:* James antecedently derogates critic St. John Ervine for holding that *Punch* is extremely funny and quotes from it this joke:

Clergyman's Wife: Will you help the potatoes, dear?

Clergyman: Certainly, darling, of what assistance are they in need?)

Speaking of my good old critical buddy, the talented St. John Ervine, there's another valued friend who doesn't think much of our theatre, although to give him his due he is more graciously generous toward it than is either James or Ivor. Nevertheless, he seems decided in his conviction that it cannot be compared with the English theatre. Yet we find him writing in his London weekly journal that "These are melancholy times for the lover of the English drama, for it seems to become harder and harder for a dramatist to obtain performance for a play of more substantial quality than a macaroon." Nor must we overlook Charles Morgan, critic for the *London Times.* Charles is also no passionate lover of our theatre, preferring, it seems, the high estate of that of his own land. And what is this theatre of his own land like? What and who is its most successful dramatist? Reach for the smelling-salts ere I quote Charlie: "Miss Dodie Smith, formerly known in the theatre as C. L. Anthony and author of *Autumn Crocus*, *Service*, *Touch Wood* and *Call It a Day*, is the most consistently successful playwright in England, and one to whom no one grudges her success." Then—"Has she anything to say or must her plays always be, in effect, popular magazine stories adroitly told?"

While certainly not posing the proposition that the present-day American theatre, for all its vast improvement, is God's sole, true gift to the world of the stage—an opinion which my reading trade assuredly knows I hardly hold—I still believe there is something transparently phony in the attitude displayed toward it by the English critics. I can understand a possible chauvinism on their part that might arbitrarily impel them to denigrate it in favor of their own theatre, but I can't understand how immediately on the tail of that denigration they allow that their own theatre is contemptible. It doesn't make sense.

What is their present English theatre like? Charles Cochran, one of its foremost and most intelligent producers, returning to London after an admiring round of the American theatre, made this statement to an interviewer for the *Observer:* "You know, when I came back from America I went to a lot of theatres here—and how depressing it all was!" Every one of the English critics who has sneered at the American theatre and its drama recently went into ecstasies over O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* upon its production in London, stating that the play—which was produced here half a dozen years ago—was the finest new thing in the way of drama that the English theatre had seen in a very long time and a lesson to British dramatic pretensions. After writing when he was in America that he couldn't see anything in the American critical idea that Maxwell Anderson amounted to anything much, my good friend Agate a little while after he got home saw a suburban London presentation of one of Anderson's inferior plays, *The Masque of Kings*, and wrote: "It is magnificently written, every line demanding and repaying attention. In other words, the evening is a grown-up one. Nevertheless I am persuaded that the piece will come to Shaftesbury Avenue, always provided that room can be found for it among the horde of titter-traps about twittermice." My good friend Ivor Brown, on the other hand, arrives in America and disparages its drama almost in toto and then goes back and writes of the "richness and vitality" of that stick of English bubblegum, *George and Margaret*.

This *George and Margaret*, which the rapidly progressing American theatre ridiculed into a quick failure and which is third-rate comedy frippery, is, as I write, in the second year of its palmy run in London. That other gob of bubblegum, *French Without Tears*, which got only a short distance here, is enjoying the longest run of any play in London; as I write, it has passed its six hundred and thirtieth performance. *Housemaster*, a tepid boys' school frolic which was done here as *Bachelor Born* and was only fairly successful, is, as I set this down, nearing its six hundred and twentieth performance. *Black Limelight*, a dose of mystery rubbish which the American theatre would have none of, recently closed a run of more than a year in London. And so it goes. Meanwhile, the condescended-to New York theatre's successes in the same period have been such plays as *Tobacco Road, Golden Boy, Of Mice and Men, Our Town, On Borrowed Time, Shadow and Substance, I'd Rather Be Right, The Women* and *You Can't Take It With You*. Even allowing for success, also, of such things as *Susan and God* and *The Star-Wagon*, the difference in standards must be clearly discernible to any honest English eye. ⵌ

The Eight Ball

Continued from page 59

that can in no way interfere with the process, and with the unseen woman's moaning about the moon and hearts in tune and love in June, he thinks about that meeting with Julie Mathews. He remembers the glitter in Mrs. Price's cunning rabbit eyes. He recalls that Sam Price and Joe Mathews are buddies. It comes to him that people have been acting queer all day, as if they have a joke on him, but a joke that may not end in a laugh. He leans across the bar to ask Mack what all the mystery is about. The cigar between Mack's teeth is bit in two; he spits the fragments out, rams the cigar back in his mouth with his left hand, drops the right beneath the counter.

The shouts and the curses are suddenly still. There is no sound in the room except the moaning of the woman on the radio sobbing and torturing herself with her song of love and all the pain of love. Tom Hill turns around. Joe Mathews is standing in the doorway.

Joe is a little man with colorless hair and hollow cheeks. His chin is weak and his eyes are red with whiskey. He came over from Lanchester ten years ago, but he is not the Englishman the cartoonist has in mind when he draws John Bull. He has a pistol in his hand, a little .25 automatic. It is pointed at Tom's heart. The distance is thirty feet; at that range it would be hard to miss a man as big as Tom Hill. This is the first time that Tom has looked into the muzzle of a gun and it makes him feel empty, as if the bullets have already battered down the flimsy barricades of his life, but he knows that it will never do to show fear.

"The BB's from that popgun," he laughs, "might kill a man if they hit him just right, but they wouldn't kill him dead. He'd have time to do some shooting."

That is all he says. Salesmen go into some mighty dark hollows in the coal fields. Everyone in the room knows that Tom owns a .38. Joe Mathews backs through the doorway.

"One of these days," he calls, "I'll be seeing you with something bigger."

He steps into the night. Mack puts his pistol back on the shelf under the counter. He sweeps the tobacco fragments away with his left hand. The pool balls begin to click. Someone shouts:

"Damn if I didn't make the eight! Pay me!"

Tom goes out to the car and gets his gun. He hasn't been carrying it; an armpit holster is hot in June. He drives down the street. Ken Cook hails him, Ken Cook, the Company deputy in Coal Run. Tom stops and Ken comes over and gets into the car. He and Tom are old friends. They shake hands and talk about the last time they saw each other. Then they decide to go out to the home of a moonshiner and get some whiskey Ken has ordered.

"I've got to be back by nine o'clock," Tom insists as they start. "Got to see a prospect at nine o'clock."

They drive out the street. As they pass Julie's house, going slow over the cinders, Ken remarks:

"You wouldn't want to stop here, would you? Seems to me like you've been here once too often."

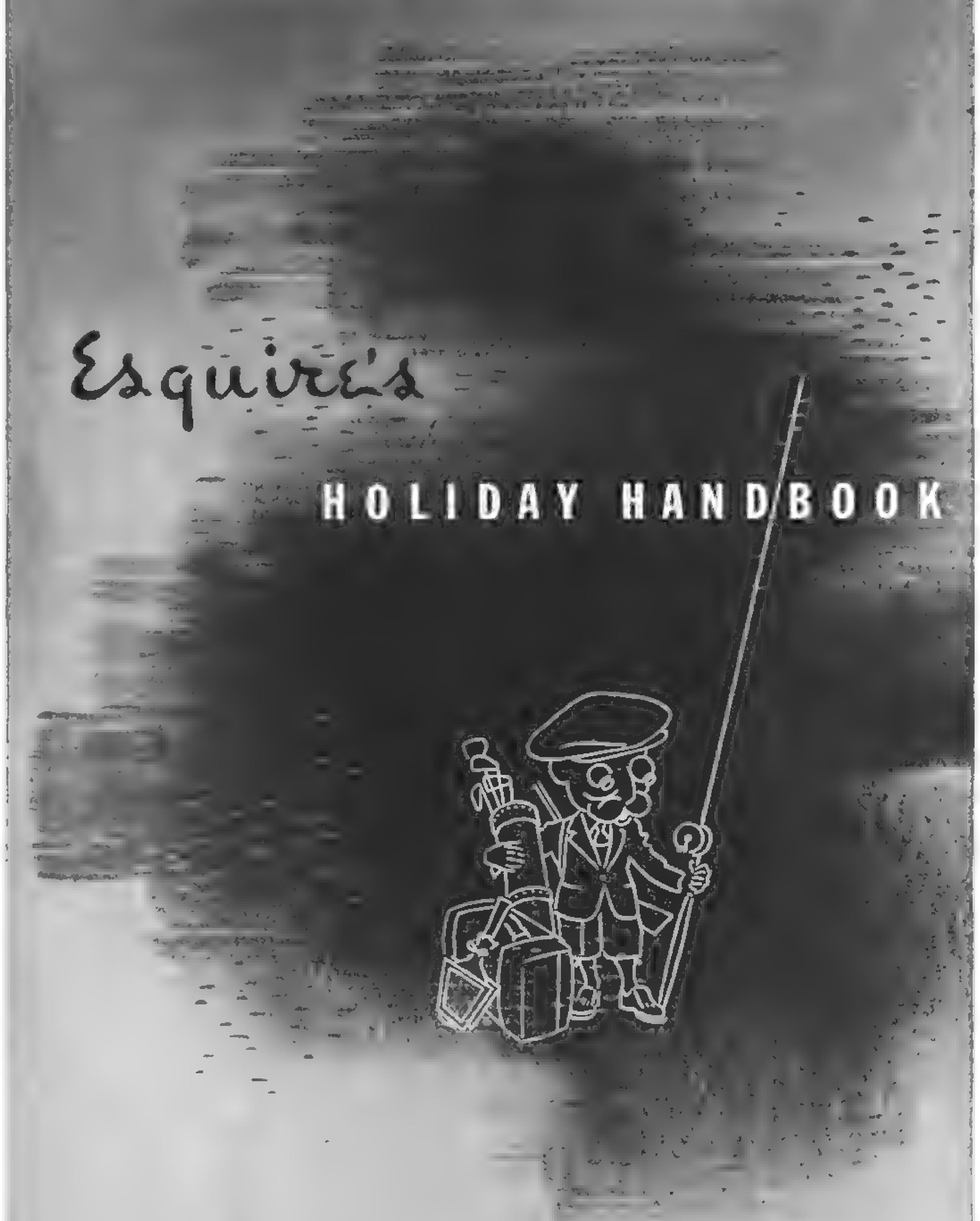
Tom looks at the house. There is a light on in the parlor and in the front bedroom. That is Julie's room; she is fixing up to go out with him. He turns to say to Ken Cook:

"*Just what do you mean by that*

Continued on page 150

vacationing ?

here's authentic advice to the fun-bound



Right now or in the next few weeks, the great American Public will make some great American decisions testing whether this family or that family will take to the mountains or the sea-shore, to a ship or the rails or the car or the air and whether their vacation period this summer will be spent in hunting, fishing, golf, tennis, bathing or just sitting...or perhaps a combination of all activities.

Then come the questions of where to go, what to wear, what to take along and what to do when you get there. Don't be alarmed. Lean back. Take it easy. You've had a hard winter. "Esquire's Holiday Handbook" has been especially designed for smart vacationists. It will answer all your "wears" and "wheres."

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The Eight Ball

Continued from pages 59-149

that crack, 'once too often'?"

But he does not say it. Within the house, cause-and-effect speaks from the mouth of a pistol. A shot! A breath of powder smoke! Two quick shots! Tom jerks the car to a stop as Joe Mathews runs out onto the porch, that little automatic in his hand. He fires twice at the car, then leaps into the darkness. Ken has his gun out, but not in time.

Tom and Ken run into the house. Julie is lying across the bed in her room. She has been shot once in the breast and twice in the abdomen. The last two bullets have been fired after she fell across the bed. Her dress, the red dress she wore on that first date with Tom Hill just a year ago this month, is burned by the flash. There is but little blood; most of it is going inside. Tom can hear it gurgling in her lungs. The bright blood foams from her mouth. It bubbles from her lips, red with rouge and redder still with the little balloons of life that burst there. Her cheeks are scarlet spots painted upon the pallor of her face. Her forehead is alabaster broken by blue veins. He is afraid to touch her as she lies there, her heart's blood rattling in her throat.

Dr. King comes in. He lives in the next block and Ken Cook has brought him. Ken goes out now to look for Joe Mathews. Kill your wife, if you must, but never, never shoot at an officer of the law. But Ken will never catch Joe Mathews across his gun sights.

Tom helps the doctor cut Julie's clothes away. The blood that oozes from the wound in her breast is pale and thick, like cream stained with the juice of strawberries. Julie is conscious now.

"Don't bother about me . . ." she moans. "Do something for my baby. . . ."

What could Dr. King do even if those last two shots hadn't been fired? What can he do except give Julie half a grain of morphine? He takes Tom's arm and leads him to a chair by the open window.

"Sit here," he says. "I can get along all right."

Tom can no longer hear the blood gurgling in Julie's lungs. He can no longer hear her begging Dr. King to save her baby.

It was cruel to give women such love for their children. It was cruel to make cause-and-effect so inexorable, to make chance so powerful.

For Tom Hill will sit in Amabel Taylor's kitchen a year from now, a year to the month. It will be June again, the month of love. Amabel will be twenty-seven that month, a year younger than Tom and three years a widow, a pretty widow with property in her own name. There will be a soft light in her hazel eyes, and her hair will have the curl and color of maple shavings, and the fragrance, so that Tom will wonder:

"How do you go about this business of proposing to a widow?"

He should know that widows don't have to be proposed to, though many an innocent man has thought that they did. Tom does know that today, he knows much about women, but it will be different next June when he sits across the table from Amabel. He will empty his coffee cup and she will rise.

"I'll get you some more," she will say.

Tom will watch over his shoulder as she goes to the stove. She will come back and put the cup down beside his plate. Then she will pretend to smooth the cowlick in his brown hair. He will take her hand.

"Amabel," he will say, "you're a dandy cook. That's the best coffee I ever tasted."

"I'm glad you liked it," she will answer. She will stand close to him, but not too close, and will try to free her hand from his, but will not try too hard. "I started to make tea. Do you like tea? I was at Ruby Smith's to collect the rent this morning. That's the woman in the little cottage of mine over on Third Street; I may have to ask her to move, from what I hear, though she is quiet. Anyway, she was making tea for a visitor of hers. Said he wouldn't drink coffee."

Tom's fingers will loosen ever so slightly and Amabel will withdraw her hand. Perplexity will wrinkle her forehead as she walks around the table and sits down.

"What," Tom will ask, "is the name of Ruby's visitor?"

"She called him Joe," Amabel will answer. "He must be going hunting. There was a shotgun standing in the corner of the kitchen."

Tom will take out his receipt book and make sure that all his collections are written down. Then he will go out and climb into his car and drive down to the house where Ruby Smith lives. Ruby Smith, the flame of Joe Mathews, Julie's husband. His face will be as pale as death when he steps up to the door and knocks.

There will be the roar of a shotgun, the triumphant crack of a pistol, the last click of the three ball against the eight. The eight will drop into the pocket. And then the pay-off.

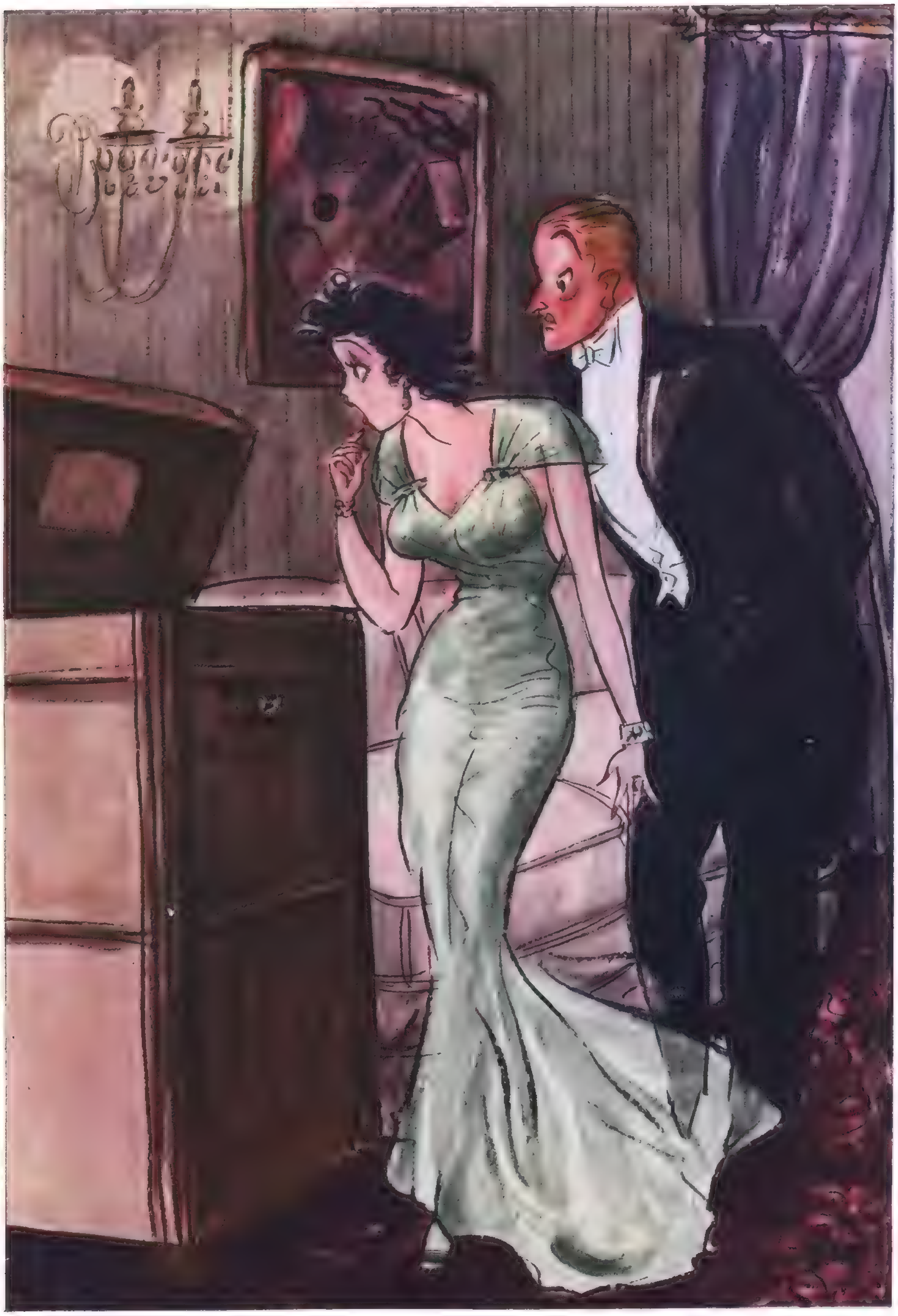
But now someone touches Tom Hill on the shoulder. It is Dr. King handing him a glass. Tom drinks before looking over at the bed. A sheet has been drawn up over Julie's face.

"It might be best," Dr. King says, "if you go now."

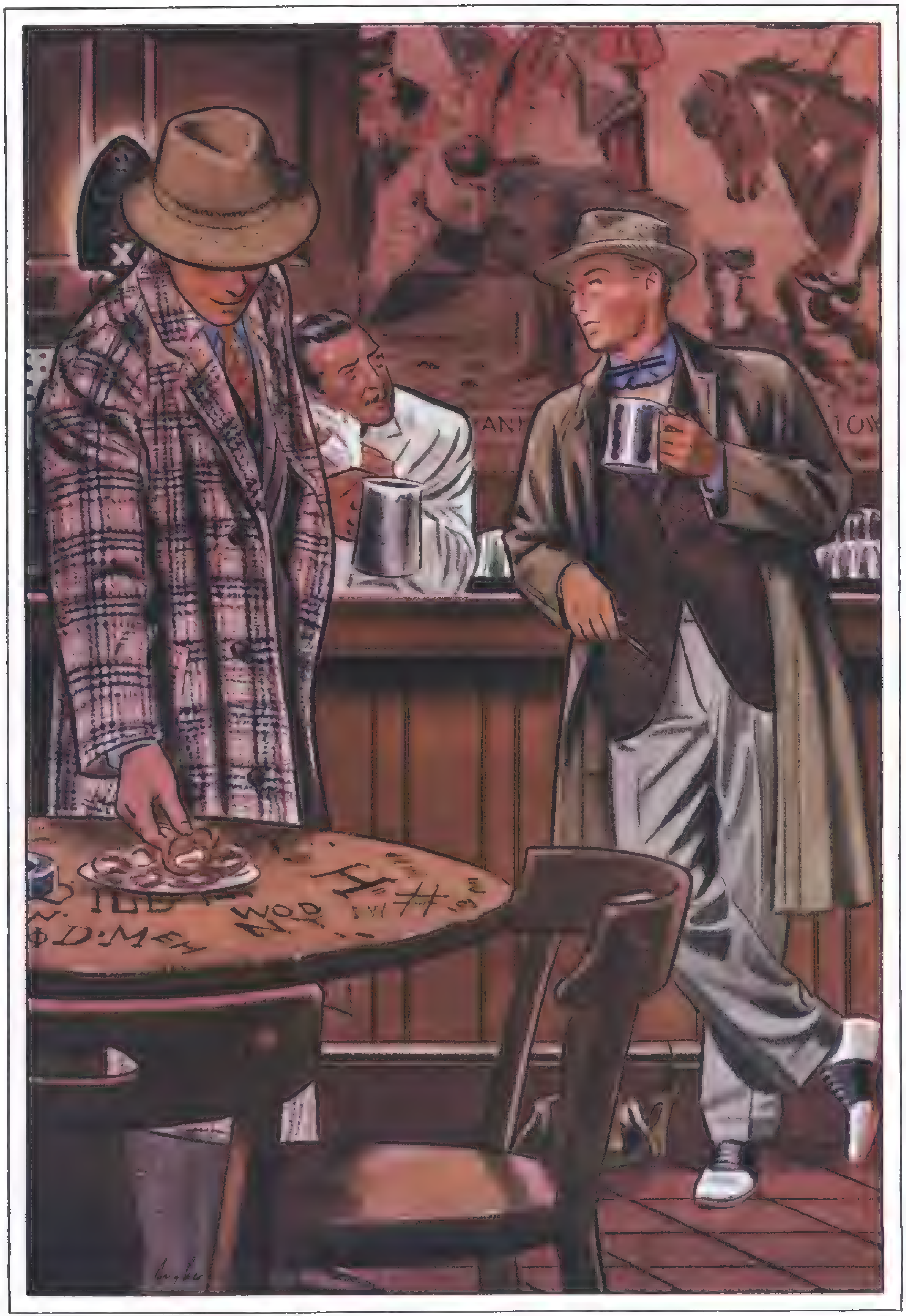
Next Sunday afternoon Tom will drive out on Pine Mountain to the place where he took Julie that first time. There he'll practice shooting at a mark.

On Monday morning he will start working in Volatile. He will be selling electric stoves.

On Wednesday afternoon he will knock at the door of Amabel Taylor's house. ⌗



"Since my husband has been experimenting with television I've been afraid to move"



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT PRINCETON BY GEORGE HUGHES

UNIVERSITY FASHIONS, ANNOTATED EDITION

There are more notes on this page than in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, so we'd better get right down to business. Note the bold checked Shetland topcoat with raglan shoulders, a timely example of the colorful plaid coat that is an odds-on campus favorite. Note what little you can make out of the grey flannel suit and the blue velveteen waistcoat with brass buttons, the latter a hark back to the gay nineties but currently a novel gesture in the way of fancy waistcoats. Note the fawn color semi-Tyrolean hat and such campus staples as the blue oxford shirt, Paisley pattern wool tie, and blucher front shoes. The student at the right is one big note, consisting of gabardine raincoat with military collar and fly front, three-button Shetland jacket, grey flannels, blue oxford shirt, the new ribbon shape bow tie, crew neck sweater, dune color corduroy waterproof hat, and white elk shoes with black saddles.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

17
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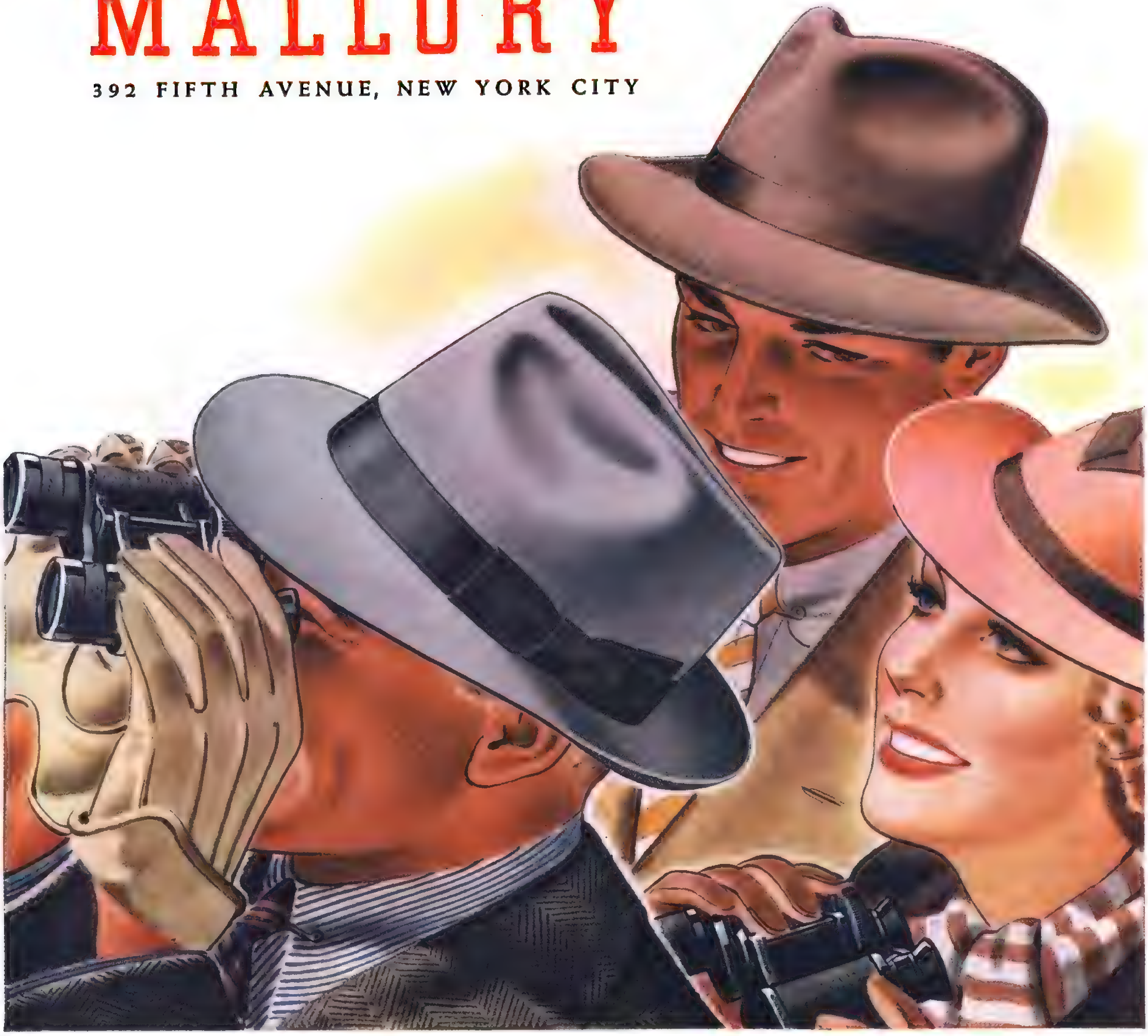
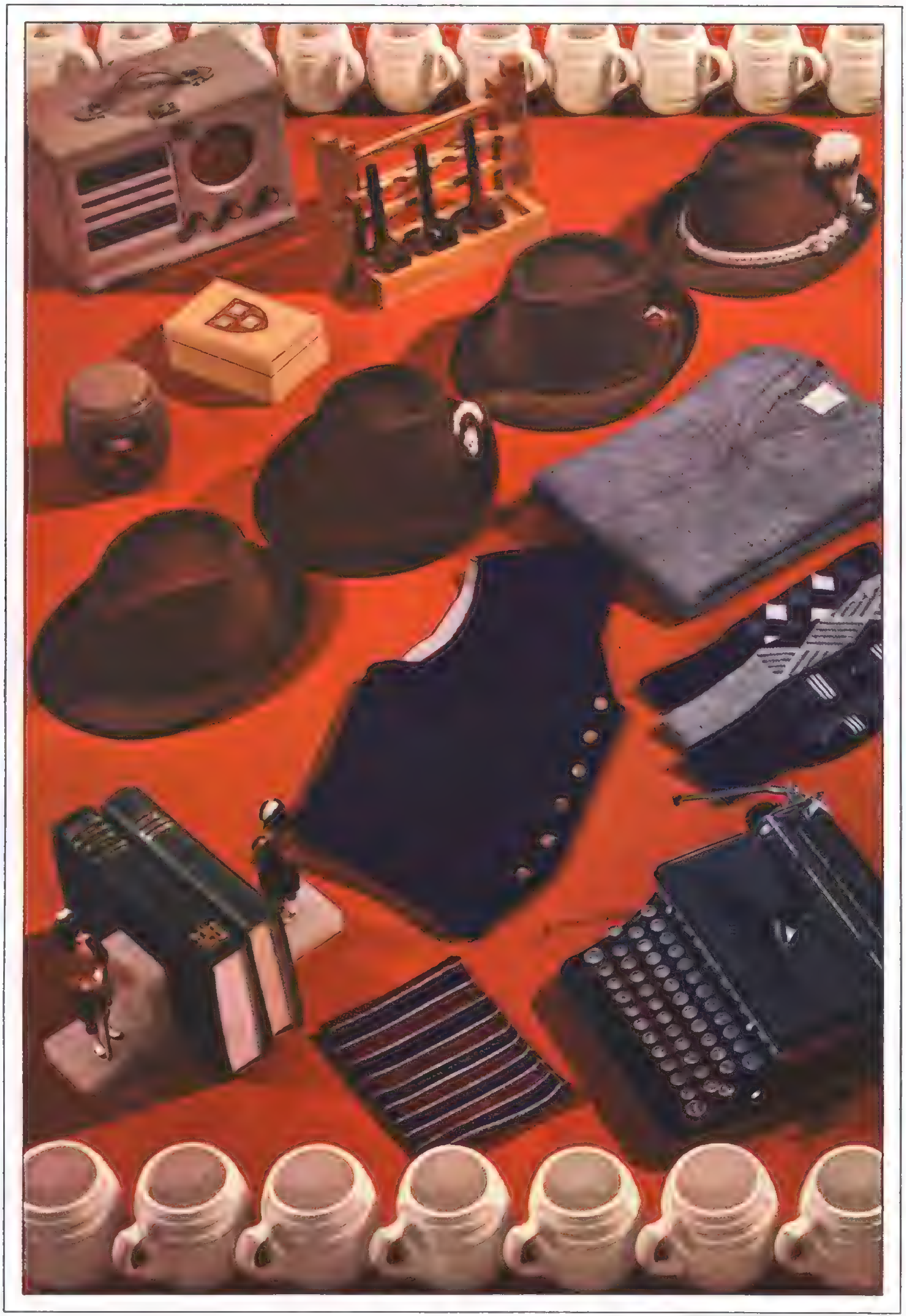




COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

ASSORTED TEMPTATIONS FOR THE CAMPUS-BOUND

Hardly to be compared with the temptations of St. Anthony, but rather nice things to have in themselves, are these heterogeneous semi-luxuries to which the undergraduate might blow himself ere his impending return to school. Ordinarily we're careful to key the descriptions to the illustrations in an orderly fashion but since this is addressed only to those who were clever enough to avoid being either flunked out or graduated out into a cold world, we'll let the smarties sort things out for themselves. It goes like this: heavy pottery beer mugs, portable radio with fabric case, paddock gate pipe rack with three briar pipes and pipe cleaners concealed in base, four Tyrolean hats, porcelain tobacco humidor, cigarette box with inlaid college seal, camel's hair pullover, fancy wool socks, blue velvet waistcoat with brass buttons, Scotsmen bookends, noiseless portable typewriter, woven stripe tobacco pouch.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Laughter in the Tivoli

Continued from page 67

The laugh changed suddenly to a laugh like a gasping for breath. A trying to breathe. A dead stillness descended upon the audience. The stillness hung like a pall over the blackness. Someone began to mutter. A woman got up and walked with half-running steps to the exit and she was holding her ears.

The head usher stood quivering. Cold shivers slid like icy fingers up and down his spine. Then it wasn't the kids, it wasn't the kids! What was it? Good Christ, what was it?

The assistant manager came out of his office, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

"What's the trouble here?"

"Someone's laughing, sir. Laughing, sir."

"But this is a drama. No comedy to speak of. Why are they laughing?"

"I don't know, sir. I don't know."

"Well, do something about it. Stop them. Stop . . ."

The assistant manager listened with his head cocked on a side and he rubbed his eyes as if in some strange confusion of his senses he was thus trying to erase the disbelief of his hearing.

"Jesus, man, that sound is inhuman!"

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir."

"Well, stop it. Stop it, you hear!"

As the ushers again patrolled the aisles, he stood in a pose of wonder, his eyes and mouth three large balls of surprise. He followed the laugh with his eyes, as if he could see it. It seemed to be climbing in laborious jerks to the ceiling and then it floated lazily along the ceiling and it was in the balcony and suddenly it was all over the theatre, everywhere.

He went into his office and took three shots of straight whiskey and then he phoned the theatre manager at his hotel and said, "Come over here. Right away. I'm going crazy. There's laughter. The world's coming to an end."

The audience was in growing murmur. Faces were crowded with fear. From the balcony necks craned. Someone began applauding for quiet and someone else and soon everyone was clapping and stamping and there was a savage rhythm to it above which rose the cacophony of laughter.

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. Laughter from the silver screen. The hero and the heroine and the villain were saying dramatic things and in the same breath they were laughing. Upon the audience descended a sudden and appalling silence that was like the lowering of a madness.

The manager came in, spoke to his assistant, nudged him, spoke to him again, nudged him, and finally whacked him on the shoulder.

"What's the matter with you? You sick?"

The assistant manager's eyes were glassy. They impressed one as being gateways to a vacuum of a hollow and vast emptiness.

"Yes, sir. No, sir. It's that laughter."

"What laughter? What the hell you talking about?"

"It's everywhere. Like spirits."

The manager stared. This wasn't right. This was wrong. Here he'd been in a cozy room with a cozy blonde and now she was maybe mad and here was this simpleton. Christ in heaven, everything was always wrong.

The laugh came forth in sadness, a laugh without hope, a laugh draped in loneliness and despair.

The manager jumped a good inch. His head wobbled crazily from side to side as he followed the laugh with his eyes, now on one side of the house, now on the other.

"That your laugh?"

His assistant nodded in a mechanical way.

"Maybe some agitators are doing it," said the manager. "Maybe instead of throwing stink bombs . . . Look, maybe it's a ventriloquist!"

The other seemed to be struggling to come to life. He was like a man grasping at a last but futile hope.

"A ventriloquist? Maybe so. . . . No, we've watched every mouth and no one's moving his mouth."

"Ventriloquists move their throats only."

"Yes, sir, but the movement's barely perceptible. And in this darkness . . ."

"Well, find it, man! Find it! Good Christ in heaven, man, I'll be ruined!"

An hysterical wave now swelled through the audience. A woman screamed and she was led out by a man who appeared to be drunk. They filed out by the scores and someone wanted his money back and there were mutterings of "I'll sue 'em!"

Fear was written large on faces. A man kept repeating in a shouted whisper, "The place is haunted! The place is haunted!"

A bespectacled fellow came up to the manager. He was breathing hard. He fixed him with an accusing eye.

"Are you the manager? . . . I am a man of science, sir. This is not so, sir. It is a trick. Completely and shamefully a trick. A human medium is perpetrating it. Do you understand, sir? A human medium. This thing cannot be. It cannot be. I'll never patronize your theatre again, sir. Never again, sir. This is just a trick. An outrageous trick."

The laugh boomed forth, deep-voiced like the rumble of thunder above the hysteria-charged sounds of those who still kept their seats, their curiosity greater than their fear.

The little brunette sat trembling and her hands felt cold as ice. Once she tried to move her leg away because the young man seemed unconscious of anything but the people on the screen. She

Continued on page 156

FAST LEGS for a FAST GAME

. . . They belong to

ELLSWORTH VINES

Three Times World's Professional Tennis Champion

Ellsworth Vines says: "The tremendous stamina and endurance required of a tennis player's legs demand protection against the weakening effect of leg-chill. Leg-chill deadens the muscles, makes you tired all over, cuts resistance to colds. That's why athletes approve Jockey Longs, with their skillfully built-in support construction. You get warmth and hygienic support in the same garment. And you can dress neatly in Jockey Longs, too!"

KEEP YOUR LEGS ALIVE WITH

Jockey Longs

TRADE MARK REG.

by Coopers

THE UNDERWEAR THAT ENDS SQUIRMING

Just slip into a pair of Jockey Longs and enjoy the good health of warm legs and feet. Jockey banishes the discomforts that cause squirming. Its no-gap front opening is *anchored* shut—without buttons. No bunching. No bind. It's good sense and good styling. In all weights. Contoured shirts to match. Accept only Jockey by Coopers. At leading dealers. If yours doesn't have Jockey, write us.

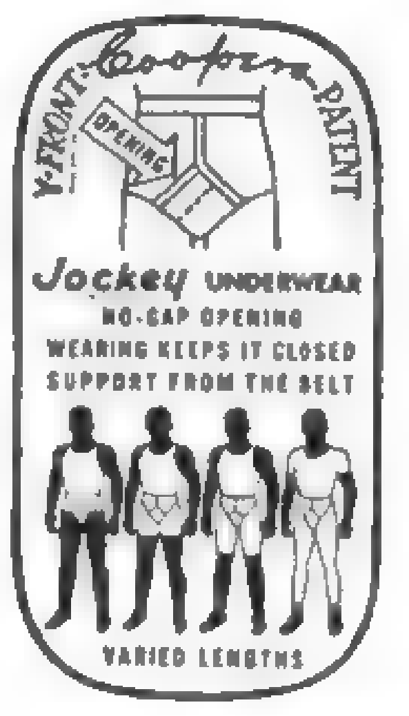
Going Back to School? There's a Jockey for every occasion. Stock up when you go back to school. Longs are great for football games, Shorts and Midways for regular wear. *And not a squirm in the dullest lecture!* Be well dressed from the skin out. Wear Jockeys by Coopers!

JOCKEY LONGS

Two-piece underwear—priced per garment

Cotton, light-weight	75c up
Cotton, heavy-weight	$1.00 up
Wool mixtures	$1.25 up

Jockey Short, 50c up



FOR CHILDREN: Jockey Jr., in sizes down to 6 years.

Coopers INC.

KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

Distributed in Great Britain by SIMPSON, Ltd., London

Made and Distributed in Canada by MOODIES, Hamilton, Ont. . . In Australia by MacRAE KNITTING MILLS, Sydney

A college course in comfort!

Co-eds will go cozy in this new man-tailored pajama of Broca'do. Brightly appealing in charming, youthful shades.

* And don't skip SCAMPERS . . . the jolliest "lolliest" pajama that ever graced an undergrad!

For leisure hours no subject in the curriculum can take the place of comfort. College men will do a smart job of relaxing in Universal Broca'do — a stunning satin figured, pure dye, pure silk pajama. There's a rich choice of colors in these casual togs . . . and there's no choice like Universal when it comes to comfort. At smart shops everywhere.

STEINER-LIBERTY CORPORATION
Baltimore, New York, Chicago

UNIVERSAL PAJAMAS

WE PUT THE WORLD TO SLEEP

Laughter in the Tivoli

Continued from pages 67-155

wanted to get up and leave but she couldn't move an inch and she sat pressing into him, harder and harder, trying that way to forget that awful sound. She thought of how she would like to bring him home with her, to her room, and they would be all alone, just the two of them, without that awful sound, and then she would love him, oh, God, how she would love him!

The middle-aged blonde also was unable to move. She had a feeling that her leg was glued to that of the young man and it would be that way forever and ever, even until doomsday, even until the end of that laughter which was like the sound of doom.

It would be that way forever, she and the young man, and she would give him things. Oh, what things! Limousines and beautiful clothes and money and travel. And it would always be that way, the two of them, with their legs close, close together.

Someone brought in a policeman.

The officer listened and he scratched his head and he listened.

"It's some hoodlums."

Several other policemen came in, a squad of them. There was a reporter asking questions. His look of incredulity changed to one of quiet and attentive joy. A woman in the back of the house made a gurgling sound. A man walked rapidly out, holding his hand over his mouth. Another one tapped a policeman on the shoulder. There was a strange smile like ecstasy on his face.

"Charles Fort should be here now. Charles Fort would understand this. Charles Fort would love it."

"Who's Charles Fort? Who're you? Say, you!—whadda you know about this?"

They were going to corner the laugh. Policemen and ushers and the manager down the aisles. The officers said why in the hell didn't they turn on the lights. The manager said please the show was almost over.

"Everybody keep your seats. Don't nobody leave."

The hero had just reached his last obstacle and beyond it lay luscious curves.

The laugh was faint now, fluttery, a barely audible taunt.

They moved toward it, formed a net around it as it fluttered in the side aisle. They closed in through empty seats, climbing over seats, stumbling over the scattered audience, drawing the net tighter.

The laugh hung there, as if in uncertainty, as if peering desperately around for a way out. Suddenly they were upon it, had it!

They almost had it, for with a sudden spurt of strength it winged away, over to the other side aisle.

A policeman said, "I tell you it's a hoodlum!" and he crossed himself. The reporter's heart was filled with a dark and desperate jubilation. He was praying. An usher left the chase, the theatre whirling with his every step.

They tracked it again, down the other side aisle. Fear, hate, awe, a dreadful relentlessness moved through their eyes. The laugh eluded them once more, but this time it was feebler than ever, like a butterfly that has too long evaded the hunter's net.

The laugh was in the center aisle.

Policemen in the back of the house and policemen near the orchestra pit. Working toward each other. Ushers and managers in the side aisles. Closing in.

People in the rear, people near the exits, people in their seats. Tense.

The manager moved sullenly, tracking down a laugh. This has to happen to me I'll be ruined ruined it'll be in the papers all over the stinking papers that little blonde in the room body so fair Good Christ everything happens to me.

The assistant manager had a dull sensation of movement, a dull knowledge of thought. I'll get tight I'll get so stinking tight I won't know my own mother or my own brother or my own wife son daughter my own little God bless you mother I'll get stinking stinking what's that smell tight.

They closed in. The laugh trembled. Hung there. Weaker and weaker. Like something sad and sick. Something endless in misery. It died away like a last sigh.

"Here's the punk!"

The hero took contented curves into his arms and lips formed smugly on lips and they lived happily ever after.

The lights flooded on. There was a lot of eye rubbing. The little brunette screamed. The middle-aged blonde fainted.

"Jesus, look at him!"

"He couldn't of done it!"

"Theguy'sdead!"

They carried the hollow-cheeked young man to a couch. A doctor hurriedly pushed his way through the crowd and examined him.

The manager's face was as gray as that of a corpse. His assistant was suddenly alive, his eyes hot.

Ushers stood stiffly. A woman projected a laugh through the scales of hysteria. The reporter no longer prayed. The policemen barked orders at the crowd.

The doctor gave the medical

word for heart attack, and he also mentioned the matter of a bad case of malnutrition.

Someone said, "What's the guy doing at a movie if he was starving?"

Someone else said, "How could the poor fellow laugh like that if he was dead?"

There were knowing looks now. They knew. Some kids did it. Certainly it was a ventriloquist. Some Bolsheviks. The place was haunted. The reporter tore up his mental notes and went out to bum a drink.

The little brunette groped her way to her lonely room, shivering, all of her like ice as she thought of the horror of it and then all of her burning with unshed tears as she thought of the young man and herself and nothing.

The middle-aged blonde came to and then started to faint again and she left the theatre, hurrying, running, with her fur coat dangling open and a far roaring like a groaning and screaming in her ears.

The hollow-cheeked young man lay silently on the couch with his legs outstretched.

He had a refined intelligent face but his ribs stuck out and his waistline could hardly be called that. His clothes had once been good but now they were patched and shabby.

They emptied his pockets. Three pennies. A half empty package of cork-tipped cigarettes. The stub of a theatre ticket. That was all. No identification card. No letters. Nothing else except a soiled clipping from the personal column of a newspaper that read, "Are you lonely? Join the Lonely Hearts Club and find yourself a sweetheart." #

The Silver Fleet of Time

Continued from page 29

bottles. He would have loved this moment."

"Shut up."

The madman retreats, waving, and we see it is Trenchcoat with a Luger in each paw and bread-bag full of bombs.

"To the left—to the left—we've got to break through! The entire village is cut off!"

We rally—not many of us—and force our way through the maddening, sobbing mass of fresh recruits, panic-mad and popeyed. Mules and men are in a wet tangle and over all, the bombers and pursuit planes make merry in our midst with explosive concoctions. I burrow through and find Yellow Trenchcoat with about a hundred men.

We follow him down a stinking alley and walk into a shearing cross fire. Men fall as if felled with a club, and grovel on the silver streets. Others lie still with their knees tight-muscled into their groins. A bloody hand begs up to me for help—but the blinding shower of a bomb grenade blows me aside and I keep going from habit only. My long coat is tailless and I have lost my hat. I move in a loggy fog.

We crouch now behind a hedge and listen to the village in its death struggle. Far off, up and down the line, there is great noise. It is a surprise attack all along the line. The front must be locked in a ten-mile struggle. Yellow Trenchcoat waves us on. Men bar the way with long rifles. We blow them aside with grenades, and the clog of our steel-nailed shoes increases their tap as we break into a run; all guns on a slant of blue-gray steel. The imbecile capers of a machine gun catch us again and we move on after some nasty bomb work and find ourselves at the edge of a wood carrying only the lightly wounded. Two columns of men—at right angles to each other—bar our way. Moors—happy, with evil promise—and pasty, short Italians. Yellow Trenchcoat pivots on his heel and rushes the Italians. A smart choice. The Italians are bad soldiers. Always we pick Italians when we have to find a weak line to break under. They fear cold steel and wilt under bombs. Their hearts are not in it.

OF DEATH AND THE HILLS

We break into a yell and toss in a few slotted eggs. They give way and our momentum carries us through them after a few jabs of the bayonet. I feel steel—long and saw-edged, fumble for my throat, and I look into the pretty peasant face of an Italian boy, bug-eyed with fear. I think of Leonardo Da Vinci's sketchbooks and mash in the face with my rifle butt. Yellow Trenchcoat is cursing loudly now and I catch my wind and a few of his oaths. We turn right flank and advance through the woods in perfect skirmish order. The Italian's eyes will haunt me. We might have been fellow students. But we weren't.

Under the mausoleum of the trees, we feel safer—but behind me I hear the snap dash of the Moors—primates gasping for the kill. We flank again and Yellow Trenchcoat throws back outposts and we line up panting behind fallen trees. The Moors come low towards the ground like hounds scenting the hare, yapping among themselves, and lit up by the pyrotechnical display of the village that is now at roasting heat and throwing fingers of flames to the heavens. But no pity sits tonight in the clouds as the bombers continue on their stints. Our round rapid fire catches the Moors off guard.

We roll up the flank and rear of the Moors and blast away. They are not Italians. They turn and fight, and we finish them off with the grenades. A tall hawk-faced Moor worries his knife through a comrade and then slits off his ears. We get him twice through the back and when we see the bloody skins in his paws, two grab him and nail him to a tree with bayonets. I turn, feeling

Continued on page 158

★ *The Devil Dog,* on the new snub-nose last — for comfort and smart informality. Smoked waterproof leather, wedge crepe sole, Ghillie tie.

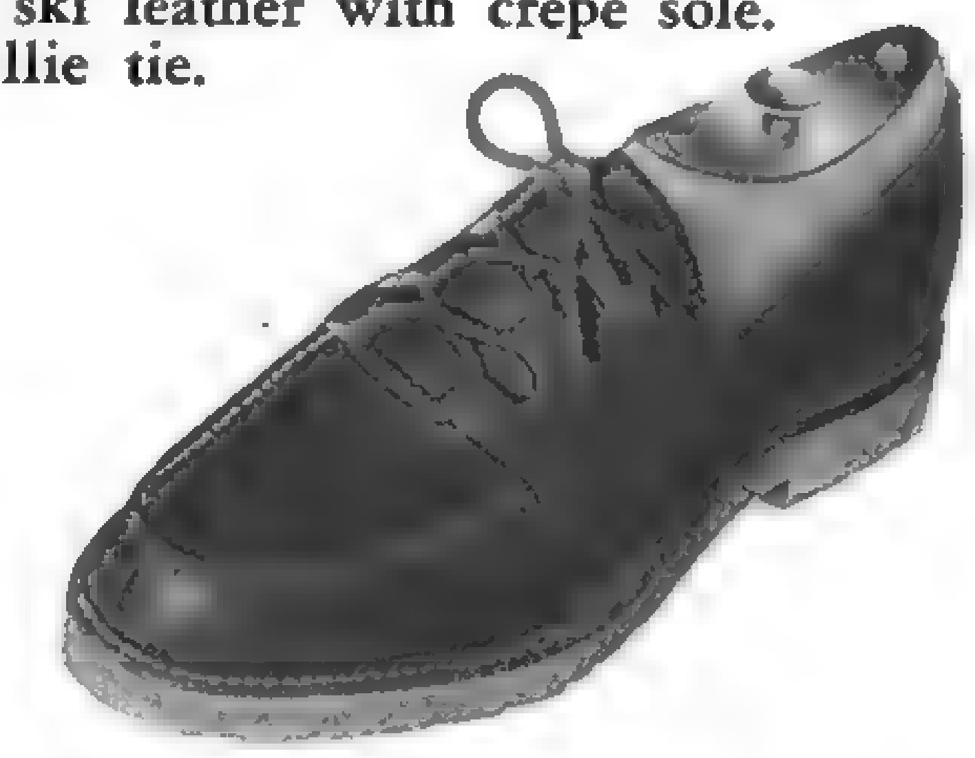
To be fashionable — be comfortable ***in this new type of leisure shoe***

by the **House of Crosby Square**

Taking a leaf from the experience of primitive man—and borrowing liberally from his ideas of footgear — Fashion has established a new keynote of ruggedness and virility in shoes for campus and country, sports and leisure — or whatever you do when you take your mind off your business . . . Here's the cream of the crop, as turned out by able custom shoemakers and seen in the best circles — interpreted and reproduced as Crosby Square Authentic Fashions. They're for he-men — for rough going — to stand hard knocks and keep you feeling fit. Team them up with a pair of Crosby Squares for in-town and business wear, at your nearest dealer's, and you're handsomely shod for Fall.

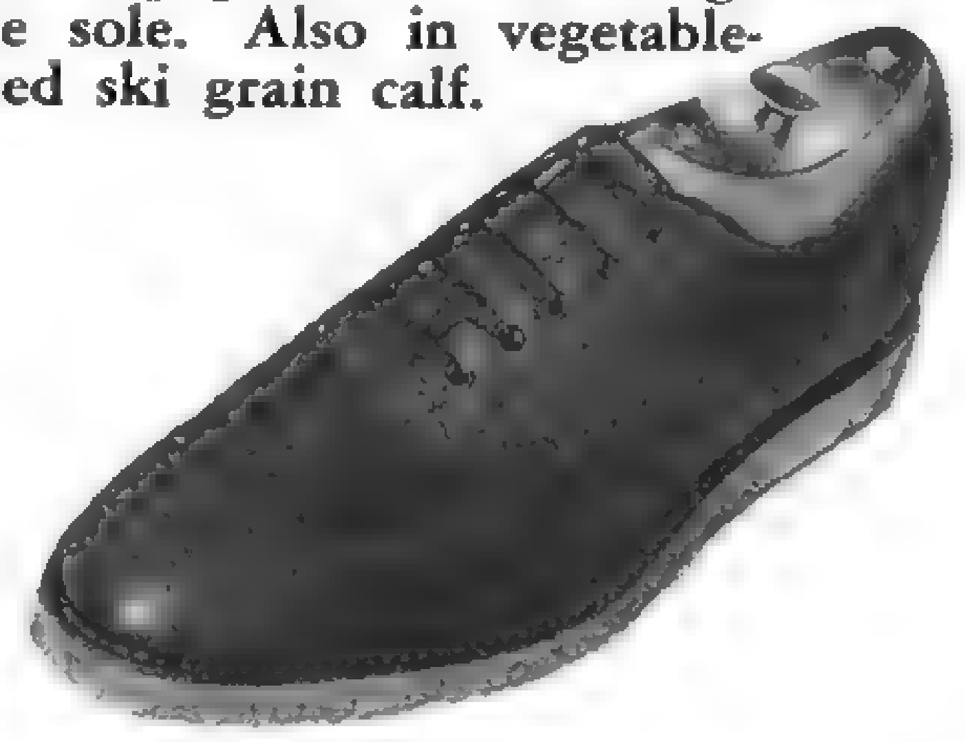
★*The Apache Pac* — in smoked waterproof leather on the Snob last, with wedge crepe sole and notched storm welt.

★*The Tom-Tom Pac* — the hit of the 1938 sports season, in long wearing pigskin or luggage tan ski leather with crepe sole. Ghillie tie.



★*The Snob* — an all-weather mocassin blucher of smoked waterproof leather in the new distinctive shade, with crepe sole.

★*The Stratford*—a smartly conservative wing-tip brogue in genuine pigskin, with wedge crepe sole. Also in vegetable-tanned ski grain calf.



★Write for free, illustrated booklet "Crosby Square Authentic Fashions in Men's Footwear"

The House of Crosby Square

2460 N. 6th Street *Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
$5.00 to $7.50
in Men's Shoes

Ties that never say die –
Wembley Cravats
Copyright, 1938 by Wembley, Inc.
CRUSH IT
TWIST IT
KNOT IT
and yet NOT A WRINKLE
Priestley's IMPORTED NOR-EAST non-crush
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

This is the tie with a hundred lives, the veteran of a thousand knots . . . pull it, twist it, crush it, knot it again and again. A Wembley Nor-East Tie always looks as new as the day you bought it. It's a tie that never says die.

At the best stores from coast to coast $1⁰⁰

WEMBLEY SILK TIES

Seeing eye to eye with men on their tie ideas, Wembley gives you silk ties that blend well with your shirts, harmonize with your clothes, and have the originality of design that gives the crowning touch to faultless dress.

$1 and up

WEMBLEY, INC.
CRAVATS
New Orleans, Louisiana

It isn't a Nor-East Tie if it hasn't a Nor-East Label

The Silver Fleet of Time

Continued from pages 29-157

puckering in my throat and follow Yellow Trenchcoat down a woodland trail parallel with the now red-hot burning village. There are too few of us left.

A slim lad, struggling under a long gun, trips over a creeper and I give him a hand. He steadies himself and we go on beating the woods like beaters. We run into machine guns again and the slim youth goes down. I yell.

"Hit?"

"No—no, of course not."

"Come on—you'll get left here alone."

"I hope not."

I help him up and I see that his trench coat is too big for him. In the flickering light he looks very young. Yellow Trenchcoat is cursing a blue blaze at the men we are facing. They are our own machine guns. We have run into our rear guard. We march in over the outposts and find ourselves in a mad panic of walloping whirling men. Everything is in an uproar, guns at all angles, order fled, and all men after it.

Officers try to rally their men—but nothing avails—not even shooting—the din is head-aching. Wounded pass on comrades' shoulders, dead or dying get the ditch with a callous push. Equipment clatters down on all sides.

Screaming horses wade into us and swing past the mobbed roads pulling batteries, the drivers whipping like machines as wheels snap limbs like pipe stems. All run with open mouths and the panting Red Cross men fight to find space to attend to the wounded. A large Rolls Royce—with a silver lady still flaunting her drapes on the radiator, blocks a road. We push it further off the road and find a staff officer asleep in the back. We can't awaken him—because someone has blown the back of his head off. He looks as important as ever. The panic grows and the weaker are stepped under by panting men. Everyone must follow the stream and we all look back too often.

Behind us, the village is settling into a glowing bed of embers—like the fire we used to roast potatoes in—in another world. The enemy is beyond us on the right and going fast to encircle us.

More and more machine guns, blankets, gasless cars go into the ditches. Many throw away guns, belts and even water bottles. Many are now running fast—running faster. Most of them collapse and we pass them looking up to us with their tongues hanging out and blood pouring from their nostrils.

A man shoots himself and bungles the job; a friend has to finish him off. An officer tries to stop a group from climbing on a gun carriage. They stab him down and he disappears under foot. I step high to avoid him—but my heel sinks into something. Something once a man. More wheels come behind. I try not to think of anything. Good soldiers don't.

I can't move. We all mill down the road and scream to those ahead, who do the same. I am wedged in. I can't move and I fight for space and lie about with my bloody rifle butt. I hear a gasp and the slim lad I rescued in the wood is going down in a whirl of men. I grab his shoulder, and tearing and pulling, I get him erect. Cherrynose is pounding into broad backs for space and Yellow Trenchcoat has reached a new high level in oaths with which he sprays both us and the enemy alike—sometimes he adds his Maker.

"Damn you civilian dogs. Open up. If the planes ever sight us, we'll all go on one bomb."

"Break rank!"

"Don't bunch in targets!"

"Spread to the fields!"

Nothing helps. I put an arm under the slim youth and hold him to me. A man goes mad and begins to mount on his companion's back. Others follow the red eye of panic and the ditches fill with guns; with a growing collection of bombs, food and entrenching tools. Many shed their greatcoats and drop blankets as they run. A jam fills a crossroad and many jabber and scream, while overhead the planes come low and spray human flesh into threads with their machine guns. The last guns come through, the riders beating their horses until their pink nostrils flare open and shut with agony, and their white-yellow eyes roll with mad jerks of their heads.

A six-inch gun is herded through, and then follow the Red Cross flivvers brimming full. The road packs up again and we are stuck.

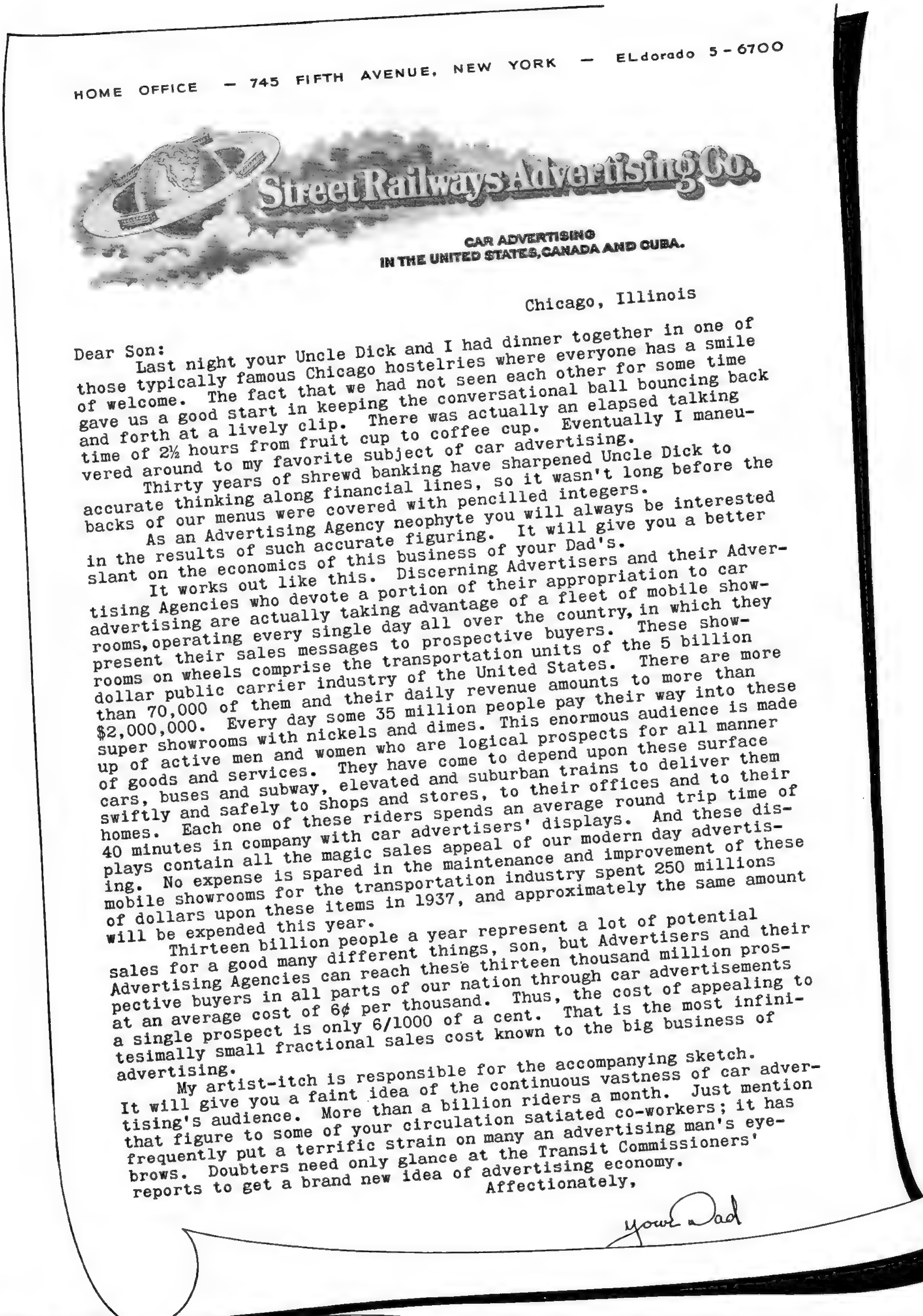
Madmen flay their friends with red steel for elbow room—and the dead toss in the ditches under the steel hobs of their rank-and-file mates. Magenta bombs are everywhere, blooming suddenly underfoot into huge red roses of pain and acid.

Yellow Trenchcoat sees all is not well. He opens his vast mouth and roars. He slaps us to the side of the macabre road.

"To the hills you scuts. Break rank!"

Few hear. I grab the youth and we leave and tumble over the thorns. We run, we pant and my shirt is wet against me. My torso burns. I stop and pant. We are alone. The youth sobs unashamed. I pat his arm. Far off I can still hear men die. I look at the youth. He sinks down and I pull him to his feet. We must be far by morning. Far. I am a fool to burden myself like this with a comrade. Old soldiers travel light and alone during a retreat.

Together we go on—on into the night until nothing is heard behind us—but we both know that many men are dead and that we two are walking away from our unused graves. Until next time. #



HOME OFFICE — 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK — ELdorado 5-6700

Street Railways Advertising Co.

CAR ADVERTISING
IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND CUBA.

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Son:

Last night your Uncle Dick and I had dinner together in one of those typically famous Chicago hostelries where everyone has a smile of welcome. The fact that we had not seen each other for some time gave us a good start in keeping the conversational ball bouncing back and forth at a lively clip. There was actually an elapsed talking time of 2½ hours from fruit cup to coffee cup. Eventually I maneuvered around to my favorite subject of car advertising.

Thirty years of shrewd banking have sharpened Uncle Dick to accurate thinking along financial lines, so it wasn't long before the backs of our menus were covered with pencilled integers.

As an Advertising Agency neophyte you will always be interested in the results of such accurate figuring. It will give you a better slant on the economics of this business of your Dad's.

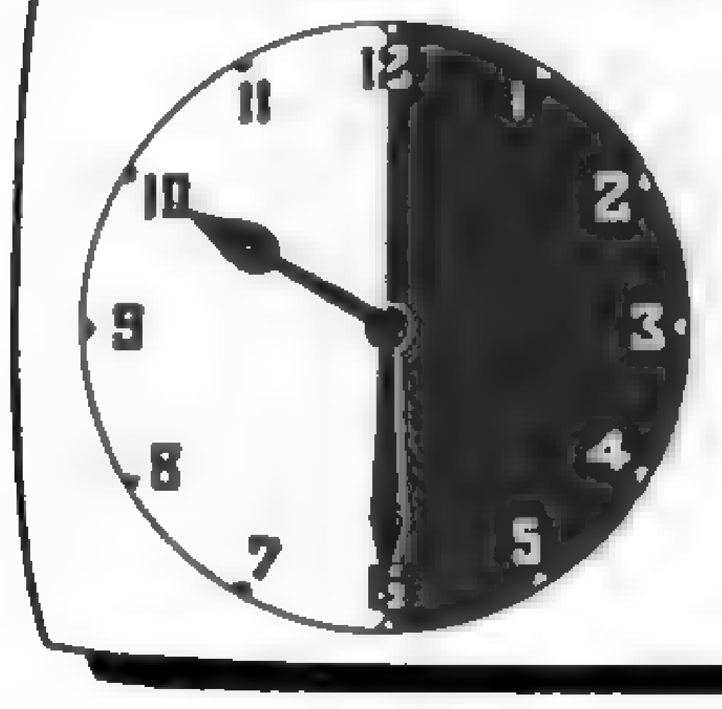
It works out like this. Discerning Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies who devote a portion of their appropriation to car advertising are actually taking advantage of a fleet of mobile showrooms, operating every single day all over the country, in which they present their sales messages to prospective buyers. These showrooms on wheels comprise the transportation units of the 5 billion dollar public carrier industry of the United States. There are more than 70,000 of them and their daily revenue amounts to more than $2,000,000. Every day some 35 million people pay their way into these super showrooms with nickels and dimes. This enormous audience is made up of active men and women who are logical prospects for all manner of goods and services. They have come to depend upon these surface cars, buses and subway, elevated and suburban trains to deliver them swiftly and safely to shops and stores, to their offices and to their homes. Each one of these riders spends an average round trip time of 40 minutes in company with car advertisers' displays. And these displays contain all the magic sales appeal of our modern day advertising. No expense is spared in the maintenance and improvement of these mobile showrooms for the transportation industry spent 250 millions of dollars upon these items in 1937, and approximately the same amount will be expended this year.

Thirteen billion people a year represent a lot of potential sales for a good many different things, son, but Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies can reach these thirteen thousand million prospective buyers in all parts of our nation through car advertisements at an average cost of 6¢ per thousand. Thus, the cost of appealing to a single prospect is only 6/1000 of a cent. That is the most infinitesimally small fractional sales cost known to the big business of advertising.

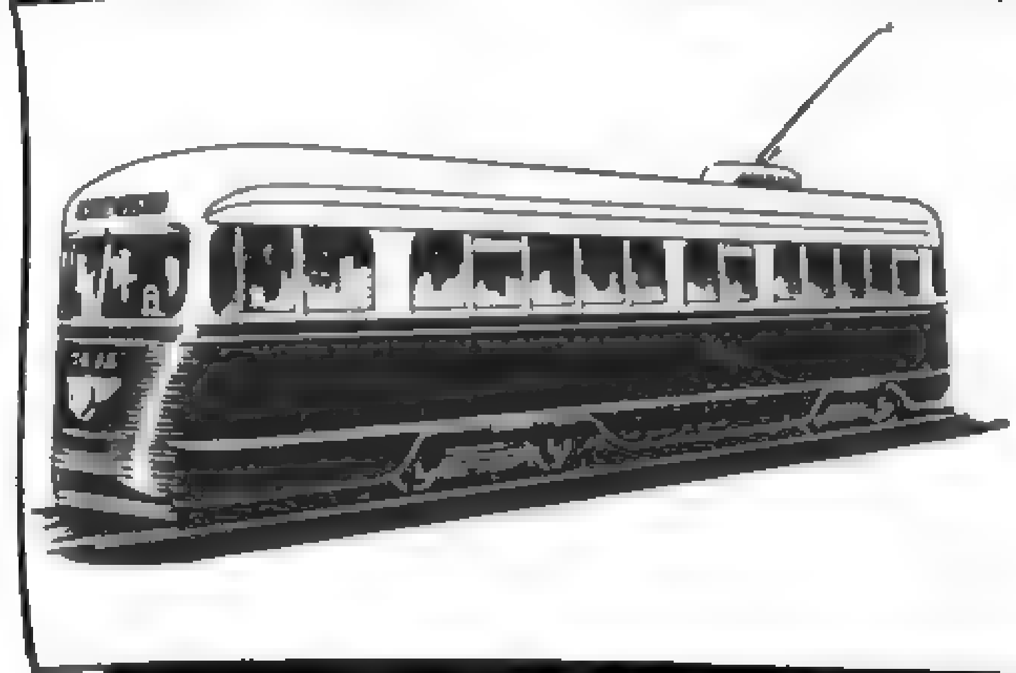
My artist-itch is responsible for the accompanying sketch. It will give you a faint idea of the continuous vastness of car advertising's audience. More than a billion riders a month. Just mention that figure to some of your circulation satiated co-workers; it has frequently put a terrific strain on many an advertising man's eyebrows. Doubters need only glance at the Transit Commissioners' reports to get a brand new idea of advertising economy.

Affectionately,

Your Dad



In the length of time it has taken me to write this letter, 730,000 riders have spent approximately $43,000 in fares on the transportation systems of the United States.



Be on the look-out for one of these new, super deluxe trolleys in New York. I call them deluxe showrooms for Car Advertisers product presentations.

French Version

Continued from page 37

"Ah, it is fatiguing to come from Paris," she spoke to him as she straightened out the sheets. "You will wish, then, to prepare yourself for the night," she remarked, nodding to the screen.

He really was very tired, and he went at once behind the screen. He laid his clothes on a chair he found there, washed in the pitcher and basin, cleaned his teeth, put on his pajamas and, at last, healthily worn out and ready for bed, he came out from behind the screen.

There was only one bed in the room, as he had noted before, and the widow Dupont was in it.

She looked up at him with a bright smile as he came into view.

"But madame?" asked Raoul. "Am I not to sleep in this bed?"

"Did I not cause you to be informed, monsieur, that I had accommodations of the most limited?" the widow smiled up at him.

"You understate the case, madame," said Raoul politely. "There is apparently no limit to your accommodations."

"You are very kind," she said. "It is true that there is only one bed, but it is well large, and it is a bed of the most comfortable . . ."

"But you are in it, madame," Raoul pointed out.

"That is the verity," she admitted. "I can see that you are a young man of quick understanding."

"Where sleep I, then?" asked Raoul, a man of one idea and direct line.

"In this bed, *certainement*," replied the widow, who was of a truly hospitable nature. "Is that, then, so difficult to endure?"

Raoul sat down on the edge of the bed, next to the lamp, and kicked off his slippers.

"But not at all!" he smiled sleepily. "I am honored above most men of the Republic."

"Think nothing of it," said the widow, one of Nature's noblewomen.

He lifted up a corner of the cover and was about to get in, when something occurred to him.

"I must ask you something, madame . . ."

"Of what?" she inquired.

"It is this: Since I am about to assume the position of a husband in this bed, you will not object, then, if I avail myself of the rights of a husband?" He looked at her with significance.

"But certainly, monsieur," she said. She smiled broadly.

"A husband has many rights—" began Raoul.

"True," said the *veuve* Dupont.

"I may avail myself, then, of any of these rights?" asked Raoul.

"My poor little Parisian wolf, but of course! Any . . . or all . . . of them," the widow assured him.

"Thank you, madame," said Raoul. "You are very genteel. In that case I must tell you that there is one right of a husband that is, upon occasion, the greatest right of all. I shall avail myself of it at once. Good night."

Saying which Raoul, who was by now in bed, turned away from her and went to sleep. #

Brother Spencer Takes a Bride

Continued from page 39

dows. Sister Tenny sits on the organ stool. When Brother Spencer wants her to play a song he goes over to her and asks her softly to play the number. He gets up close to her.

After the singing Brother Spencer preaches. His long arms swing and the words come fast from his lips. "It's time we whopped the Devil. It's high time! Shootin' in at the doors around here since I've been gone. Poor old Brother Owl Murray—shot in the leg! That was the work of the Devil! It's a shame he still roams the earth!"

"I tell you boys," whispers Allan Tremper, "that man preaches to the women. He's a woman's preacher. He never preaches to the men. Look how close he gets to Sister Widder Tenny when he wants her to play a song and whispers in her ear. Old Jeff Moore don't like that. His wife's dead you know and he's goin' to marry Widder Tenny. She plays the organ and the guitar and sings so purty."

The last song is sung. Brother Spencer asks for mourners to come up and be saved. No one comes. He says: "The Devil is still loose. We got all this week to fight him. Come back all of you tomorrow night and bring your friends. We'll whop the Devil before the week is over."

The crowd leaves the house. Lovers in pairs go out under the beech trees in the starlight with their arms around each other. The old going back with their lanterns lit beneath the stars. They are talking about crops and the saved and the unsaved. Sister Liddie, Rosie and Brother Spencer get in the buggy and ride back up the lane—the dust all laid with dew now.

"I told the Horner girls, the Pratt girls and Tessie Newsome to come over tomorrow mornin' Brother Spencer," says Rosie, "to help us with the cherries."

"That's nice of you Sister Rosie," says Brother Spencer and he touches Rodger lightly with the leather lines and the buggy wheels begin to spin a little faster up the lane between the high green fields of corn.

Rosie puts the horse in the barn and feeds him. She leaves the door open so he can go out into the barn lot to the watering trough and pick the grass in the barn lot. Liddie and Brother Spencer walk up the starlit path between the dew-covered rosebushes to the house. A whippoorwill hollers on the hill above the house. "It's a purty place here Sister Liddie. I like it here."

"It's run down a little. No men folks about a farm makes a lot of difference you know," says Liddie.

Brother Spencer goes to his room. Rosie and Liddie go to bed in the big front room. Brother Spencer has the parlor. He sleeps in a big duck-feather bed with a goose-feather bolster under his head and white clean sheets above him. He goes to sleep listening to the song of the whippoorwill. It wails its song of love over the dew-covered Raccoon Valley. Maybe Brother Spencer dreams of love. Maybe Liddie dreams of love. Maybe Rosie dreams of love.

II.

Monday morning. Brother Spencer is just eating his breakfast. Rosie has fed Rodger and turned him out on the pasture to eat grass. The sun is getting up in the sky. White streaks of dew rise from the green corn and tobacco toward the morning sun that is climbing over Raccoon Valley. The plowboys are plowing the tobacco and the corn. Rosie used to listen to them. She does not listen now. She runs back up the hill to the house. Tessie Newsome, Effie and Sallie Pratt, Martha and Dishy Horner come up the hill to help pick the cherries. Their mothers come up the road not far behind them. Linda Pratt is coming with Doecie Horner and Mattie Newsome. They are smoking their pipes. The blue streams of smoke follow the light morning wind over the green tobacco field. They are talking about the good sermon Brother Spencer preached last.

"Now girls," says Brother Spencer, "I slept a little late this mornin' but I feel strong and fresh now as a new budded daisy. I'll hold the ladder and you girls can skin up the ladder and out'n the tree and pick the cherries before the birds of the earth get 'em. We must get 'em picked so your good mothers can start cannin' them."

Brother Spencer holds the ladder while Tessie goes up first; then Effie, Sallie, Martha, Dishy. He watches them carefully until they get out among the green branches of the big tree with their buckets. Now he holds the ladder for Rosie. She goes up the ladder giggling. She says: "Now don't shake the ladder any Brother Spencer. If I fall I'd be a pretty good load for you to catch in your arms."

Her little bare feet hook well over the rungs in the ladder. Step by step she ascends—her big brown legs exposed to the morning sunlight and to Brother Spencer's eyes. He shakes the ladder a little. She looks down at him and giggles. Then he says: "I was only a-teasin' you!" She climbs to the top of the ladder then out among the green branches of the big tree. Brother Spencer stands under the tree by the ladder and looks up and watches the girls work

Tessie took a clothesline rope in her bucket. She lets her bucket of cherries down with a rope. Brother Spencer pours them out into a big water bucket. Tessie draws her bucket back up in the tree with the rope. The girls let their buckets down with ropes just as soon as they fill them. Brother Spencer pours them into the water bucket until he gets it full. Then he takes it into the kitchen to the neighbor women who are helping Widder Liddie do the canning.

The women work in the kitchen over a hot stove. They sweat and stem the cherries and seed them.

They are helping Brother Spencer. He is soon to be married and his new wife must have her fruit canned. The women smoke their pipes, wipe sweat and work.

"Do you suppose," says Rosie, hollering down from the cherry tree, "that your new wife, Brother Spencer, will like the cherries I pick with my painted fingernails?" Then Rosie giggles and puts a cherry between her red lips.

"The cherries you pick, Sister Rosie," says Brother Spencer, "ought to be awful sweet." He looks up from beneath the tree and watches every move Rosie makes. The girls climb from branch to branch and pick all the cherries on this tree. Then they come down the ladder one by one. Brother Spencer holds the ladder for them. Then they move to another tree. They pick the cherries from this tree. Then they move to another tree and another until the cherries have been picked.

"I tell you," says Brother Spencer, "we are just like martins atter all—us people. See the little mother birds a-carryin' worms and bugs to their babies in the box. Look at us—we're fillin' up th' jars ain't we?"

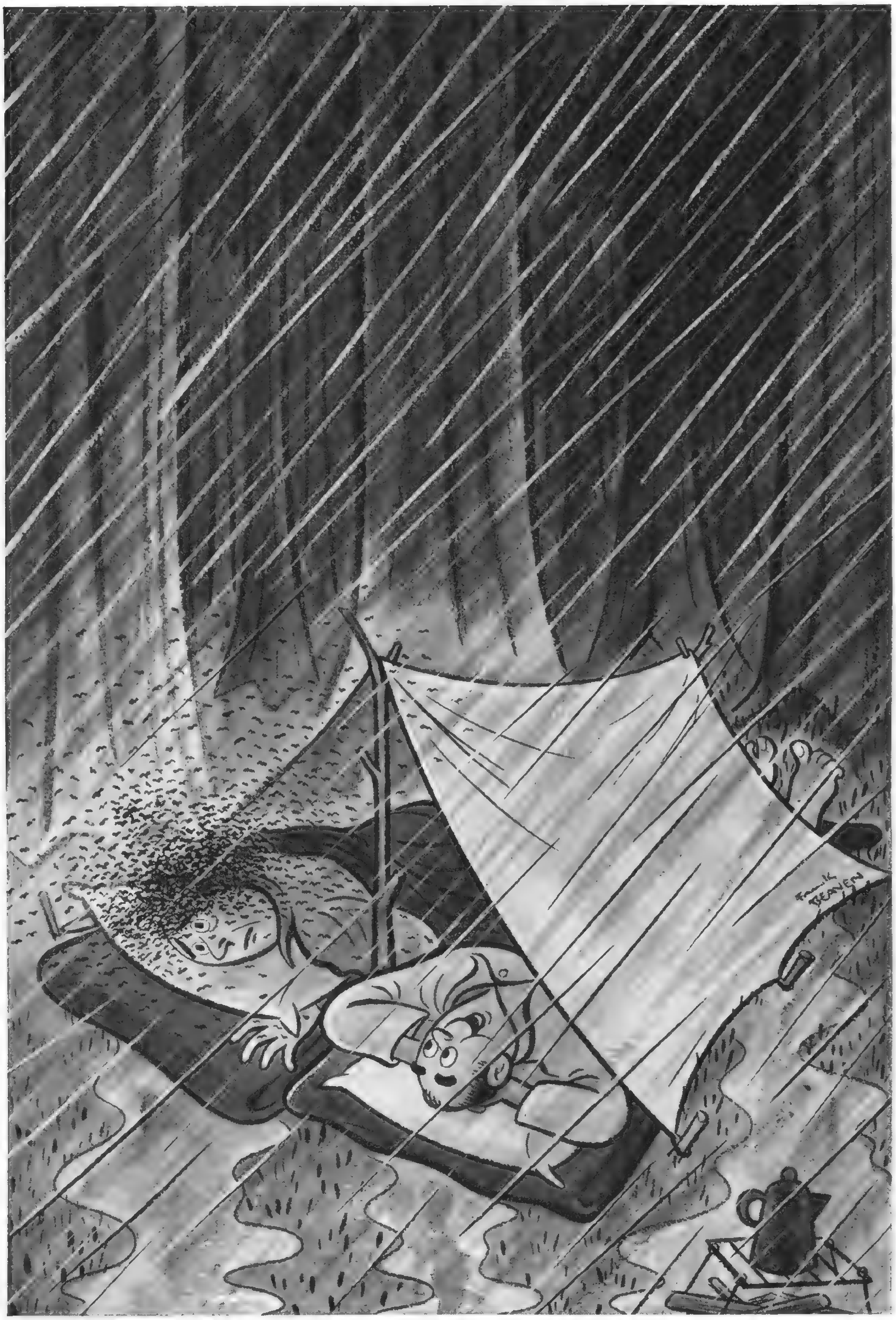
"Yes," says Rosie, "but the cherries go to a big baby's mouth don't they?" Then Rosie smiles down through the small green twigs at Brother Spencer. He looks up smiling at her.

Liddie and the neighbor women can the cherries fast as the girls pick them. When Brother Spencer and the girls go in the kitchen to eat their dinners they see all the glass jars filled and rowed in pretty straight rows across the kitchen table. Brother Spencer thanks the women for being so kind. They eat dinner around the big table.

"Now girls," says Brother Spencer, "it just ain't fair to have all work and no play. This evenin' you girls can go with me to the Little Sandy River to take a good swim. But listen girls—you must wear old dresses! I will not go with one of you in one of them bathin' suits!"

Rosie grins and then she loudly

Continued on page 162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Brother Spencer Takes a Bride

Continued from pages 39-160

giggles. She says: "Brother Spencer you can gear old Rodger. He's down there on the barn lot. I'll have to get ready."

Brother Spencer calls Rodger and puts the gears on him and hitches him in the buggy. Rosie runs upstairs and puts on her new tight-fitting two-piece bathing suit. She walks out into the June sunlight in the yard. She is nice to look at—her strong limbs browned by the sun. She walks down past the rosebushes to the gate. Brother Spencer has old Rodger geared, hitched to the buggy and is waitin'. The girls are waitin' with Brother Spencer.

"Lord help me," says Brother Spencer. "I thought I told you to wear your old dress, Sister Rosie!"

"You said so," says Rosie, "but I said different." Rosie giggles and climbs up in the buggy and sits beside of Brother Spencer. Tessie climbs up and sits on the other side of Rosie. Effie sits in Tessie's lap. Sallie, Martha and Dishy climb up behind and hold to the back of the buggy seat—down the road they go to the river.

"That don't look nary but good to me," says Linda Pratt smoking her pipe as they go out of sight and watching the dust fly from the buggy wheels. "A man of th' Word goin' out to the river with a bunch of young girls."

"Pa was right," says Bluffer Tremper, as he stops his mule in the tobacco row and looks at the buggy. Durned if he ain't got my sweetie-pie Dishy on th' back 's buggy! He just preaches to th' wimmen folks! W'y th' man's come in here and purt nigh wrecked th' whole deestrict. Got all th' men jealous of 'im. I'll tell Dishy tonight to stay away from that damned buggy!"

Brother Spencer ties Rodger to a willow tree in the lane that turns up the river from the old wooden bridge. He walks down the bank with the girls—down through the horseweeds and cockleburrs to the river. There is a sandbank here where they can walk and not hurt their feet on the gravel. Rosie splashes in the water and swims like a fish in her new bathing suit—Brother Spencer right behind her in his cherry-gathering clothes splashing the water with his long arms and kicking it with his big feet like boat-paddles. All the girls swimming around the willow-shaded hole of brown Sandy water.

"How did you learn to swim like that, Sister Rosie," says Brother Spencer, "w'y you can swim like a fish!"

"It's my new bathin' suit and my pretty fingernails," says Rosie, shaking her bushy head of brown curly hair. "And I'm goin' to fix your fingernails so you can swim too. You can't swim the way you are dressed and with such old worn-out fingernails."

Rosie giggles and plows through the brown water across the Little Sandy River to a sunny spot on the other side. She sits in the sun shaking the water from her hair—her brown legs lying on the sand. Her lips are curved in a smile. The sun dries her hair and it looks fluffy and bright. Brother Spencer swims over and sits beside her.

III.

"I tell you," says Allan Tremper, "I'll never go in that house again long as that Brother Spencer preaches. Come here Jeff and look!"

Brother Spencer is throwing his hands high in the yellow light from the church lamps. His fingernails are painted red like Raccoon Rosie's. The women look at each other. They whisper to each other on the long bench seats.

"I tell you Brother Jeff," says Allan, "he's not a man of the Word. He's atter one of our flock of wimmen. God only knows who she is. He's been gettin' awful close your Widder Tenny when he asts her to play a song on the organ."

"Look at them fingernails Brother Tremper," says Brother Jeff. "Got 'em painted red like that there hairm-skairm girl of Widder Liddie's. Look when he lifts his hands. We ought to go in there and get 'em to throw 'im out on his head. Here cannin' cherries for a woman he's goin' to marry up on Big Sandy and flirtin' around with our wimmen and all th' young girls in the neighborhood. Took a bunch to the river this evenin' and went in a-swimmin' with 'em. He's not atter my Widder Tenny. Mark my word. He's atter a younger woman. Raccoon Rosie's my guess before this thing is over."

"It's my last night to hear 'im," says Brother Allan Tremper, "for he ain't preachin' to us men any more. He's preachin' to the wimmen. Holdin' th' ladder while th' young girls go up and pick th' cherries. That's a nice how-do-you-do!"

"Just like the bees in their hives and the martins in their boxes," says Brother Spencer with his red painted and sharp-pointed fingernails high in the lamplight, "we got to have our homes. We cannot let the Devil enter in sheep's clothin' nohow."

IV.

Under the light of the yellow June moon, Brother Spencer climbs into the buggy with Rosie beside him and Liddie on the other side. They drive away under the shades of the tall beech trees where the light barely peeps through. They pass through the crowd leaving the church. The women wearing shawls and walking beside their husbands carrying lanterns. Young lovers loiter behind and talk and laugh. Boys have their left arms around the girls' backs and the girls have their right arms around the boys' backs. The boys' right hands are holding the girls' left hands. They do not need any lanterns. They walk un-

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der the light of the stars and moon. They walk down the big yellow road where the dew has fallen and laid the dust.

Brother Spencer drives Rodger up the big road between the tobacco fields and the cornfields covered with dew. He drives up to the gate and Liddie gets out of the buggy. Rosie helps him put the horse in the stall. Then she walks up the hill with Brother Spencer. Liddie has gone on ahead to unlock the door. They walk up the path side by side between the blooming rosebushes, fresh now in the new-fallen dew.

V.

Tuesday morning. Brother Spencer gets out of bed after Liddie and Rosie have got up and had breakfast. They have milked the cows and fed Brother Spencer's horse. Rosie fed the horse and turned him on the pasture. Rosie and Liddie are now sweeping the floors and making up the big front room bed.

Liddie is not friendly with Rosie. She does not talk much. She speaks when Rosie asks her a question.

"Ma," says Rosie, "you needn't be mad at me. I just painted Brother Spencer's fingernails so he could swim. He can't swim very good with his old dull ugly-lookin' fingernails. Now he can swim and he looks so much better!"

"All th' wimmen in th' neighborhood 's a-talkin' Rosie," says Liddie. "I heard 'em behind me last night at church. They know Brother Spencer's a widderer. They know his wife's dead. They are all atter 'im. They want him. Every woman down there at the church wants him for a son-in-law."

There is a loud shout in Brother Spencer's room. He says: "Come here Sister Rosie. Come here Sister Liddie. I got something to tell you. Come quick as you can!"

Liddie drops the sheet on the bed and runs. Rosie runs behind her. They run into Brother Spencer's room. He is sitting up in the bed with the sheet around him.

He says: "Sister Liddie, I had a vision!"

"What was it," says Liddie.

"The vision was in the form of a serpent. It's just come to me. Just as I got up in bed. It's a warnin' not to marry Esther!"

"Ah," says Liddie. Her face brightens like a morning glory in the morning sun.

"W'y I saw the serpent plain as I can see that cornfield over yander. I know it was sent to me as a warnin' before I go back on Big Sandy!"

"Tell us about it Brother Spencer," says Rosie and she smiles a big bright smile and shows the two rows of white pretty teeth between her red lips.

Brother Spencer's wrinkled hands with the neatly trimmed long sharp-pointed fingernails lie on the wrinkled sheet. The polish shines blood-red in the morning sunlight that comes through the east window.

"W'y I seen th' snake." says Brother Spencer. "It had Esther's head on it. It was quiled on the floor when I started to get out'n the bed. When I raised up it unquiled and raised up too. I raised a little higher in the bed and it raised a little higher just so it could look me in the eye. Then I got upon my knees in the bed. It raised up even with me. I thought I could get up higher and overlook it. I stood up here in the bed and it kept unquilin' and got nearly to the loft. Her eyes just as plain as yourn looked at me from that snake's head. The snake's body was a copperhead. It's the vilest of all the serpents. I ain't goin' to marry Esther! Atter th' snake sunk through the floor. Esther's lips grinned at me and then made a face. That's the last I saw of her. That's not all Sister Liddie. Another woman come to me. Now guess who she was?"

"I couldn't," says Sister Liddie. Her face looks brighter.

"W'y it was Sister Rosie's. She stood right there in the place of the serpent. She smiled the sweetest smile!"

"You ain't dreamin'," says Liddie, "air you Brother Spencer? Are you wide awake? You don't mean my Rosie."

"W'y I've been down at the barn Mom," says Rosie, "all the time. I ain't been in Brother Spencer's room."

"I don't mean Sister Liddie," says Brother Spencer, "that she was in my room in flesh and blood. She was here in spirit."

"I never felt my spirit leave," says Rosie, giggling, "but it was all right!"

Sister Liddie Seagraves looks down at the floor. She says: "Brother Spencer you ain't sure it warn't a older woman you saw instead of Rosie. She's so young."

"No, Sister Liddie," says Brother Spencer moving his wrinkled hands on the sheet, "it was Sister Rosie. She had the prettiest smile on her lips. She had a bunch of cherries in her hand. She was eatin' cherries and her lips was as red as a cherry."

"Then," says Sister Liddie, "I'll put the canned cherries in our smokehouse. Is that what you want me to do with them?"

"That's it," says Brother Spencer. "Put them in the smokehouse. I'll eat my breakfast then I'll take a sickle and cut the tall grass first from the yard. I'll patch the leaks in the barn roof next. Then I'll cut the weeds out'n th' taters. You can go around and announce that I'll finish th' protracted meetin' later on when th' people ain't so busy with their crops. It makes them lose too much sleep now. They need more rest at night atter their long days in th' fields."

"I'll go down," says Rosie, giggling, "and put old Rodger in th' buggy. It won't take us but a half-day to drive over to Brother Mutt's. We can drive back before the night. This will be our room."

Rosie giggles and runs down the path between the rose bushes—her strong brown legs flashing in the morning sun. ⌗

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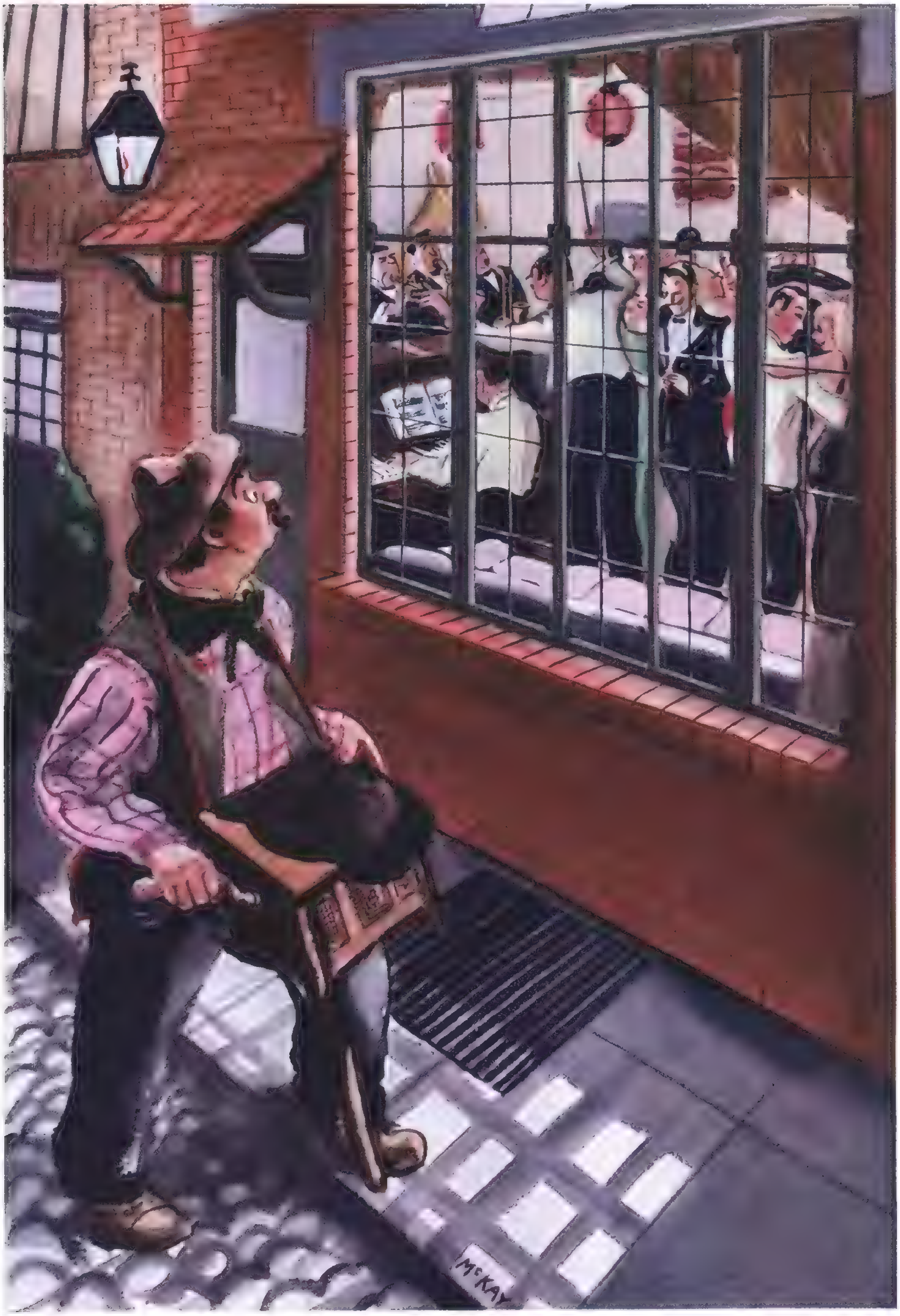
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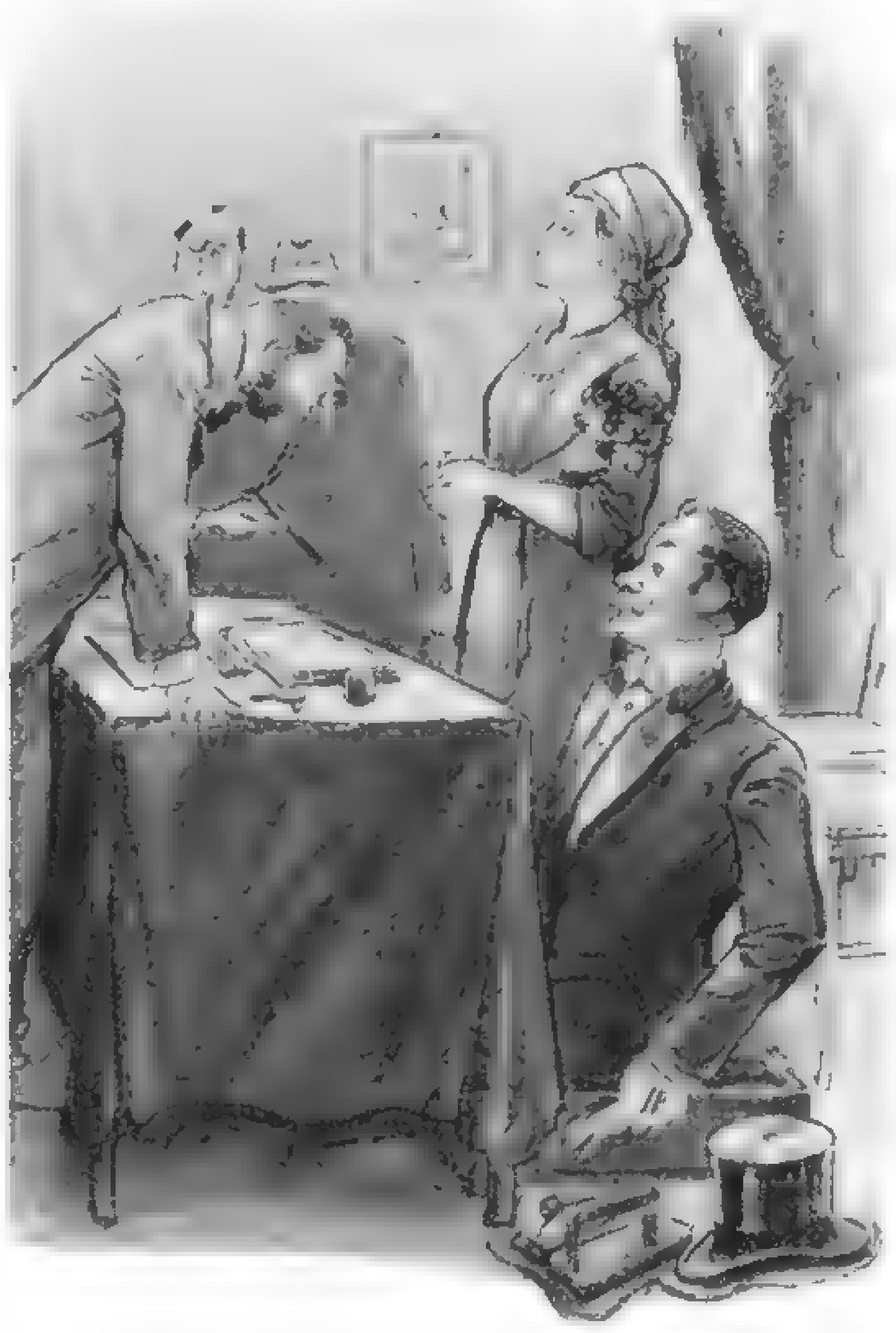
Laughing Don Juan

Continued from page 30

along on the sidewalk with his two muscular arms.

At the city hall, on the corridor of the bureau, the bride was already waiting for us with her two witnesses. One of them was an egg vendor; the other a supervisor from the Arcades.

I had to hold my breath in amazement for a second time. The fiancée of the legless man was a young, healthy creature. She was a raving beauty. On her head she wore a kerchief, but on her feet she had tan oxfords; on her legs nice cotton stockings. She was a well-built, tall woman; red-faced and white-toothed. She blushed sweetly as we arrived. She got up from beside the egg vendor on the bench and came to meet us. And, as if her bashfulness were being conquered by some more powerful emotion, she leaned down to the legless man, tenderly brushed his hair aside with her hand, and kissed him in the middle of his forehead.



When the ceremony was over, all six of us went to Ferenc's old restaurant for the wedding dinner. We ate paprika chicken and drank Schiller wine with Seltzer water. The legless newsie didn't allow me to pay my check. He grabbed my hand protestingly with his big, ruby-ringed paw:

"With your permission, Mr. Editor, this day it's me who pays! Didn't I tell you what a dowry I got with this golden woman?"—and with jocose affection he drew her to himself, and pressed to his face, his wife's blushing cheeks. As she leaned toward him, she rested on her elbow in her husband's box, beside his stumps.

The wedding took place in the summer. Next day I saw Ferenc in the court of the plant, among the paper-bundles, giving orders to his subordinates. Then I went away on my vacation. When I came back in the autumn, I didn't find the legless newsie in his customary place.

I heard that he had transferred his stand from the boulevard to the corner of Lajos Kossuth Street. He had gone up in the world. He never came to the office any more. He became a big business man, the head of a large organization of newsboys.

I was glad to hear that he had made a career, but still I thought of him with a certain amount of anxiety. I was worried about his married life. Because I could not believe under any circumstances that two such people could live together undisturbed. Somehow, somewhere, there would be a hitch. A legless, forty-year-old man marrying such a young, pretty, able-bodied, hot-blooded woman! I often thought of them, pondering on their future; but then, since I never saw either of the couple, I slowly forgot about the whole affair.

* * *

It happened during the following winter that, on an opaque morning, somebody scratched softly on the door of my office. I had to shout "come in!" three times before the timid visitor ventured into the room.

The guest was the wife of legless Ferenc. I could hardly recognize her in her cold weather get-up.

The cold had pinched her red face. She had got a little fatter; the wedding ring seemed imbedded in the fat of her middle finger.

I was very glad to see her, and asked her to sit down. But she just stood, her eyes fixed on the floor, fingering her skirt in embarrassment.

I asked with curiosity:

"How are you getting along, Mrs. Kis? Is your husband still so full of pep?"

The woman turned red to the white of her eyes.

"Too much so, Mr. Editor! That's just the trouble! He's too full of pep, too fiery! There are ten men in him, not one! He'd chase every petticoat he sees! Of course, I can't say it's just his fault, alone . . . They are all making up to him, the hussies! Even in the building where we live! Right before my eyes they frolic with him! Well, I can take care of *that* . . . You must forgive me, Mr. Editor, if I bother you with this, but I came to you only in my last despair . . . You were a witness at our wedding, and Ferenc, too, is always talking about you with such great respect . . . Won't you please tell him, or rather, that slut—"

"What slut?"

"There's a wrapping-girl here at the paper, Mr. Editor. A big blonde; a German girl. Adele Kunszt is her name.

"Please, tell her, Mr. Editor, that *I* am warning her: let her look out for her hide, because I'm going to scratch out her watery eyes if I catch my man just once more coming home from her after midnight! #

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MILLS AT STAFFORD SPRINGS
CONNECTICUT

On the Record

Continued from page 94

conception of Brünnehilde. There is, after all, only one Brünnehilde. Unfortunately, the cutting of the Immolation Scene made by Madame Flagstad and the Philadelphia Orchestra was not satisfactory to her and could not be released. It should be re-recorded and, if necessary, again and again, for it is one of the few mountain peaks in contemporary concert experiences.

Frederick Jagel does his best with a role that is too big for him. He has screwed his voice up to a high pitch of intensity and gives all he can: it is not enough. The vocal parts in Wagnerian recordings are a considerable problem. Some listeners prefer to have them taken by instruments. Wagner certainly would have vetoed this, and the English horn's quailing of "*Weiche! Weiche! Wotan*" in *Das Rheingold* (Victor M-179) is nothing short of cruelty to animals. The best singing in Stokowski's streamlined version of the *Ring* is Lawrence Tibbett's in *Die Walküre* (Victor M-248). Mr. Tibbett, who sings Wotan's *Abschied*, reaches great heights in the phrases ending *der freier als ich der Gott* and *so küss ter die Gottheit von dir.* His conception is not settled nor mature, but the timber of his voice makes one hope he will sing Wotan in the opera house.

The recording itself from the opening E flat of the double-basses to the last full chord of the strings is first rate, except for the fading in and out of the music in the *Siegfried* album. It is as if the performers were on a revolving stage, which rolled away too soon and was tardy in returning. Siegfried's horn fades dimly away as though he were playing *Taps.*

With the current rage for Wagner, the increasing number of rabid Wagnerites, to whom every bar the Master wrote is sacred, it would seem time to start a complete recording of the *Ring* with top-notch interpreters. That would be costly, but surely twice as many sets of it could be sold as of any non-Wagnerian opera. Mr. Stokowski has not done the best that can be done for the irrepressible Richard and these albums can never be considered the definitive expression of his genius.

* * *

Those who read *orchestral partiturs* should, by all means, use them . . . but, in case you do not, let me suggest the *Motives from the Ring* (Victor 11215A-11216A) recorded by the London Symphony Orchestra. Listen long enough and you'll recognize all ninety of them. Memorizing is not necessary . . . for the accompanying brochure, if you don't misplace it, will name them for you.

Only a muddling Englishman would have thought to put numbers on the record and key them to a chart instead of naming them straight off on the disc.

Identification of leading motives is not necessary to the enjoyment of Wagner's music, but it helps. By the time you have become an authority on them, you may feel as Sibelius does.

"Yo! Yo!" he said. "I think Wagner very great genius . . . very great! But I find him much literal . . . very much on paper. I forget! I forget! I must always go back and look on paper. I forget again. Yo! Yo! You, too . . .?" ⧺

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Symphony in G minor, K-550 (Mozart); Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia 316	*Stardust;* Tommy Dorsey's version on one side; Benny Goodman's on the other side. Victor 253230
Overture to Romeo and Juliet (Tschaikowsky); Sergei Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. Victor 8859	*Ah So Pure* (Martha); *Home on the Range;* Connie Boswell with Bob Crosby's Bob Cats. Decca 1600
Liebestod, Tristan and Isolde (Wagner); Kirsten Flagstad. Victor 8859	*Marie; Song of India;* Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra. Victor 25523
Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco	
Waltzes (Strauss); Boston Pop Orchestra with Arthur Fiedler conducting. Victor M445	*I Let a Song Go Out of my Heart;* Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Victor 25840
Sonata in A major (César Franck); Jascha Heifetz and Arthur Rubinstein. Victor M449	*Says My Heart;* Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Victor 25828
Symphony No. 1 in C minor (Brahms); Philadelphia Orchestra with Leopold Stokowski. Victor M301	*It's the Dreamer in Me;* Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Decca 1733
Lyon & Healy, Chicago	
Sonata in A major (César Franck); Jascha Heifetz and Arthur Rubinstein. Victor M449	*Flat Foot Floogie;* Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Victor 25871
Waltzes (Strauss); Boston Pop Orchestra with Arthur Fiedler conducting. Victor M445	*Happy Farmer; Egyptian Barn Dance;* Raymond Scott Quintette. Victor 8144
Song of Mourning (*Elégie*) and *The Moon is High in the Sky*, from *Aleko* (Rachmaninoff). Victor 14902	*Rainbow in the Night; Music, Maestro Please;* Ruby Newman and his Orchestra. Decca

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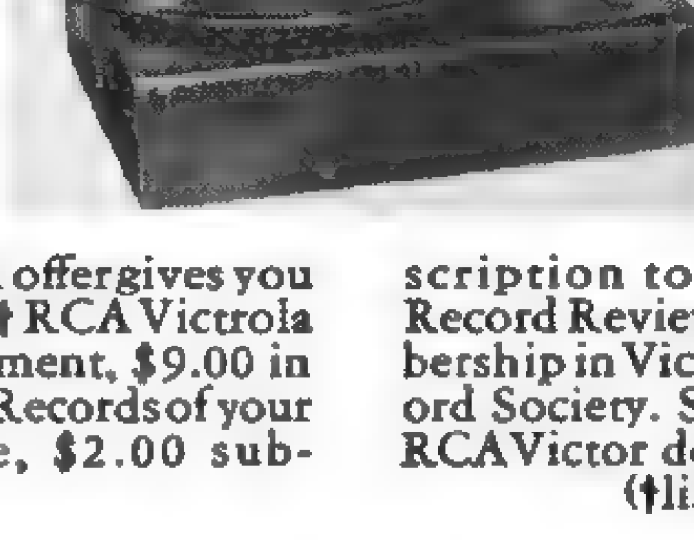

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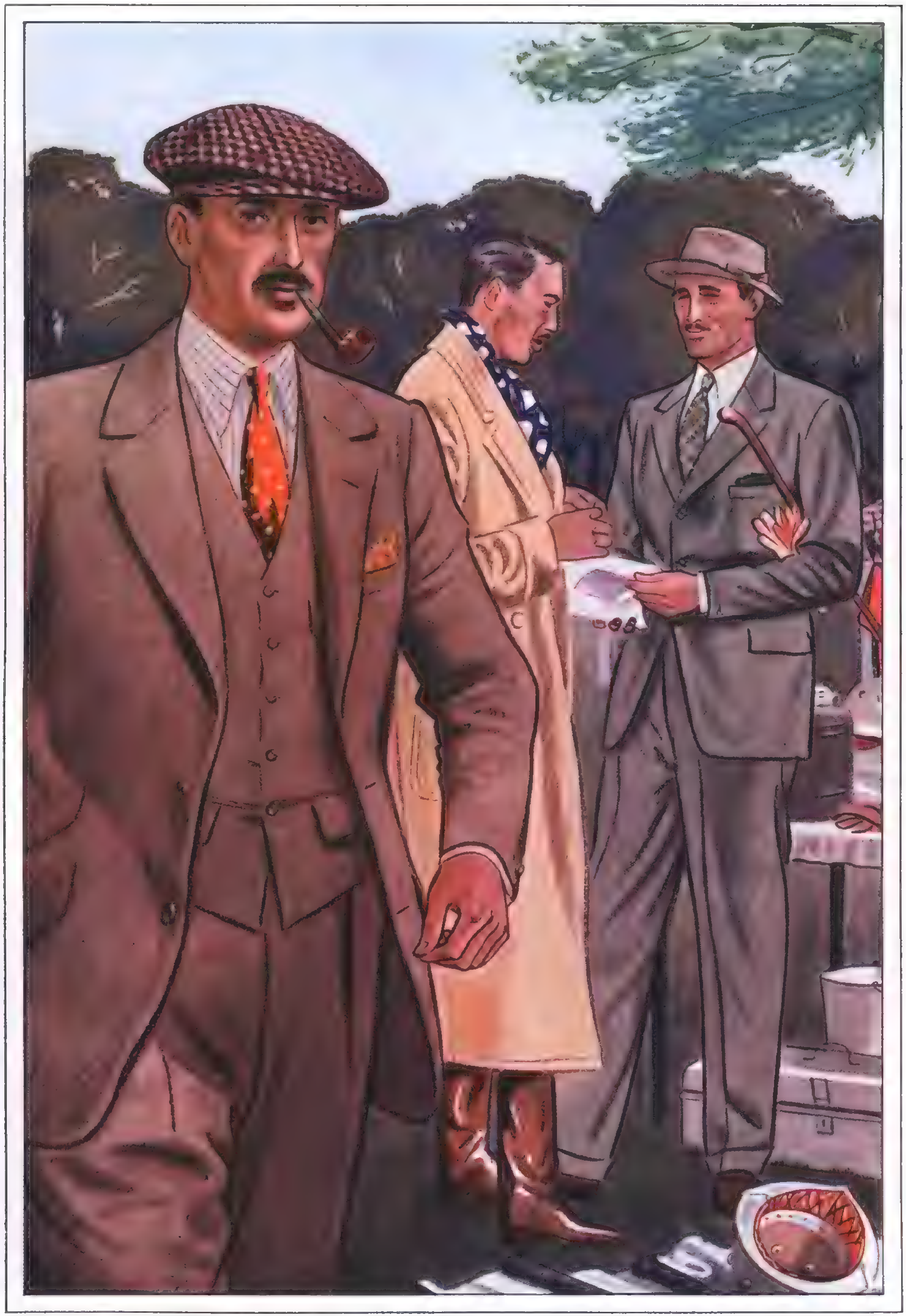

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(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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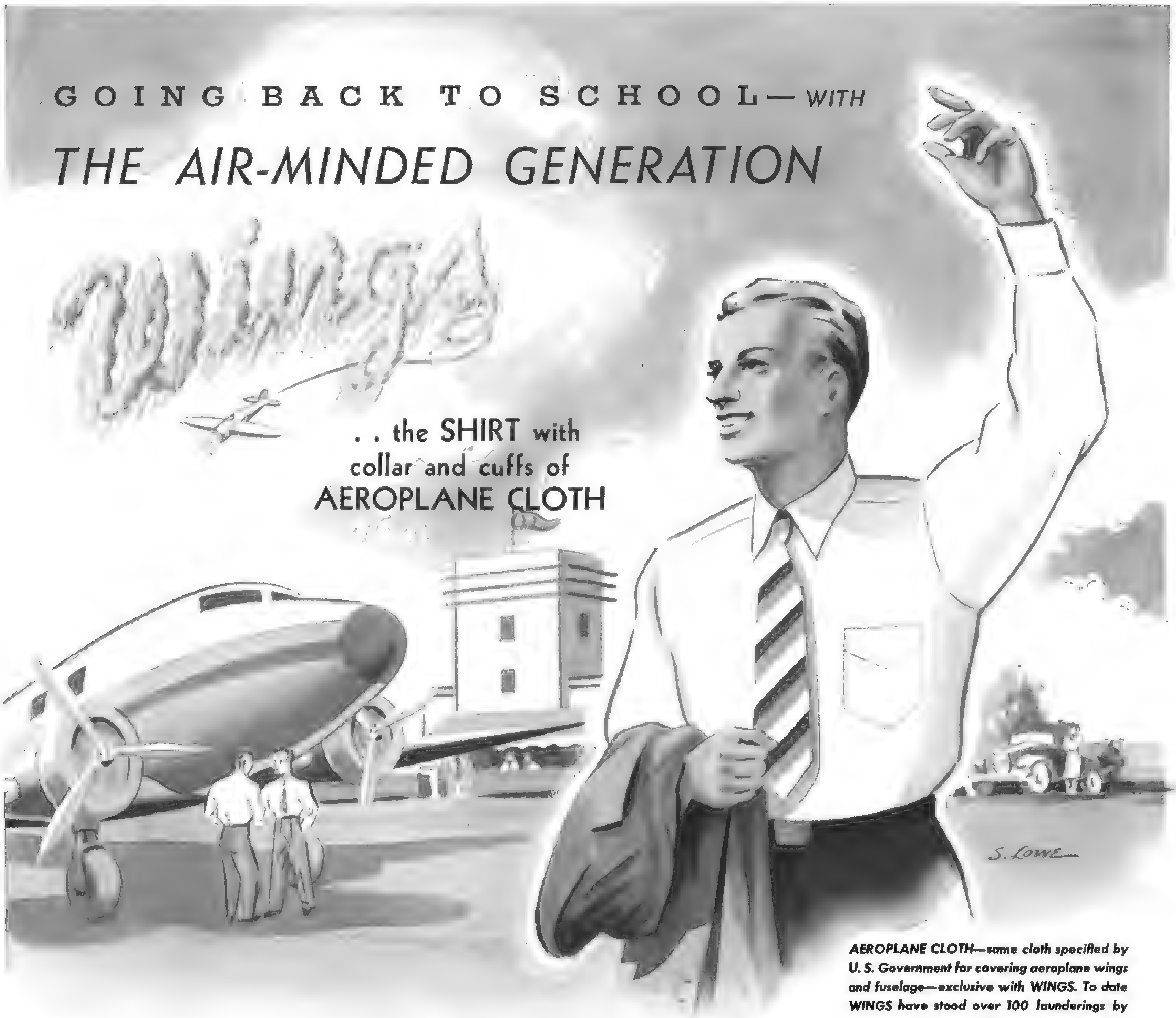

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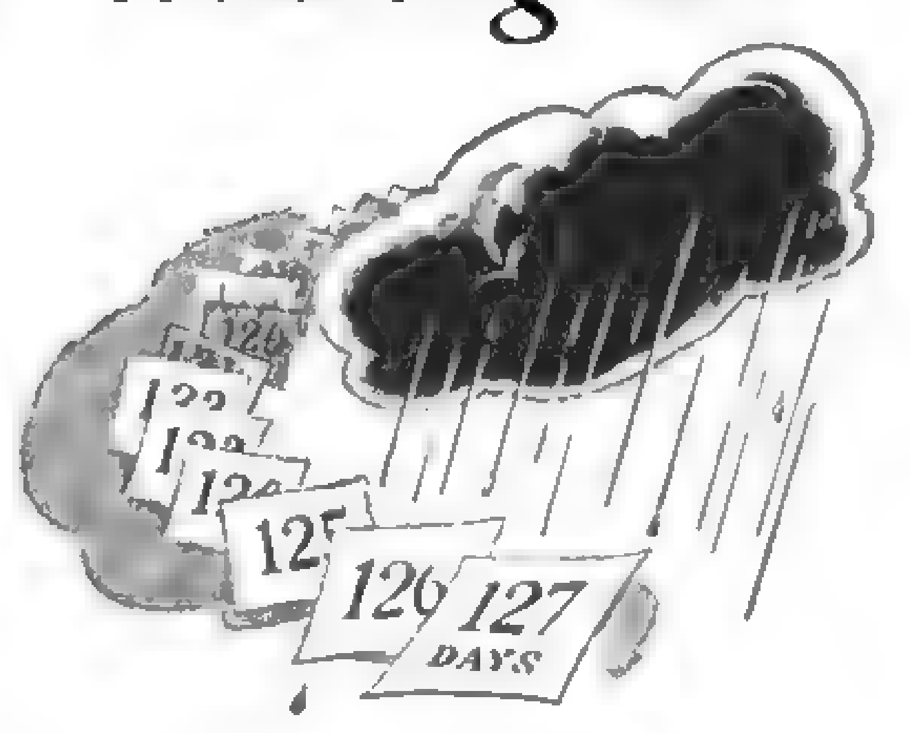

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Henry Poor: Art's Robinson Crusoe

Continued from page 51

his work either as painter or as potter, but from the way in which he has molded his life as well as the red clay out of which he has made most of his ceramics. He has a little conceit about the manner in which he solved for himself the problem of the artist in an indifferent world. He has no faith in large-scale solutions, such as the WPA art projects, of the problem of sustaining the artist in a hostile world. "The fact that each artist has to solve his problem is part of the essence of his work." Possibly had Henry Poor been unlucky enough to start solving his problem upon an individualistic basis, in 1930, say, instead of 1920, he might be singing another tune now or, what is more likely, calling upon hidden resources, the existence of which we outsiders can only suspect, to meet the contingency.

Men like Poor grow by the challenges they feed upon. He may be no more than a little master, but he will never be a whining genius destined for county relief.

Nor has he won bread and shelter by deciding to give the public what it wants against his own better taste and judgment. He may be no flaming hero but neither is he a compromiser. He may have decided to make plates and pots because he suspected a demand for them, but having decided that, he decided also to make them objects of proud handicraft. At least once he received a tempting offer to put his designs on a mass production basis and he successfully put Satan behind him. His chief business has been to make a plate as nearly a thing of beauty as it can be without ceasing to be a plate. The concessions he made were those compelled by the modification of his function as artist by the necessities of molding and decorating pottery.

He has a definite farming intinct in his background. When he first acquired his six and a half acres near Haverstraw he did so in order to make himself a bulwark against the unpleasant contingencies to which artist flesh is heir. He felt that as soon as he had a piece of land he could dig in and tell the world to go to hell, for he would rather farm than be a commercial artist. Having land saved him from the need of making concessions. He sought the land because he was at peace in it. He feels that many artists get into environments which they hate, continue to stay in them and spend their energies hating them instead of making a happy readjustment to environments in which they might be at peace and at work.

Poor is not at war with his world. As for his farming instinct, that gets itself expressed in the raising of flowers, in the growing of grapes and the making of wine. He used to keep a vegetable garden but gave it up. But above and beyond fruits and flowers the land gives him wide and restful vistas and the rhythm by which he works.

Henry Poor was born fifty years ago in Chapman, Kansas, son of a banker and grain broker who had come out of Maine. Henry was destined to succeed to the business but early in life showed a quietly tenacious decision to do otherwise. When he was a kid the family moved to Kansas City where the grammar school principal told his father that Henry spent so much time drawing that he ought to be sent to art school or told to cut out the drawing. Fortunately the young man's facility with the pencil and his general handiness found satisfaction and development in high school manual training courses, with which no practical-minded father could possibly quarrel. He then went to Leland Stanford University where he showed himself a good student, a star athlete and an obedient son. He made the Phi Beta Kappa and a couple of teams. Today, at fifty he is tall, stocky, vigorous, his blue eyes clear and unspectacled, his hedge of brown hair only casually streaked with grey.

He meant to be a good son in that he started out to major in economics in order to prepare himself to succeed to the business. He had every intention to subordinate art to a hobby, as many men grey in executive capacities have done, but he made the mistake of taking a course in drawing, in which he became so deeply interested that he made that his major subject.

That was the beginning. He had to go his own way then. Not that his father disowned him but he had his pride then, too. From his sophomore year on he began earning his own way, toiling during summer vacations in the wheat fields of the West and the lumber camps of the Northwest. He was working his way through college and saving toward that art instruction which he felt he could receive only in Europe. The direction he was receiving in painting and drawing from homespun talent did not seem to him to be either adequate or competent.

He reached Europe under his own economic steam. First he bicycled through a great part of the continent, visiting the museums. He would have parked his bike in Paris but he didn't know French. He went to London instead, to learn art and study French. By day he studied at the Slade School and at night at the London County Council Schools, under the able and celebrated Walter Sickert, who taught him to see freshly and to throw art school conventions into the ashcan. Sickert guided Poor into a natural and expressive way of drawing and Poor is grateful to him to this day, and he isn't the gushy type either. It was Sickert through whom and with whose help Poor learned to understand the Post-Impressionists — Cézanne, Matisse, Van Gogh and Picasso—who were on view at the Grafton Galleries in London in an exhibition that created the same kind of excitement that the Armory Show was to bring to New York a few years later.

By Christmas of that year Poor had enough French to be able to tackle Paris and Julian's. He also knocked around at various studios and sketch classes. In the spring of 1911 he won a portrait contest at Julian's. The home town boy having made good in a little way, Alma Mater called him back to teach art. The job helped him to organize his ideas and gave him plenty of time in which to paint. Within two years he was associate professor of art, more or less the leader of the modern school on the Coast and an exhibitor in the university town and in San Francisco. Came Ray Lyman Wilbur to reorganize the seat of learning; he threw out the Fine Arts Department and with it Professor Poor, who then got himself a job as instructor in life drawing and painting at the Hopkins Institute, later the California School of Fine Arts.

He was drafted in the army in 1918. He didn't want to fight, he wanted to paint. Appointment as head of the camouflage department on the Pacific Coast wasn't even a compromise. He could easily have been sent to a training camp for officers. Out of principle, or pure cussedness, he had himself yanked out of his soft berth and sent to training camp, being at the front five or six weeks after having been drafted, a buck private in an engineering regiment who was going to resist as long as possible being promoted even to the rank of corporal. For fun he started making sketches of his buddies. Officers saw his handiwork and asked him to make their portraits. Then they named him regimental artist and he *had* to do their portraits, as well as to sketch various regimental activities. He was permitted to wander around the Metz sector. In the dreamlike deserted town of Port-à-Mousson, he meandered through the houses, in one of which he found all the materials he needed for drawing—it was the home of an amateur artist—as well as some of the finest paper he has ever used, or seen. The Germans later salved Poor's conscience by making matchwood out of that house, destroying what he hadn't been able to take away. After the Armistice, Poor stayed around the St. Mihiel army corps headquarters and made money sketching officers and men. He stayed awhile in Paris, went home to San Francisco, came back to New York, held a show at the Kavorkian Galleries and sold *one* painting.

Probably that is when Henry Varnum Poor began to do a little serious thinking. "The fact that each artist has to solve his problem is part of the essence of his work." Maybe his paintings were bad; maybe people wouldn't buy paintings, good or bad. Maybe there was something else he could do that people would want to buy. At the Metropolitan Museum he had been attracted by examples of early Cretan pottery. The clay was simply shaped and burned. No glazes were used. That seemed a simple enough thing for him to do. It seemed to be a complete medium of expression. It was obvious he couldn't make a living as a painter. How about becoming a potter? The field didn't seem to be overcrowded.

But first he had to buy a little bit of land and build a house. In France, during the war, he had stayed in various farm houses and he felt that their beauty lay in the fact that they were put up by native builders rather than by architects. He felt that given the need and the materials, he too could build a house. He was at least as intelligent as a French peasant. The acres he bought had a quarry of red stone, of the type used in building New York's brownstone fronts. He made his plans and went to work. He dug the foundation. He hauled huge blocks of stone and cut them into shape for his fireplace. He felled the trees and adzed the beams. He learned to lay up a stone wall. Before long he could lay up a stone wall faster than most masons. He constructed his own water system. That summer he worked from dawn until night, every day, Sunday included. Before cold weather came on, the house was finished and the slate roof on. He constructed every stick of furniture needed. He added refinements, made changes. He used pottery for doorknobs. There is a pleasant and generous distribution of tile for wall and floor decoration. Eight years later he tore off the roof and added a second story of bedrooms and a bathroom. He had already added a mill house to turn the water wheel for the grinding of glazes, and a garage and workroom in which he installed a circular saw which he uses in the making of furniture.

The winter of 1920, the first spent under his own rooftree, he set to work making pottery. He made himself a potter's wheel and a friend gave him a small kiln. Later he added a second kiln for larger jobs. From his land he dug the native red clay and imported white whenever he needed it. He made simple bowls at first. They sold. He brushed up on his chemistry and started experimenting in glazes, learning to apply various decorative schemes. He took his early things to Wanamaker's, where he was urged to put his pottery making on a mass production basis, but he refused. The late W. E. Montross saw the artist-potter's work and became enthusiastic. He exhibited and sold his plates and bowls and things as usable works of art. Poor's first one-man show was a sell-out. He could hardly turn them out fast enough and for ten years he lived as a potter, hardly doing any painting whatever. Shaping and decorating pottery gave him the habit

Continued on page 174

WHAT'S THE IDEAL HOTEL FOR A SUMMER VISIT TO NEW YORK?

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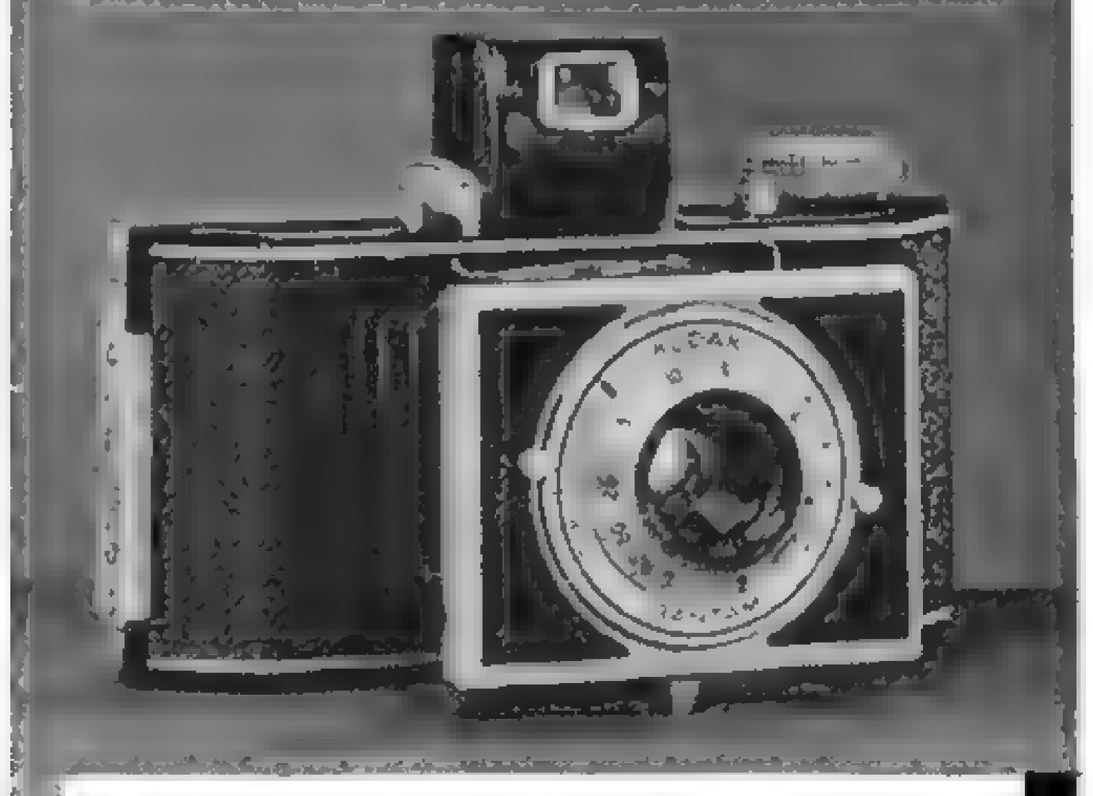

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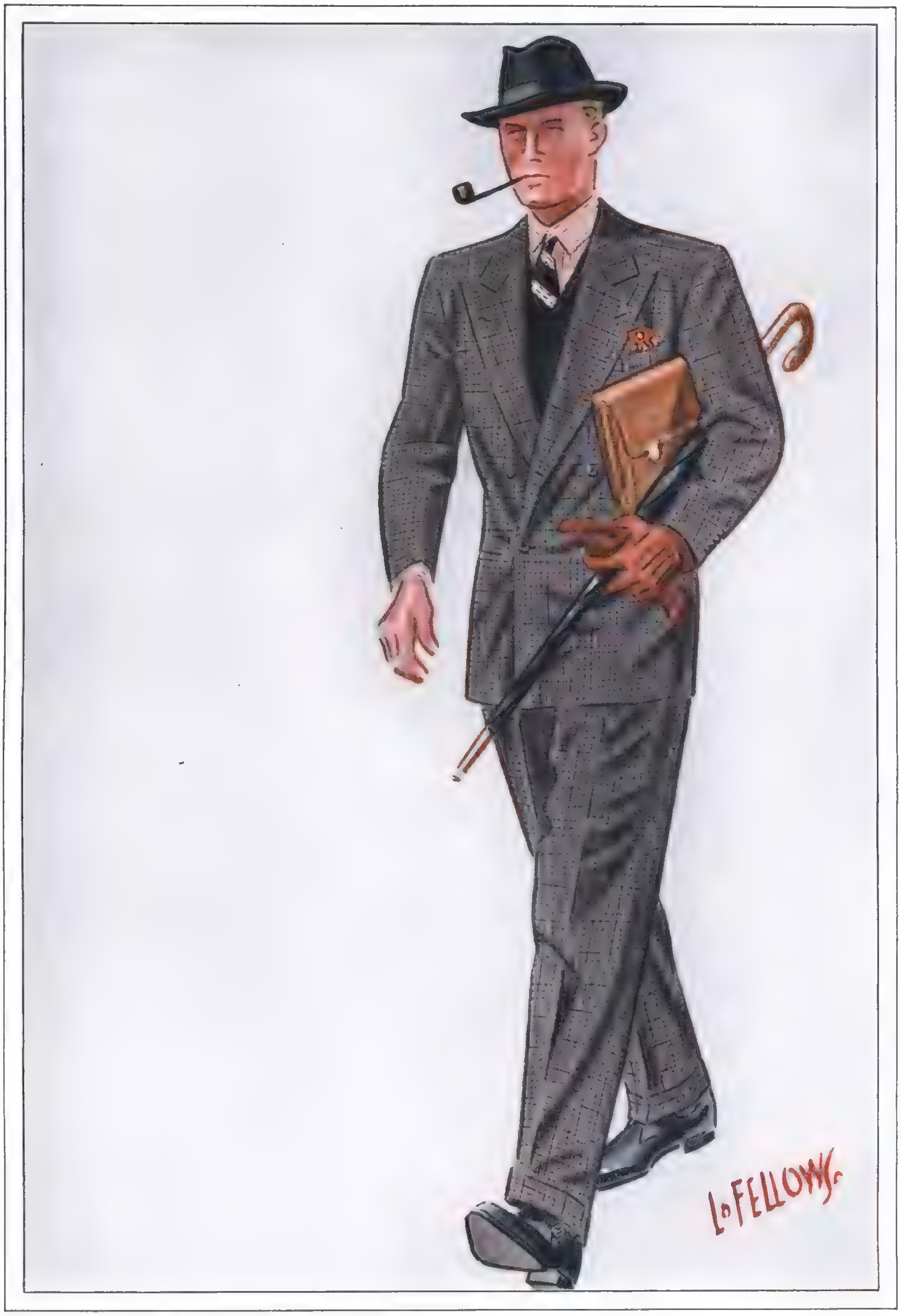
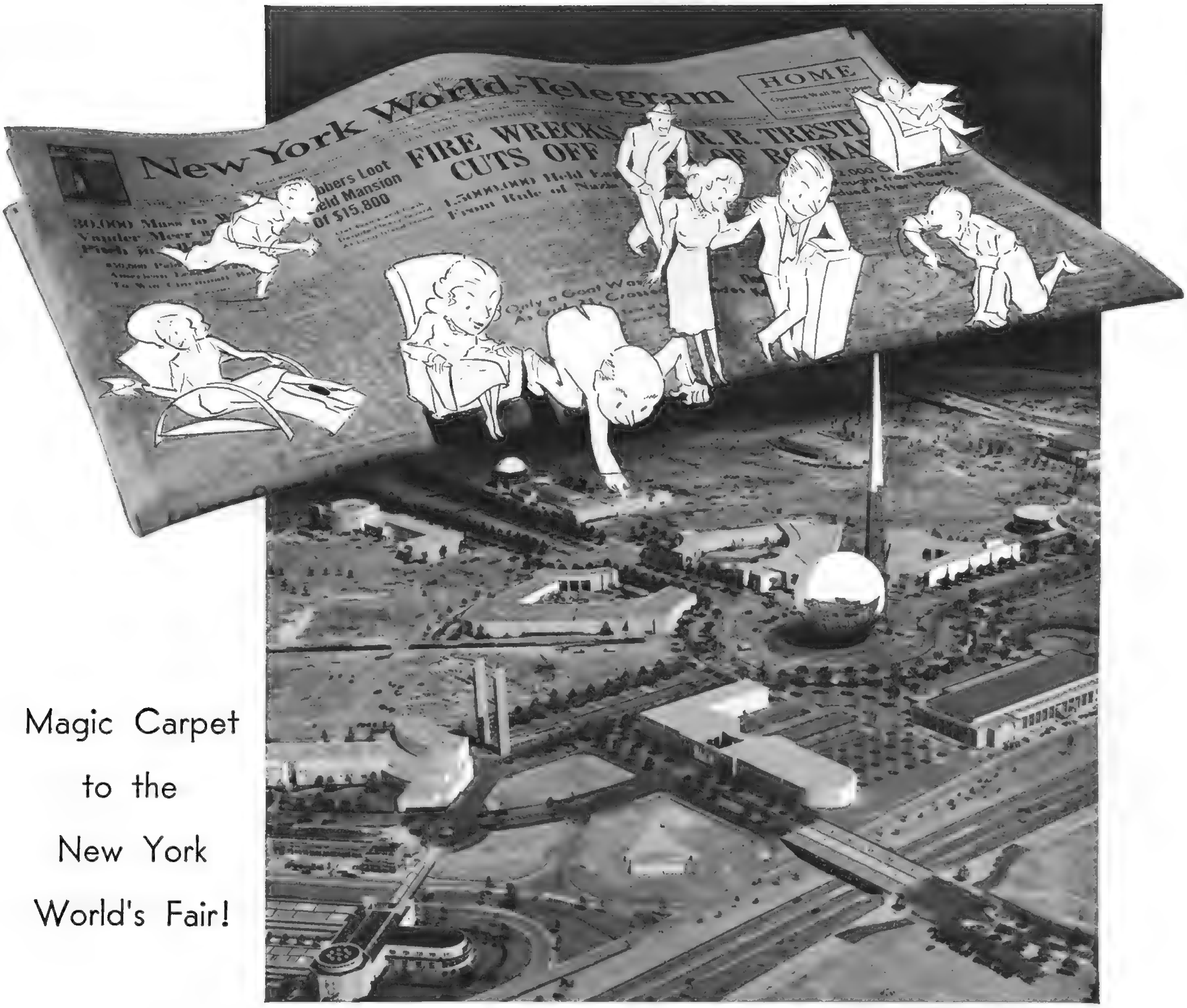


FASHION OF THE MONTH: SEMI-SPORTS OUTFIT

It's the modern way to dress, they tell us, and actually there's a lot to be said for the semi-sports outfit which is perfectly correct for town, travel or spectator sports wear, at the same time pepping things up in general. The suit is a grey Saxony in a fine pincheck with red oversquare. The lapel can be rolled to the bottom button or the waistline button, depending on whether the wearer wants people to think he is higher or wider than he really is. (But if he imagines he can practice both deceptions simply by fastening both buttons, he is sadly mistaken.) The accessories include a broadcloth shirt in oxblood pin stripes, cluster stripe tie, black Lord's hat, monk front shoes, and red goatskin gloves. We hate to be snobbish about this but, while the alpaca pullover is fine for executives and others who can do no wrong, the rest of us better pull our ears in and stick to the matching waistcoat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



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Henry Poor: Art's Robinson Crusoe

Continued from pages 51-171

of steady work and intensified his skill of hand. The first stroke had to be the last stroke. There is no dropping and picking up at pleasure or convenience for a potter as there is for a painter. There can be no erasing and trying again. Commissions poured in on him and he had his hands full. In 1929 he helped organize the American Designers Gallery, for the execution of interiors in modern decorative style. Many commissions for architectural tile work came to him through this gallery. For it he constructed a bathroom made of colored tiles. When the gallery was liquidated he moved the bathroom into his own house, where it makes a most sybaritic contrast to the rude, although spacious, simplicity of the other rooms.

Around 1929 Poor cast up accounts and saw enough of a balance to justify a sabbatical with his family in Europe. They took a house in a village near Marseilles. Poor forgot about pottery and resumed painting. He painted an exhibition for Montross and this time more than one picture found a purchaser, many more. The show was a critical success. Poor found pleasant the taste of praise and since that time he has been more of a painter than a potter. He works at wheel and kiln only when he has an accumulation of orders, not merely to express himself in ceramic form. Only on Sundays, so to speak, is he an architect and builder.

He has since revisited Europe and his recent work shows the impress of the French but without indebtedness to any specific artist. He is a man who can absorb much and remain victoriously himself. He calls Benton's provincialism self-imposed and analyzes Benton's aggressiveness as a defense mechanism against the sense of uncertainty.

In the spring of 1937 Poor went West where he taught at the Fine Arts Center of Colorado Springs, Colorado, and where also he executed his Rocky Mountain paintings. He is revisiting the mountains this year, for he finds teaching in short doses a refreshing discipline.

His painting has developed in sureness, but in their most characteristic aspects his are a potter's pictures. In pottery you create your decorative effect by cutting through one color to reach another. Working often with palette knife instead of brush he inclines to accentuate the line rather than the form. He is an intellectual rather than emotional painter, thin rather than liquid, disciplined rather than abandoned. He knows what he wants to say and he says it with decision. His color range is limited because he is concerned chiefly with essentials. He is concerned with direct statement and does not make even oblique appeals to the sentimental or the literary. Even the portraits of his wife and son do not suggest the overtones of feeling that such subject matter usually inspires in an artist, although these portraits are a little less dry than the characteristic Poor still life. His portraits are marked by simplicity and boldness, but he is more like a master in still life and landscape.

As a painter he first attracted attention for his still lifes of fruits and flowers, especially autumn fruits. Every fall he used to paint the produce of his garden, most frequently the grapes out of which, later, he pressed a headier juice. Subsequently his landscapes became notable, but as a rule they were wintry, or, at least, late autumn aspects of Nature. One of the best paintings he ever did of the country round about his little kingdom was *Brickyards—Haverstraw*, which is almost splendid, but without opulence. He seems to prefer Nature in her harsher moods.

It is characteristic of him that he should have found the Mediterranean in storm and in winter more congenial than that sea in summer mood. At least he was not being hackneyed.

Recently Poor completed a most complicated task of fresco decoration of the halls of the fifth floor corridor of the Department of Justice Building, outside the Attorney General's office. He executed eight tall panels in pairs illustrating activities of the department, such as prisons and pardons, customs and lands, anti-trust and Bureau of Investigation. Daughter Anne, a personable art student at Bennington College, did the dirty work of mixing the plaster, while a plasterer, preferably Poor himself, prepared the wall space with fresh plaster preliminary to putting on the paint. The narrowness of the panels imposed restrictions on the artist which Poor triumphantly surmounted. George Biddle was working in Washington at the same time; he used Poor as the model for the man sawing wood in his fresco of the East Side tenement; Poor made Biddle the model for one of the figures in his T. V. A. panel. At some future time Poor will execute a panel nine by forty feet for the new Department of the Interior Building on the conservation of wild life in America. He declares that pottery and fresco painting are diverse expressions of an essentially similar method of work, since each medium calls for the same degree of speed and has the same degree of finality. Fresco work in large doses is perhaps a little too exacting because it does not permit any deviation from the preconceived plan; there is no room for bright afterthoughts and footnotes.

There is a good deal of Robinson Crusoe, emotionally and practically, about Henry Varnum Poor. He can do for himself and with himself. He gives the effect of being more sought after than seeking. All he seems to need are an environment and the materials con-

S.K.*

goes back to school

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tained in it. He is adequate and sufficient to himself. He could manage nicely on almost any desert island. He is Emerson's essay on self-reliance come down from Maine by way of Kansas, but it seems to me that he has also a streak of the anti-social in him and a touch of complacence, too, about his self-sufficiency. Please don't bother him about Spain and China, he has things to do. He tells me that there have been years during which he has been so deeply immersed in his work that he has been completely indifferent to the world and quite ignorant, and happy in that ignorance, as to what went on beyond his doorstep. What happened to him during the war is an interesting example of how he was able to turn to his own private uses mighty events superimposed upon him from above. He doesn't read newspapers much. He refuses to join artists' groups. He hates the thought of politics and dreads the idea of getting involved in it. The fear of being involved, except in his own work, goes for other things. He reports that he is now at that stage of his career where museums buy his work, judges give him prizes and curators ask him to judge the works of other artists—all the marks of artistic stodginess which he used to dread when younger.

His hobbies are the hobbies of a handy and vigorous man. When he was a youngster he used to hunt. Today he fishes for trout on his own streams. He plays tennis and fences. When vacationing near the ocean, he loves to sail boats. In Europe he used to have fun driving a car over great distances. He reads a book occasionally. He hears music now and then. He can do without people, but he can also do with them. He is neither a misogynist nor a misanthrope. ⌗

In a Country Jail

Continued from page 65

that he might have stepped into a cartoon; Dopey, the sometime horse owner, was a faint, gray shadow with a pencil over his ear and a racing form sticking out of his pocket.

Today all three wore pants of exactly the same size.

"Whatcha doin' with all my spare britches on?" the Sheriff bawled.

"Mrs. Allen lent them to us while ours are in the wash," Old Doc explained. "And at your age and blood pressure, Sheriff, you mustn't take stairs two steps at a time and give way to your emotions."

"Well, maybe not," their host admitted. "Humph. Doc, you been drinkin' again?"

"I give Doc a coupla of snifters outa my jug," the murderer explained.

"It don't look right, boys. I don't want to limit the rights of a man when he's in jail and ain't got hardly no rights left, but it just don't look right. Uncle Jeb can have his kin bring him licker because he ain't long for this world and I s'pose if I was gonna leave it as soon and as sudden as he is I'd try to stay drunk 'til it was over. Besides, Uncle Jeb's back where visitors can't smell him.

"But these here vagrants, it don't look right for folks to come up here and find 'em drunk."

He returned to his office, finished his letter with a plea for advice, and added a postscript:

"Please wire collect."

"Drunk," he snorted. "And gettin' ready to eat chicken and dumplin's and apple pie! I run a hell of a jail!"

The *Buckthorne Weekly Bugle* heartily agreed with him next day in a strong editorial calling upon him to find some way of making these three hobos earn their keep. The editor pointed out that an intelligent sheriff would have nailed the tramps the day they arrived, put them on the next freight train at the point of a gun, and quickly passed the problem elsewhere.

"That," the Sheriff admitted, "is what I shoulda done."

"I don't know, Henry. If they have to be in jail, I'm sure they're best off here. Besides, Doc is helping me so much—

"Henry, look again for that piece of string! That package was unwrapped on this desk and you never let me clean your office. I declare, I'm as much interested in Willyum's socks as if I'd knitted them myself."

The arrival of the wire from the detective magazine found Sheriff Allen behind the bars of his own jail where he had gone to comfort Uncle Jeb and where he had remained to preside over a session of the Kangaroo Court.

There is an odd thing about men who are often in jail. They are forever wanting to practice upon one another the forms and processes of law.

Today the Kangaroo Court was considering Zeke's plea of innocence by reason of insanity.

Sheriff Allen was a good humored soul and, moreover, the dignity of presiding over this court did not displease him.

He recessed court and went to his office to read the telegram.

"Well, dog my cats!" he said admiringly. "That feller knows his criminals!"

"Because he spends his life dodging the Law the hobo takes great delight in beating or evading it when offered the chance stop Provide a means of escape for your three problem children and they will not be able to resist the temptation to flee stop Hope this solves your difficulty stop Best wishes."

The lights went out that night as usual and, as usual, the five prisoners lay late in talk. Zeke spun yarns of the backwoods, Uncle Jeb re-fought his life-long war with the prohibition department, the transients described their wanderings to and fro on the earth and up and down in it.

It was after midnight when

Continued on page 178

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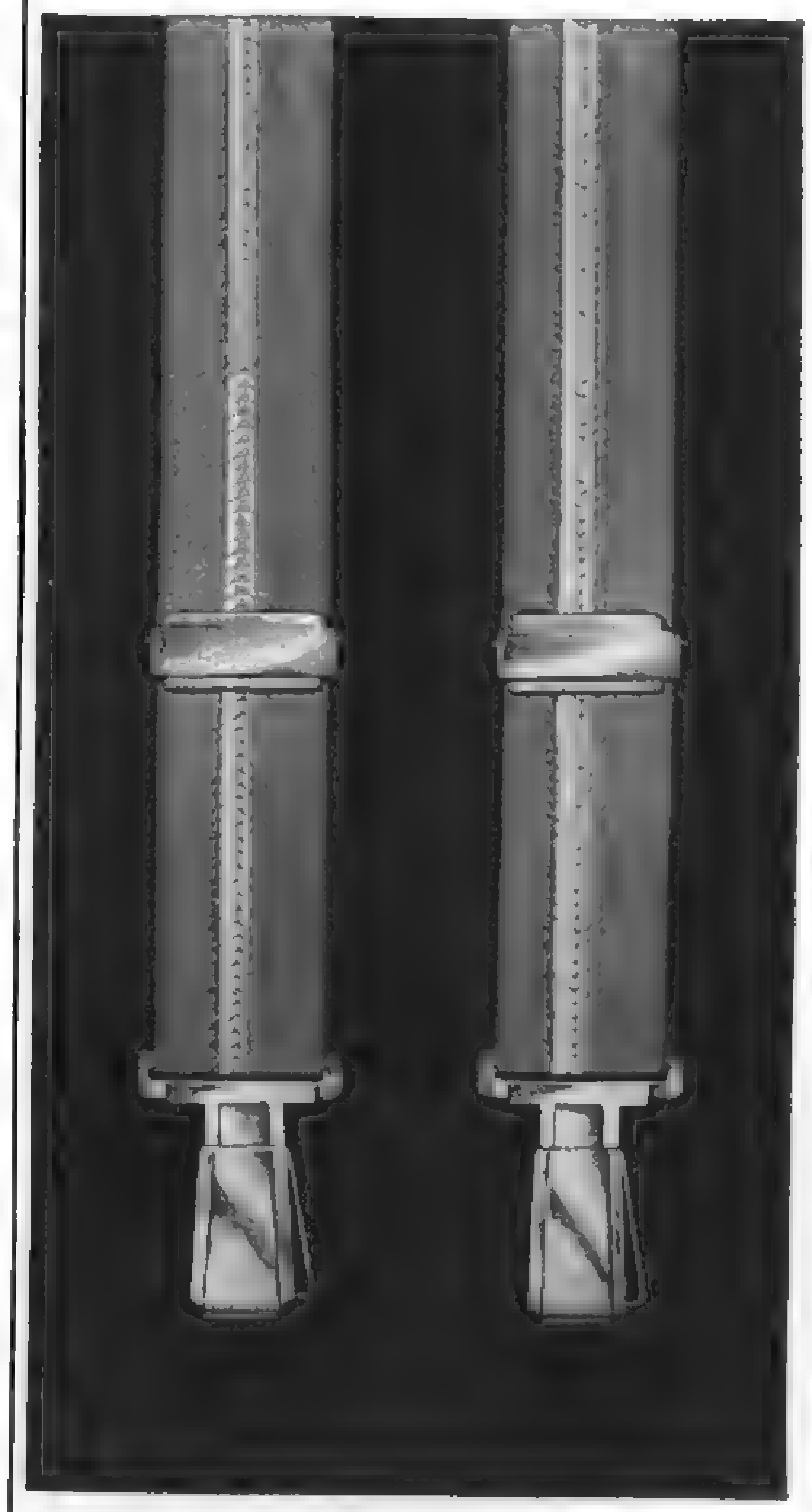

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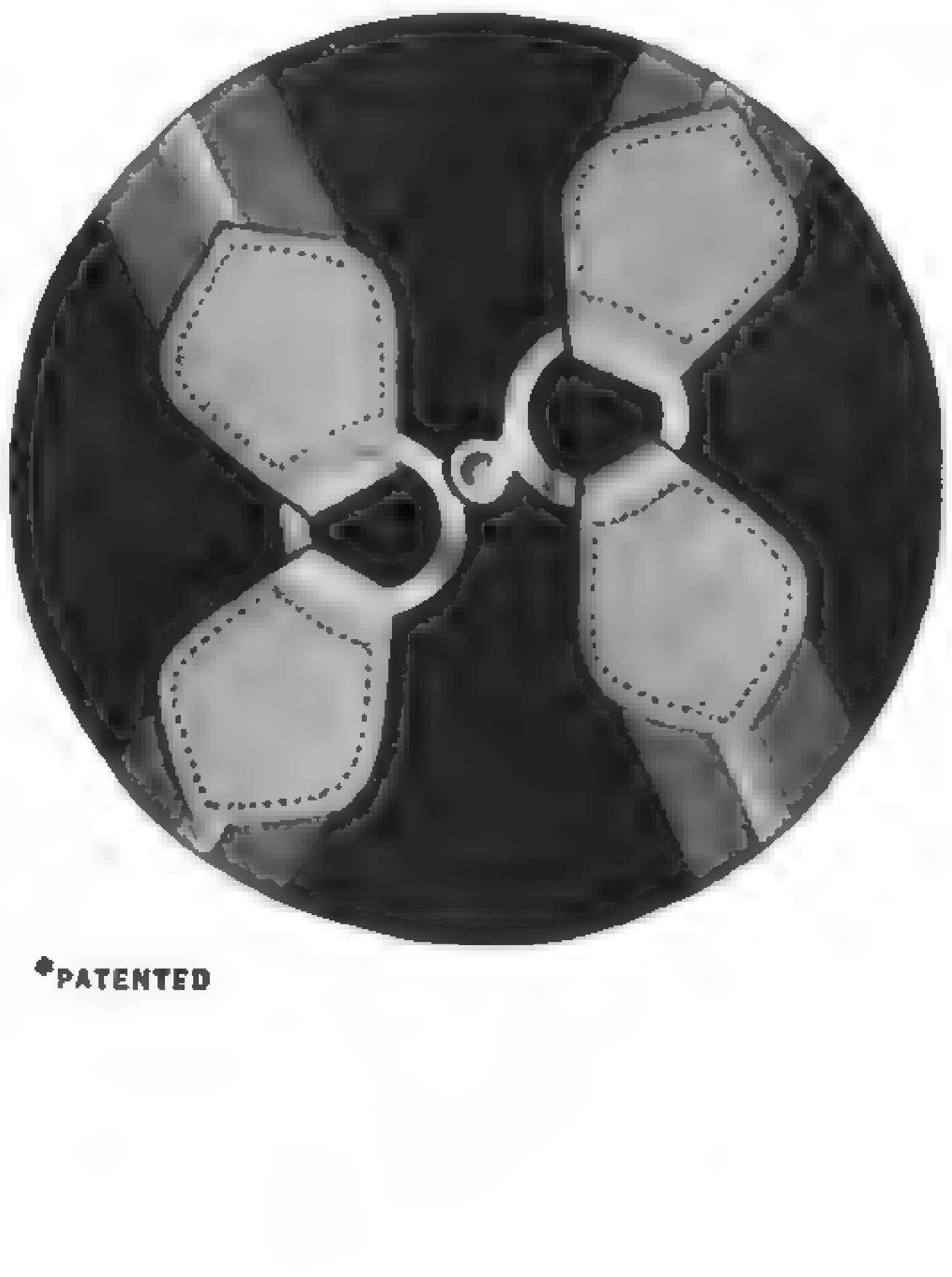

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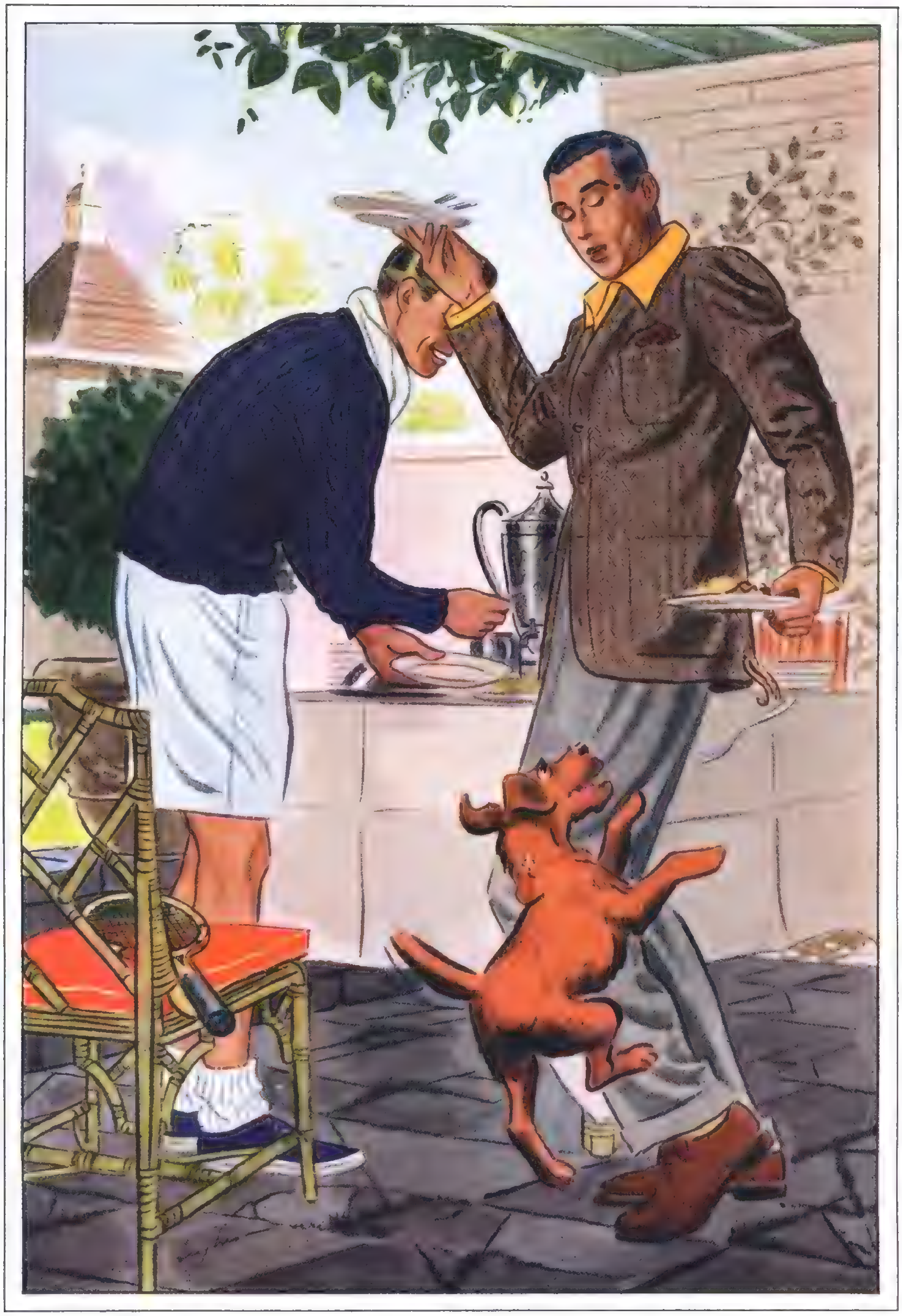

BREAKFAST FOR THREE: WEEK-END STYLE

The country week end is a sort of capsule vacation and should be planned accordingly, with a complete, though by no means extensive, change of wardrobe to match the change of environment. For late summer and early fall week ends one of the best bets in general lounge wear is the outfit of the man at the right. This consists of a knitted tweed effect collarless cardigan, grey flannel slacks, cotton shirt in a suede-like finish, lightweight wool hose, and reverse calf blucher shoes without toe-caps and with heavy crepe soles. The cardigan has a four-button front, patch pockets, and a single button on the sleeve. The other outfit exemplifies what the well-dressed tennis player is wearing, namely, dark blue cable stitch sweater with V-neck, white wool muffler, tennis shorts of white flannel, cotton or other washable fabric, wool hose, and blue canvas tennis shoes. Under the sweater a white shirt would be worn.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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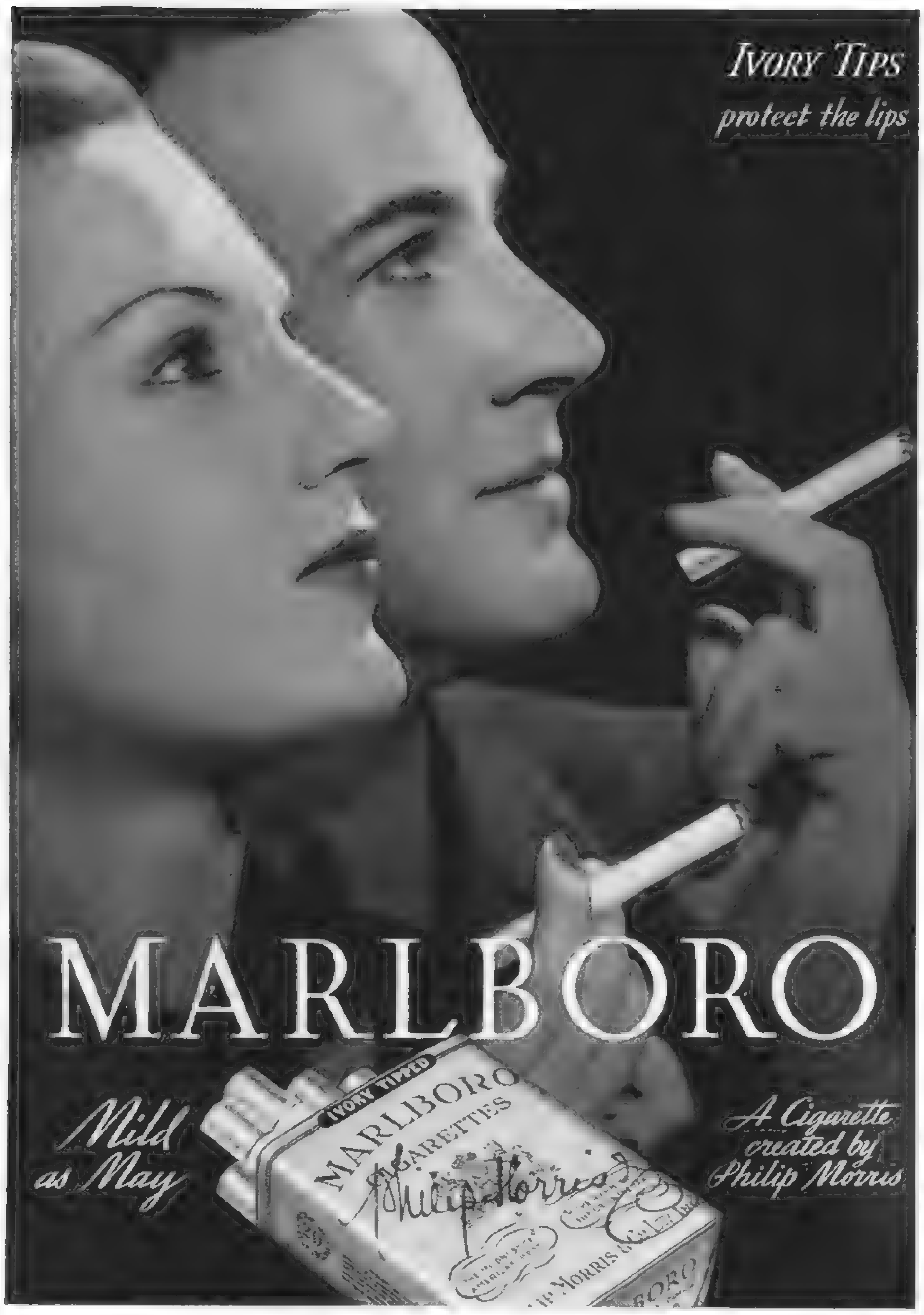

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In a Country Jail

Continued from pages 65-175

Omaha Bill made the discovery.

"Geez!" he whispered. "What a break! De Sheriff fergits to lock de fire escape door! Kin we rig some way to git over de wall?"

The hog thief stood on his cot and peered out into the moonlit yard.

"Y'all don't need to climb no fence," he drawled. "The gate, hit's plumb wide open. Some of you strong men help me pull a bar loose. I'm goin' back to the woods."

The three gathered around his cell, swaying and grunting in unison.

"No use," Zeke said, and sat on his cot panting. "Never mind, boys. Maybe they cain't convict me nohow. See if you can git Uncle Jeb out."

"Me?" the murderer asked in surprise. "I wouldn't leave. They'd foller me to Chiny. These boys is different. All they got to do is catch a freight tonight and tomorrer they's plumb safe."

"Maybe the set-up's a trap for us," Dopey suggested.

"Sheriff Allen set a trap?" Doc asked, incredulously. "He just forgot to lock up—that's all."

"He's gone, anyhow," Bill reminded them. "Didn't he say he was gonna be out all night on a case?"

"This yere's a full quart," Uncle Jeb said, passing it through the bars. "Don't open it now or me and this hawg thief will drink it up."

"And here's the sixty-five cents I won yesterday shootin' craps offen my brother," Zeke said. "I wisht hit was more."

"Efen it were tomorrow I could stake you all to some money," Uncle Jeb said regretfully. "My kin is bringin' me some money and licker."

'Geez!" Bill said. "Youse guys is white men! It's been a pleasure to be in jail wit youse gents."

"Same to you, Bill. Drop me a postal and I'll have my kin send you the newspaper account of my hangin'."

"Damn!" Dopey said, feelingly.

"Don't worry none about me, boys. I'll wake up in hell plumb drunk and have to buy a paper myself to find out how the hangin' went off. Well, good-bye!"

"Good-bye. Good Luck. So long, Zeke. Explain things to Aunt Annie so she'll feel better about us leavin'."

The three tiptoed down the fire escape, across the courtyard and were swallowed up in the gloom of an alley. They made the railroad water tank in safety and opened the bottle.

"To freedom!" Dopey said.

"The monotony was deadly," Old Doc agreed. "Always to know where and when your next meal is coming—I couldn't support it."

"Yeah—gimme de back doors. So long as dere's dames in de woild, I'll eat."

"The back door has this advantage, men: If you don't fancy the seasoning you get at the first place you can always go on to another."

"You mugs never think of anything but your bellies being full," Dopey complained.

"What Chinese philosopher said 'all else is luxury'?" Doc mused.

"Well, I want something more—lights, music, women, money, racing, Saratoga, Hialeah. If ever I get five bucks together I'll start betting the horses again and I'll live!"

The little gray man drank deeply and was lost in contemplation.

The night and the bottle wore on. Doc dropped off to sleep.

"Dere she whistles!" Bill said. "Hey, Doc, train time!"

"Have we got everything?" Dopey asked.

"Me socks!" Bill wailed.

"You got 'em on, Bill."

"Dese ain't me right socks—dese belong to de Sheriff. Aunt Annie's darnin' me right ones. It took me two years to knit 'em!"

"What do you propose to do?" Doc asked, testily. "Go back after them?"

Omaha straightened himself with both difficulty and dignity.

"Sure," he said. "I was a fool to leave, anyhow, wit all dem chickens left."

Dopey wavered.

"I left a guy who'd probably stake me to start racing," he said. "Uncle Jeb isn't going to need his dough much longer."

"My God!" Doc cried. "I've left my patient!"

"An' all t'ree of us left Aunt Annie," Bill wept, "and left her alone wit de big shot gone."

"We shall return!" Doc said.

"Just a minute," Sheriff Allen said, "I ben settin' behind this tank all night to make sure you caught this train. I left them doors open a-puppose—"

The locomotive drowned out his words as it ground to a stop at the tank.

He cocked both hammers of the old shotgun.

"Git in that coal car," he shouted, "and stay in. Don't let me ever see you again!"

He watched the departing caboose lights, let down the hammers of his gun, and trudged toward home. Dawn was streaking the east. Presently the sun would shine on Buckthorne and in the heart of Sheriff Allen.

"There'll be some talk about me bein' careless and lettin' 'em escape," he thought. "But I'll tip the citizens the wink. That's that!"

He went into his kitchen. Mrs. Allen was kindling a fire.

"Up already, Annie?"

"Yes, I thought I heard some one on the fire escape just now and I got up to see. Henry, do you know you left this jail wide open last night?"

"Great Scott!" he cried. "Then them hobos have escaped!"

"No, I was just up there. They're here, already dressed, and clamoring for breakfast. I thought I'd fix 'em some hot cakes and sausage to go with their eggs this morning. ⌗

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I'm a Strong Man

Continued from page 56

hand. I studied the dumbbell and decided the circus strong man was a faker. He had big biceps, but there wasn't much meat on the back of his arm. So I ambled up, took the dumbbell in one hand, hoisted it in the air twenty-two times, and took in the ten dollars.

The circus manager came up and offered me a job. Next day I ran away from home and joined the show at Albany, signed on at roustabout wages, took over the strong-man act, put in the rest of my time at cleaning out tiger cages, washing elephants, and all such as that. Altogether I trouped about seven years with circuses. It was a happy life. All one big family, and pleasanter than most families. I started a wrestling act, offered a hundred dollars' reward to anybody who could touch my shoulder to the mat. The management never lost a reward.

Back in Brattleboro I had me a horse, a black-and-brown pony that weighed about 1,400 pounds. I always though a mighty lot of that pony, used to curry him every day during circus vacations, in fact I used to wash his teeth. Around the circus I learned that good care of teeth is the best way to keep animals healthy. According to my notions, that goes for men too. I was always a crank about my own teeth—keeping them clean and straight. At fifty-three I've never lost a tooth and never had one filled. I never knew a real strong man with bad teeth, and that's all the more noticeable because a well-trained strong man never eats a great deal. What we do eat is mainly soft food. Soft-boiled eggs and dry toasts have always been my standby.

Anyway, what I wanted to do was to build up a vaudeville act of carrying a live horse across the stage. So I set out to train my pony for the act.

I'm built on the order of a molasses barrel—about five feet six tall, short neck and broad shoulder, weigh about 260 pounds. My horse-lifting formula was to step underneath the horse, put my shoulders immediately in rear of of the horse's foreparts, and make a straight shoulder lift. The big pull was to get the horse clear of the floor. Walking with the load was only a matter of good balance—and a horse trained to hold the balance without breathing.

The horse-carrying act worked like a charm. I played it over vaudeville circuits for the best part of five years. It made me plenty of money—during my big year I took in even $42,000. But after a while my old pony commenced to look sort of frowsy. My agent asked me to change horses, recommended a nice snappy white horse.

Well I got one that weighed about 1,400. I hired a professional horse trainer because I was busy on the vaudeville circuit. Somehow the white horse never could learn the tricks of breath holding and balance support. I opened the act in Boston. Just as I got him hoisted, the horse commenced to squirm and kick. That hurt me bad. I lost balance and tried to duck. The horse fell frontwards and broke its neck, right there on the stage.

Newspapers said I'd picked up a horse and busted it on the floor. That was real publicity. But the Boston Humane Society heard about it and did its benevolent best to land me in the jug.

Automobiles were coming in by that time, so I went to work on an auto-lifting act. That was a first-class outside attraction to advertise the main show. To watch a stocky citizen stroll up to a parked auto and hoist the front end was quite a sight even for folks that happened to be sober. Then I worked up a two-auto lift, and a tug o' war with a team of draft horses. These acts looked bigger than they really were. Both were based on balance, and what scientists call the advantages of the torque, which I can't explain right off because I'm not a scientist.

Anyhow, in weight lifting it's balance that generally wins or loses. When an ordinary man starts to pick up a weight, he's got no real notion of balance and so he usually thinks the job is lots harder than it really is. Balance is just as important in wrestling, and almost as important in boxing. Lots of the best strong-man acts are built mainly on skilful balance. Some, of course, are plain faked. I really believe self-hypnotism enters into a sense of balance. In fact I believe it so much that I've even spent lots of time studying hypnotism.

It's fun being on stage before a crowd. It was more fun just to stroll the streets and win a crowd. Like one time in Pittsburgh I walked six blocks holding up the back end of a stationary boiler that weighed 3,200 pounds. Eight men were carrying the front end. But I tipped high so they were actually carrying most of the weight. Another time, down in Baltimore, I believe it was, a contractor was planting a line of water hydrants. One of these hydrants complete weighed about ten or eleven hundred pounds. I'd pick it up and carry it across the street, then have the boss yell at me and say "Hey George, that's the wrong street! Carry it over to the next block!" Folks would stop and gulp and pass the word around and that night I'd generally play to a full house.

It's fun being a strong man, so long as you can keep with plain everyday appetites, so long as you can feel well paid when the fans holler, and the crowds applaud. My father before me was a strong man. If I had a son, which I haven't, I'd be pleased to have him turn out strong, too. Strength sometimes gets to be a way of earning a living. More than that, it's a way of life. ###

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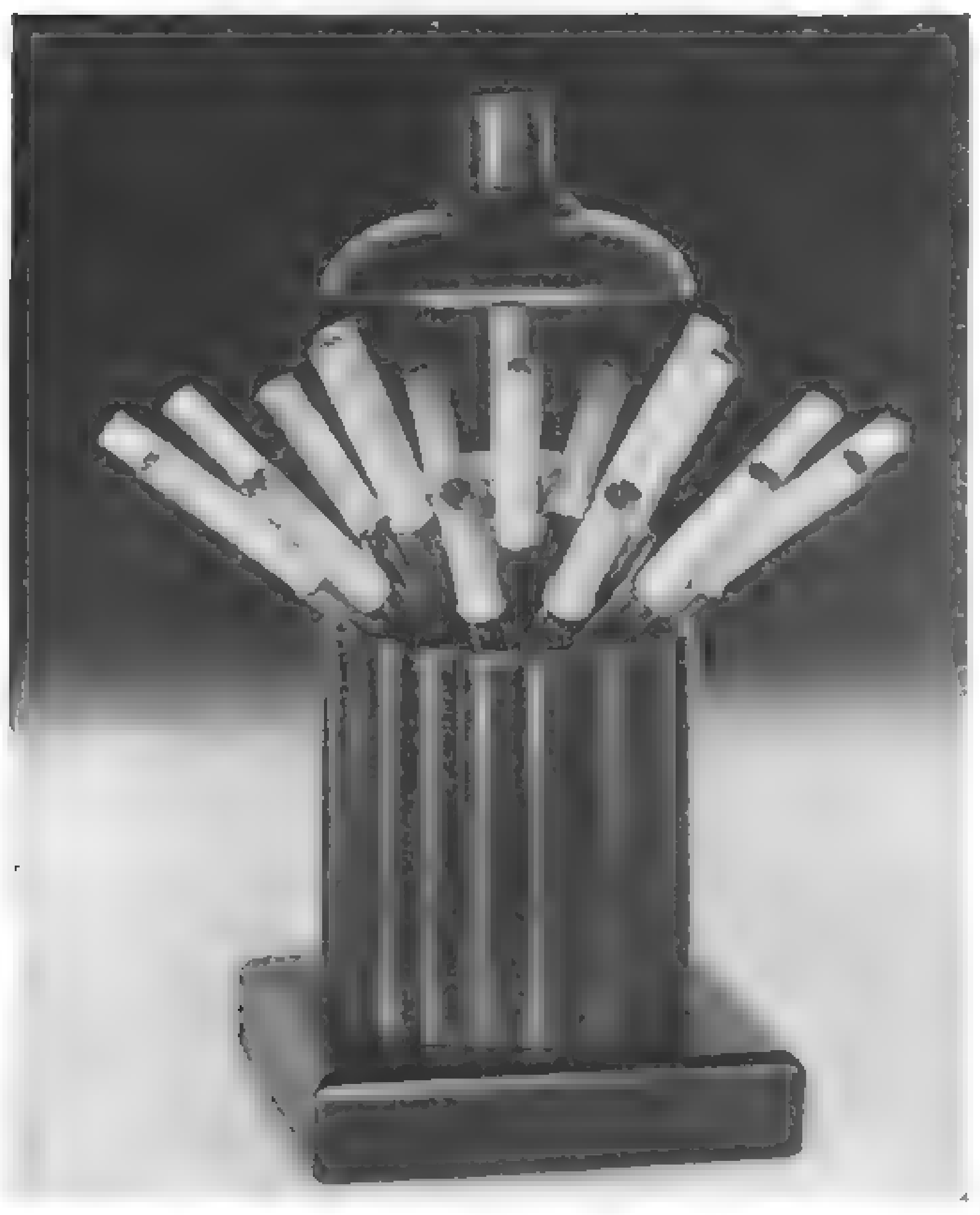

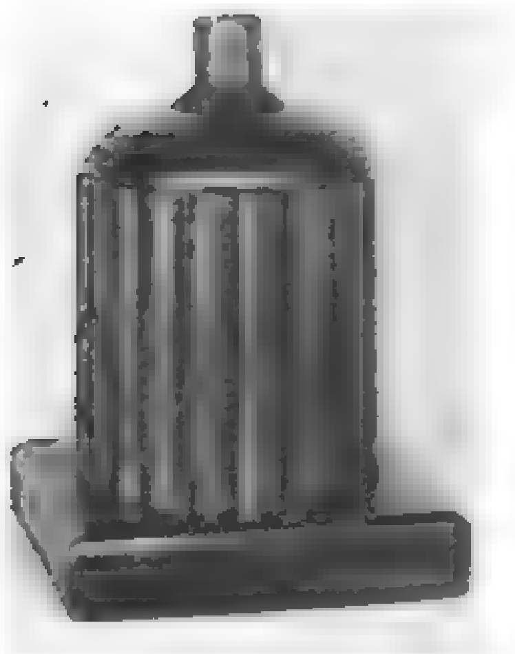

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Bowery Beauticians

Continued from page 71

down for three generations." He acknowledged, as Grillo had, that there were shiner kits on the market, but he was loud in their condemnation. "They couldn't possibly come in enough shades. They'll give someone with a fair skin a dark eye, and vice-versa. And even when they match pretty near, there's something phony-looking about them.

"Why, I had a poor girl, a dancer, come in here looking like a circus clown. She'd gone and got a lot of junk from the five-and-ten and smeared up her face with it. Said she was pulling off her dancing pumps and one flew up and hit her, and I just said 'Uhnhunh.' The way it looked, somebody'd run up and down her face in a pair of football shoes. But I never ask what happened. I just took off that stuff with olive-erl, fixed her up with just the right shade, and she coulda gone right back in the show." She was a blonde, and they're hard—take on an Aurora Borealis effect that lasts and lasts.

Eddie and Rocks both say they dress about thirty eyes a week, about a third of them female. A limousine once drew up before Xigues' establishment, and out stepped a be-minked beldam. She lifted her veil to reveal one of the most roseate shiners the master had ever beheld, and while he ministered to it, they got to barbering, as they call it. No doorknobs about her—she told him her swain had trounced her because he was jealous of her husband. Soon the conversation took a philosophical turn, and she propounded the interesting if unoriginal thesis that from the Bowery to Biarritz, a gal gets her lumps for much the same elemental reasons. And usually deserves 'em.

Chivalrous gents that they are, they're always ready to pick up the little black bag and make a hurry call to the home of a bashful minx. The charge depends on the distance from home base, but it's never exorbitant. Rocks once made a professional call at the abode of a black-eyed Susie who blamed her condition on such a Rube Goldbergian happenstance that Grillo can't even remember it—something about opening a closet door, pulling the light cord, and having the whole fixture fall in her face.

"Oh, no, lady," Rocks said tolerantly. "No chandelier ever had no aim like that. That was a mocksman!" That put her in the mood to hand him a finnif with the injunction to keep the change.

The bulk of the clientele is made up of longshoremen, firemen, cops, sailors, and just general moochers. Now and then an actor comes from uptown, and while Grillo says boxers aren't vain enough to patronize him, Xigues says they are—plenty. Peak business is done on Mondays (it used to be Sundays, when the law allowed them to stay open then), and the mornings after such gala days as St. Patrick's, the Fourth, New Year's, and those set aside for the exercise of the constitutional vote.

Grillo has taken full advantage of the rising wave of recognition for the small business man. With all the alacrity of an uptown public relations counselor, he's brought his industry to public attention through the press of the nation. Just a couple of weeks ago, a write-up in a give-away magazine of a chain grocery brought him a customer from two hundred miles away.

But if Grillo's is the best publicized, Xigues' shop seemed to me to offer the best all-around beauty service to the nightmares-of-the-road who inhabit the district. Above his counter hangs the inviting sign, FOOT POWDER FOR BURNING, ITCHING FEET—*5c*, and in the back are baths for a quarter a dip. Though these are mostly patronized by Chinamen, since rooming-house regulations have installed the luxury in the flop houses, Xigues often has relatively respectable clients from out of town. He says men come to the Bowery from miles around for a week's tear—gives them a kick to set up the bums in the saloons. When the stake's gone, they go to a second-hand clothes dealer, or "reliever," and trade in a fifty-buck overcoat for five in cash and some sort of fifty-cent burnoose. Then they come to Xigues for a shave, haircut, shower, and massage—"massages are only for drunks," he says. He has one regular, a "dirilict" who comes in for a bath three times a day, sometimes. "He's never what you'd call drunk—just rum-soaked," and he has a phobia, rare to the Bowery, for cleanliness. "Or maybe," says Xigues, "he just forgets he's had a bath or two already."

While I was talking with him (and it was around ten in the morning) a man stumbled up to the counter and proffered some barber's equipment. "Me fodder's hone," he said, and kept reiterating it. Eddie didn't pay him much mind, and after he'd gone he explained what it was all about. Seems a lot of barbers from uptown come to the district for a week's riot on rotgut and whatnot, wind up doing a trick at Eddie Xigues', and finally, when the booze really begins to tell, offer to sell their equipment, which they always carry with them, for the price of a couple of shots. Eddie said he could have had the stew's fodder's hone and strop and razor, worth maybe thirty bucks, for one.

Eddie says there's no particular style of haircut that's a favorite with Bowery customers, but, looking around, I seemed to detect a predominance of the Leavenworth clip, the bowl-mold, and, among the younger patrons, the stiletto sideburn. He says, too, that he pays no attention to the tattoo artist, Millie Hall, who rents

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space in the corner of his shop, and there's no room to do her justice in this paper. I lingered with her long enough to learn that she can impart the crowning touch to the bedraggled male's beautification. For about a dollar and a half, she will fill in that bald spot on the top of your head with neat, hair-like lines of tattooing—realistic, indelible, and guaranteed dandruff-free. ⌗

Stars and Stripers

Continued from page 90

about if given half a chance or, indeed, no chance at all.

"When I was a boy," old Sam will relate, peering out to sea with watery blue eyes, "I was fishin' here one day, just where I'm standing now. I had the line tied 'round my waist and, all of a sudden—umph!" And he will buckle at the knees and thrust his belly sharply forward. "I got a tug that nigh fetched me into the sea! It drug me four steps for'ard afore I could jam my heels into the sand and hang on. Thinks I, you must be fast to a shark or a whale. Just then, that fish started out to sea and, in spite of all I could do, little by little, he drug me toward the breakers. Then I got scairt, I tell you. I couldn't untie the line and there I was, caught fast. I sung out fer help and Uncle Lou Higgins down the beach run up and grabbed me, just as I was up to my knees in the surf. We hauled and hauled until finally we got the fish beyond the breakers. He flurried then and, by gorry, if it wa'n't a bass! You never see such a fish in your life! We laid holt then and hauled our gizzards out and just as we had him coming, the line parted. By gorry! Uncle Lou said he'd of gone over a hundred pound and he was a truthful man. Yes, sir, that was a bass!" And patiently, he will coil his cod line for another heave, standing hopefully on the same spot, sixty-odd years later, waiting for another monster out of the deep.

The best time to fish seems to be from about an hour before flood tide until an hour after, for then the bass are following their food supply in-shore. However, if one is a long caster and can throw a bait out "where they lay" one may connect with a fish at any time, even when the tide is dead low. Bass will hang in schools around certain pockets for days at a time, drifting in and out with the tide, feeding. An off-shore wind is the ideal, too, but here again the signs often go awry for the Striped Bass is a very contrary and unpredictable fish. Perhaps the best advice is that offered by Sam Cahoon—"You want to be where the bass is when they're hungry."

Costumes range all the way from shorts to regulation angling outfits, depending somewhat on the time of year and the contour of your legs. On a summer afternoon it is pleasant to wade into the surf in bathing trunks but the wise angler will always have boots and sweaters nearby for the seashore has a way of cooling off remarkably at sundown, even on the warmest day. And in October, when the bass run largest, boots and fur-lined underwear are practically indispensable.

Striped Bass generally strike our northern waters about July first, their arrival thus coinciding with that of the hordes of summer residents and they remain until some time in October. Consequently, surf angling, during a great part of the season, becomes something of a social event—with complications. That strand of surf and shore which you have come to think of as yours is now swarming with what may be loosely described as humanity. The beach is a riot of color, gay with variegated swimming suits, splotched with vivid umbrellas and your favorite guzzle hole is the scene of a hysterical game of water tag. A guzzle hole, incidentally, is not the nearest place where you can get a quick gin and bitters but is, rather, an eddy, usually around submerged rocks, where the Striped Bass hang out to feed.

Sadly, you troop off to another guzzle hole, far down the beach. You bait up with a chunk of squid, adjust your boots, reel in all but about three feet of line, throw off the click and advance into the surf. Grasping the rod in both hands (no four-ounce fly rod this) you hold it behind you at an angle of forty-five degrees. A couple of quick steps and a forward snap, like throwing an apple on a stick, sends the bait skimming sixty or seventy yards out over the breakers to land with a quiet splash at the edge of the guzzle hole. You retreat up the beach, paying out line as you go, set the click and wait. And presently, a small boy comes up with his father.

"What's he doing, Daddy?" the s. b. inquires, round-eyed.

"Fishing, sonny."

"What for?"

"I don't know. What you fishing for, brother?"

"Striped Bass," you explain, a bit huntedly.

"What did he say, Daddy?"

"Stripe Bass, sonny."

"What are they, Daddy?"

"I don't know, sonny. What are they like, brother?"

These public enemies have no more than turned their backs at long last when a trio of gangling adolescents comes running up, dripping repulsively.

"Catchin' anything, Mister?"

"No."

"A feller caught a twenty-five pounder here yesterday. He was that long!"

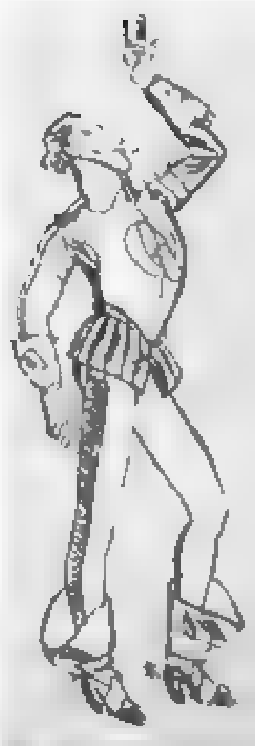
"Indeed?"

Convinced that you are going to afford a minimum of entertainment, the leader cries gaily:

"Last one in the water is a rotten egg!"

And capping this masterpiece of understatement with a merry shout, he leads the way pell-mell

Continued on page 182



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Stars and Stripers

Continued from pages 90-181

into the water, using your best Cutty-hunk as a surf line.

Of course, once in awhile the picture is brightened by some vision in a red bathing suit who evinces an academic interest in surf casting but such interludes are infrequent and the International Casino will, on the whole, be found richer in pulchritude than our Atlantic beaches. That is why I prefer my Striper fishing at night in the summer months. The worst that can happen to you then, and it is pretty bad, is being the compulsory audience of a quartet singing *Down By The Old Mill Stream* scored for Dry Martinis.

Nighttime on the beach—then is the time to be abroad in search of Stripers. The darkness and the evening chill have driven the last bather reluctantly from the water which now shimmers, darkly mysterious in the moonlight. The wide slope of sand is deserted, save for a party of picnickers around a flaring campfire. Their supper is over; they have heaped their charcoal fire high with driftwood which flames and crackles and throws their shadowy figures into silhouette, probably less grotesque than the originals. Later, they will sing but now the only sound is the low boom of the surf, the surge and resurge of the wash across the phosphorescent sands. Far out on Ocean's tumbling bosom, the lights of a coasting steamer wink gravely at the stars and somewhere between you and the ship, your bait rises and settles gently to the pull of the breakers. It is like a telegraph line projected into a strange world, some denizen of which may send you a message, collect, at any second. It may be a skate or a sand shark. Or it may be a bass!

As you begin to reel in slowly, you rehearse a dozen times what you will do, once the bass has done his part and struck. You won't do it, in all probability, for buck fever will very likely have you firmly in its grasp at that fateful moment but it is well to be prepared. And as one who has learned sadly by the trial and error method, you have a very good idea of what not to do. Never again will you release the free spooling lever as you did when your first bass struck. That fish reeled off about seventy yards of line in one zinging, lightning rush, flurried hard at the surface and threw hook and sinker a good four feet before you knew what had happened. On the next strike, you were so excited that you hit him too soon. There was a powerful forward surge, as though the line were tied to the stern of a speedboat—then awful slack. You have at least mastered one of the fundamental tenets of Striper fishing. Never give the fish an inch of slack line, or else!

The surfman from the Coastguard station two miles down the beach plods up with swinging lantern on his solitary patrol.

"What luck?"

"Nothing yet," the quick reply.

"Well," he observes, "it's a pretty fair night. The wind's hauled 'round to the nor'west and it's close onto highwater. I shouldn't wonder if you'd see some fun. Young Beals got one down to Head o' Pamet—about twenty pound."

He accepts your proffered cigarette and settles down in the sand beside you for a brief chat. The picnickers down the beach have broken into song and their swipes and harmonies carry faintly to your ears, enhanced by distance.

"One of them Eyetalians," the surfman remarks suddenly, "standing in for Nantucket Sound."

And almost on the horizon, you can make out the clustered lights of a liner drifting through the darkness. From time to time as you reel in, you inspect the piece of quid, replacing it with a new bait when the action of the rough bottom has worn the old one thin. You cast out again and reel in.

The surfman tells you of fierce winds, bellowing out of the northeast, which pile up mountains of water over the beach and halfway up the sand cliffs behind you, of blowing sands which cut like a knife, of shipping tumbled on shore and battered to matchwood by the pounding surf. It seems incredible tonight with the breakers rolling in gently beneath calm, summer skies. At last, he moves on and with his words of encouragement ringing in your ears, you are left to your silent vigil beneath the stars.

Such is fishing for Stripers on a moonlight summer night. It may be that the next second, you will feel the unmistakable tug of a bass, followed by a strong, steady pull as he begins to run. You set the hook twice with all your might and hang on. A terrific surge runs through the line, bending the rod in a vibrant arc and then begins a battle royal, a battle not confined to a roped square of canvas but one which takes in wide spaces of beach and ocean as you stumble up and down the sand after your adversary, in and out of the surf for a desperate, panting half-hour until, if you are favored by the gods, a long comber will lift the tired fish and sweep him gently in to lie gleaming and quivering at your feet. If so, it is well worth the quest, the struggle and the toil of carrying him through the shifting sands to your car. And well worth it, next day, when cut into thick chunks, stuffed and baked, he reposes on the dinner table.

Or it may be that as the east begins to turn gray, you will reel in disconsolately and go home empty-handed and hollow-eyed from lack of sleep. In that case, do not despair for other days will bring other flood tides and sometime, old Roccus lineatus, nosing in behind the schooling bait, will seize your offering and give you your chance. And when he does, a tight line, sir, and a stout heart.

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Esquire's Five Minute Shelf

Continued from page 93

machinery of statehood. And to add, they throw in a likable and many-sided character, free of stereotypes, full of odd insights and fresh observation—themselves.

Shading off into books on the current and outstanding wars, we have *Spain Between Death and Birth*, by Peter Merin, translated from the German (Dodge, $3), and two excellent books on China's stand against Japan. Merin, always keeping the current struggle in the foreground, tells of the centuries-long fight of the people of Spain to rid themselves of kings, generals, wealthy priesthood, and overbearing landlords. This impassioned account of the leading figures and events of the long conflict has sixteen pages of photographs of present-day Spain that are almost as moving as the text.

China Fights for Her Life, by H. R. Ekins and Theon Wright, (Whittlesey, $2.75) is a journalists' behind-the-cables story—yes, still another—dealing almost entirely with the problem China has had on her hands from 1911 to 1937. Aside from some strained interpretations and predictions, it is a personalized and vigorous picture of the struggle in the Far East in terms of the world situation.

Where this book leaves off, T. A. Bisson's *Japan in China* (Macmillan, $3) begins—the actual invasion of China by Japan. An authoritative account of the course of the war by the Far Eastern expert of the Foreign Policy Association, his report is not only that of an eye-witness, plus interviews with the leaders, but of a painstaking research man among the records. The conclusions will encourage those who would like for once to see an aggressor get it in the neck. Bisson thinks Japan is washed up, and that the long-run defeat that is coming to it will lead not only to the freedom of China, but to the freedom of the Japanese people from their military (and maybe their industrial) masters.

In the end, the back of the Jap invasion will probably be broken by ever more efficient guerilla warfare, originated and developed by the Chinese Communists and now being taught to thousands of officers.

(We were fooled by the "experts" on Ethiopia—can we depend on the Bissons and the Ekinses for the real lowdown?)

It was Uncle Sam, expanding his trade, that forced open the Nipponese ports and started the Japs on that "Western" career which logically led them to try to knock the daylights out of their yellow brothers. Our conduct then was dreadfully like the conduct of the imperialistic Orientals when they insist that they only want to play in the Chinese backyard and slide down the cellar door.

So, to the point, is *Fighting Fools*, by James E. Edmonds, National Guard Brigadier-General (Appleton-Century, $2.50). The United States, the General points out, is little different from other nations. We wanted our share of the spoils, we went out and grabbed them, and we used the old iron when we had to. But what has it got us? Our wars have cost us dearly in men, money, and materials. The General, seeing another sweet war in the offing, cautions us to be careful.

What is the matter with the goldbraiders? Some of them are turning out to be very decent fellows. There is General Graves who told some grim truths not complimentary to the Allied side in his *Our Siberian Adventure*. There was British General Crozier, who exposed the nastinesses of war as between officers and men which armies and war departments are at such pains to hide. It would be nice now if a brace of admirals would come clean.

Another first-rater on how we got into the last bloody mess is Dr. Charles C. Tansill's *America Goes to War* (Little, Brown, $5). Using all the available sources, including the British and German war archives, the report of the Nye committee on munitions sales, and hitherto unpublished private papers of American statesmen, the author traces the intrigues of diplomats, bankers, industrialists. The more glib economic-determinists will be angry that he has failed to chalk up the breakdown of American neutrality to the loans linking the Morgans to the Allies. It's a matter of shading: Tansill doesn't doubt that Big-Biz was influenced greatly by the course its money took, but he thinks the matter was more complicated than that. Economically, a force as important as loans was the depression of 1914-15. The War was good business and made jobs; and loose money was eager for investment. That is how we came into the War, first with boots and wheat and munitions, and later with the personal products of the Gold Star Mothers-to-be.

This should drive everybody to the unpleasant conclusion that our depression, with about twelve million jobless, and business subsisting on pump-priming doles, is a dangerous war temptation.

Another clean-up book this department is late getting around to is Paul Gallico's *Farewell to Sport* (Knopf, $2.75). Westbrook Pegler might have done it if he had stayed where he belonged. It needed to be written, and Gallico has the vocabulary, the experience, the sympathy, and the satire required for the debunk and appreciation of the Great American Leisure-time Shot in the Arm.

Two years ago Gallico left the sports department of the *New York Daily News* to do this memoir of his twelve years among the battlers, bruisers, athletic prima donnas, palookas, and real guys. He

Continued on page 184

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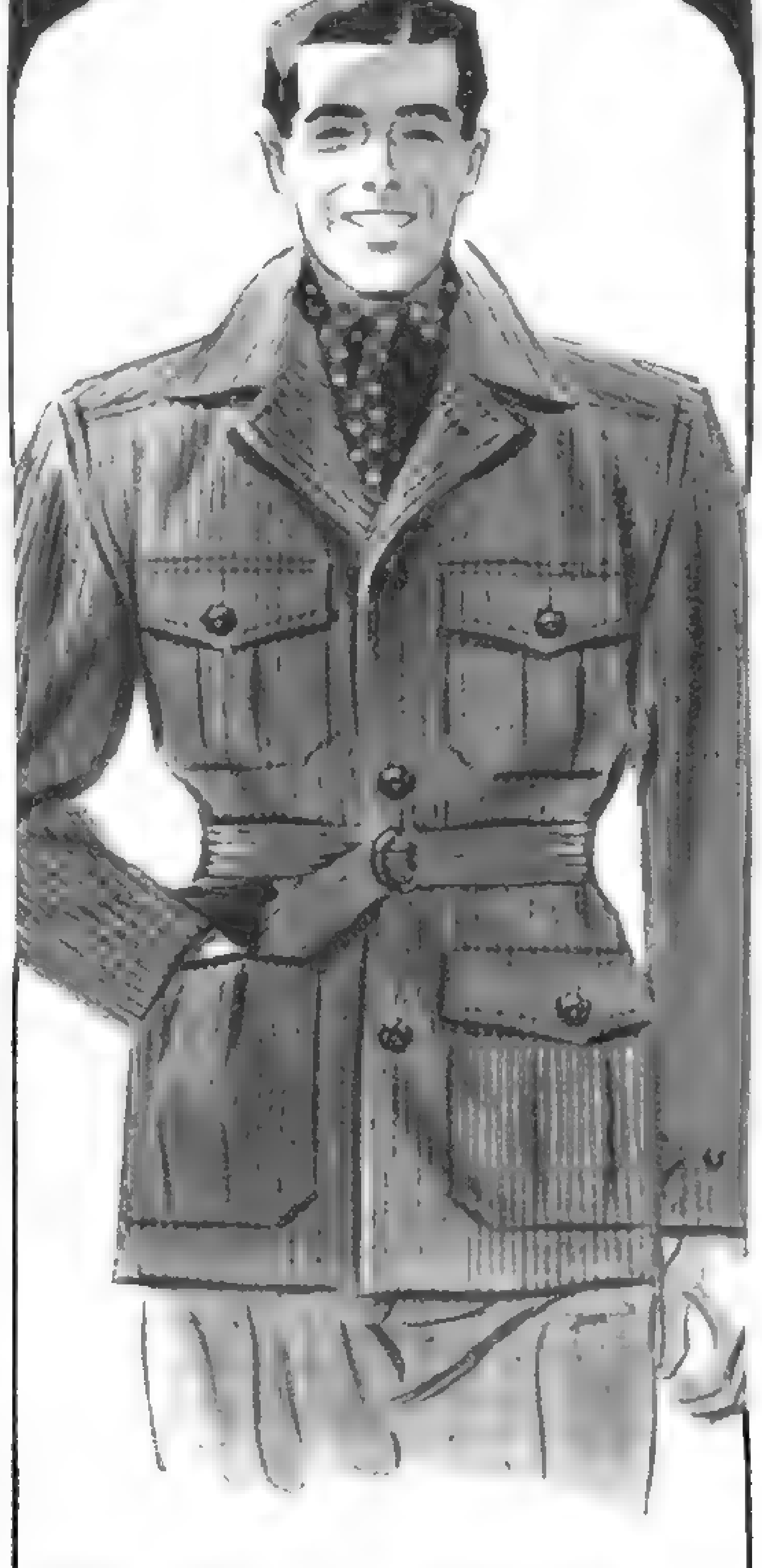

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Esquire's Five Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 93-183

berates and celebrates the post-War sports-mad era, the decade of the Great Heroes like Dempsey, Ruth, Tilden, Gertrude Ederle, Earle Sande, Bobby Jones. He exposes the dirty prize fight racket, which ought to have pneumonia from over-exposure by this time; and the under-exposed football racket of the colleges and universities. (Incidentally the Supreme Court has backed up Gallico by holding that college football is a business and as such subject to taxation.)

Gallico took such interest in his work that he got knocked out by the Manassa Mauler just to get an idea what taking the count meant; he rode in the fastest racing planes and took the hairpin turns with the foolhardiest speedway drivers.

Considering how many sports writers there are in the country, and how seriously the whole dizzy business is taken by the citizens and the space it occupies in the press, few real writers have come out of this secondary world. Offhand I can think only of John R. Tunis to rank with Gallico. But Tunis is ploughing other fields, and Gallico has said his boisterous farewell. It leaves a gap.

While we are in the manly department, let your attention be called to a good item for the lads that like the water.

Although it is a poorly written job it is packed with thrilling reading. In a flat style and some bad grammar, Captain John A. Cook recounts excellent adventures in Arctic whale hunting in *Thar She Blows* (Chapman & Grimes, $2.50). The skipper went to sea at eleven, and spent twenty-one years chasing the "Bowhead" whale in frigid waters. It wasn't only whales he fought, but mutiny, fire, and death at the top of the world. It's an unassuming tale of hair-raising adventure, plus information about "Bowheading," a phase of whaling about which little has been written.

MISCELLANEOUS:

Further, by Amelie Posse-Brazdova (Dutton, $3.50). The author of *Sardinian Sideshow* has had good reviews, but this critic can't take it. This is one of those copious tomes of interminable reminiscence, O. K. if you are interested in the domestic affairs and cosmic thoughts of a woman who knew everybody in the headlines, in Rome, Capri, and Czechoslovakia, in the years following the Big War.

Crossroads of the Zuider Zee, by Hendrik de Leeuw (Lippincott, $3). The man who made us Bali-conscious, who roamed the wide world (especially the narrow and little-known parts) for twenty-five years, returns to his native Holland, and does a travel book on it which this critic, who was isolated by the Zuider Zee for three weeks in 1919 as a C.P.O. in the Navy, found readable.

Cruising the Mediterranean, by Madeleine S. Miller and J. Lane Miller (Revell, $3.50). For the tourist, the kind that never wanders far from the boat. Many and nice pictures.

Remember how, back in March, 1927, a magazine art editor named Albert Snyder was slain by his wife Ruth, and her paramour, Judd Gray, corset salesman? For some reason, not immediately apparent to your reporter, Author John Kobler has resurrected the sordid affair, put into book form by Doubleday, Doran at $3.50 as *The Trial of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray*. My suspicion was and still is that the tabs and the newspapers had gone plenty to town with pages of bilge before "Ruth" and "Judd" "paid the supreme penalty." But maybe this competent post mortem is something the lawyers and criminologists ordered. Certainly it can't be for the man who reads as he runs—the Fourth Estate is still taking care of him with gaudier and juicier crimes.

Speaking of crimes, here's a trio of detective tales. *The Man Behind*, by John Hunter (Dutton, $2), is Scotland Yard mystery about huge dope ring controlled by supreme mystery crook whom nobody ever sees, knows every step the Yard plans to get him, and puts the canny private detective, the 'tec's friend, and the friend's sweetie to a lot of trouble. Spite of fact that author doesn't play fair this one is easy to guess. Ends with night boat chase with hero and heroine in monster's clutches, saved by British Navy, which, being released from such chores as tracking down Mediterranean piracy, is on the job.

They Talked of Poison, by March Evermay (Macmillan): Looked like death from heart failure, but of course it was murder. Second death looked like suicide—but you're right. Third time, intended victim does not die, clue gives murderer away. Well thought out and written mystery with good human interest complications.

Crooks in Clover, by Percy J. Smith, ex-detective inspector of the Yard (Lippincott, $2.50): true stories of the real crook stuff, O.K. if you take it in doses, otherwise cases tend to monotony.

On second thought, those five fiction books and some others will have to hang over until next time. I have room to mention only one more piece of goods, a $12.50 *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, by Eric Partridge (Macmillan)—1072 pages full of the words that the "unabridged" dictionaries leave out. The compiler was brave enough to stick in the very nastiest and dirtiest words, but not brave enough to spell them out. An asterisk in place of a vowel is a concession to respectability. Here are slang words, colloquialisms, vulgarisms, and downright "low" expressions, comprising a handsome piece of scholarship and an eye-opener for the man around the poker table. #

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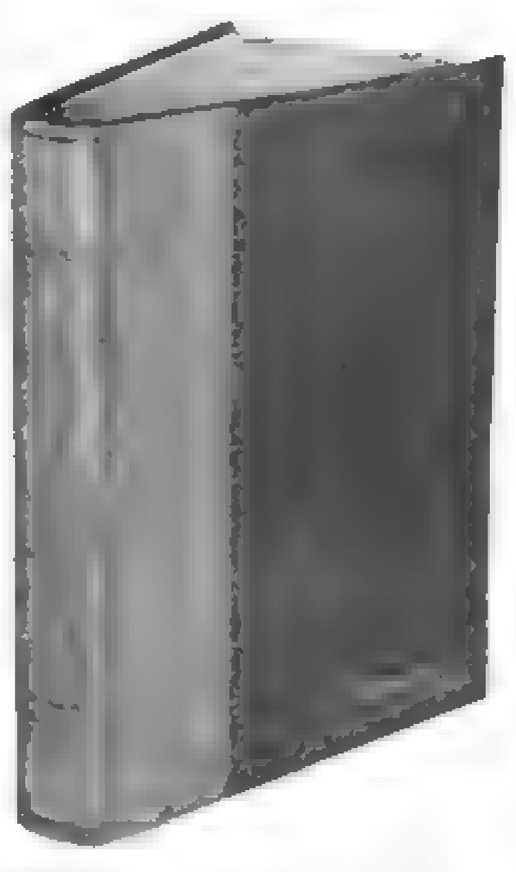

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10

YOU POSE A HARD PROBLEM

In his July article, George Jean Nathan gave a nearly exhaustive (and exhausting) list of the recent likes and dislikes in the theatre. The good (?) Mr. Nathan apparently missed only one of each. Following is the list of omissions.

Omitted like—Mr. Nathan obviously likes all of George Jean Nathan's theatrical criticism very much indeed.

Omitted dislike—Mr. Nathan strenuously dislikes anyone who does not like all of George Jean Nathan's theatrical criticism very much indeed.

Guess, if you can, one of *my* special dislikes.

Yours truly,
Beverly Hills, Calif. LARRY STEINBERG

THE NOISE ABOUT NATHAN

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

I believe it was Shakespeare who said these words originally but I can't help thinking of them after reading an article by George Jean Nathan. His always entertaining and often infuriating essays of the "smack 'em all down" school leave me somewhat puzzled as to what he considers a good play. He appears to despise the "polite zero" of a Lonsdale comedy as much as the ideals of Behrman. I agree that a dramatic world in which all critics threw bouquets would result in suffocation by rose-leaves, but surely a modicum of encouragement would assist the striver after perfection.

To scream "The Gielgud is a Sissy" will doubtless cause a heated controversy with attendant material benefit to the magazine, but it's such a very "small boy" weapon for a mature critic to use. Because I prefer the more storming tennis of Fred Perry doesn't preclude me from admiring the beauty of Austin's strokes—come on, Mr. Nathan, try and find a little good in present-day playwrights.

"Poets lose half the praise they
should have got
"Could it be known what they discretely blot."

Joppa, DUNCAN HAMILTON
Midlothian, Scotland.

TERRY'S FAN

Who the hell is Paul Working? That yarn he spilled about Terry being a louse disturbed me so much that after reading only two columns of his trash, I had to resort to this communication to give vent to my indignation. This guy Working is positively the meanest of the clan of "I-hate-Terry."

What got under my skin was his statement, quote, "The fans know Terry is money-mad and they don't like it, although why this should concern them is something that escapes me."—end of quote. I think Mr. Working is "teched" in the head. It seems that *he* is the one who is irritated by Terry's mercenary attitude, as evidenced by the spleen showed in the article. God knows that us Giant fans have nothing against Terry for this attitude and I for one admire him for being so frank when he could easily be a hypocrite.

I have been a Giant fan since 1924 when the Giants battled the Senators in the World Series. I was eleven years old then, and have since followed the fortunes of the Giants with periods of joy and of sorrow. It is hard to explain one's attachment to a professional baseball club, but it takes on the aspect of a situation wherein I would deride the playing prowess of an enemy ball player, and extol him the moment he is traded to the Giants.

So, in the last analysis, I want to see the Giants win, and win because of their superior ability. It would make no difference to me if every regular on the team played ball because it was a business rather than a sport. I'd still root for them so long as they try, and no one can say that Terry doesn't try. Remember when he played first base in Pittsburgh when he had two bad legs. You'll say he did that in desperation because he hates to be a loser or be discredited as being a flop. Those, my friend, are admirable characteristics.

So Terry is a bum because he's in the game to get all he can out of it. So what, and why not. Ruth did all right for himself as far as money goes.

So Terry hoodwinked young Stoneham into paying him $40,000 per year. He's worth it and no one can deny it and Stoneham's glad to pay it.

So you call Terry tactless whenever he opens his mouth. I call it being frank. It depends on your viewpoint. At any rate, what he says, and what other guys like you say about him have been the most interesting reading matter in baseball for a long time. And besides, when Richards Vidmar of the *New York Herald Tribune* can so often defend and praise Bill Terry against articles like yours, you can readily see that there is more than one side to the situation.

Boiling the controversy down into a nut shell I would like to say this. Being a Giant fan, and consequently being acquainted with a multitude of other similar rooters, I have not found anyone who dislikes Terry. So I must conclude that the writer of *The Manager Nobody Knows* is either a very fretful Brooklyn citizen, or else bears Terry some personal animosity. Maybe Terry accidentally dropped some ashes from his cigar on Mr. Working's suit.

Anyway, the Giants look damn good now, and I give credit to Terry for being one of the best managers in the major leagues.

A Giant fan,
Bronx, N. Y. SIDNEY DENNERSTEIN

P.S. I can't finish the article because I know the exact vein it will run into, and besides it turns my stomach.

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS

Your magazine was recommended to me by a friend who had been a reader for some months. Believing all he said, I allowed myself to be mulcted of three shillings, the English price for the May issue.

Frankly, sir, I feel that I've been had.

It may be that in buying your May issue, I dropped on to your one bad month, and that you have published brighter and better issues than this one.

If this is so, I should be glad if you would notify me as to which month's issue you consider to be your best.

I will then instruct my news agent to obtain it for me, but I assure you, sir, that unless it is twice as good as your May issue, one reader you will NOT get at 3/ per copy, is,

Yours faithfully,
—J. E. WILLIAMS
Llandudno, North Wales

ACCURACY AGONY

Don't look now, but either the door on Page 73 (of the July issue) was lettered backwards, or the cleaner had just been evicted.

Detroit, Mich. —A. R. NOLAND

YOU *ARE* A LADY!

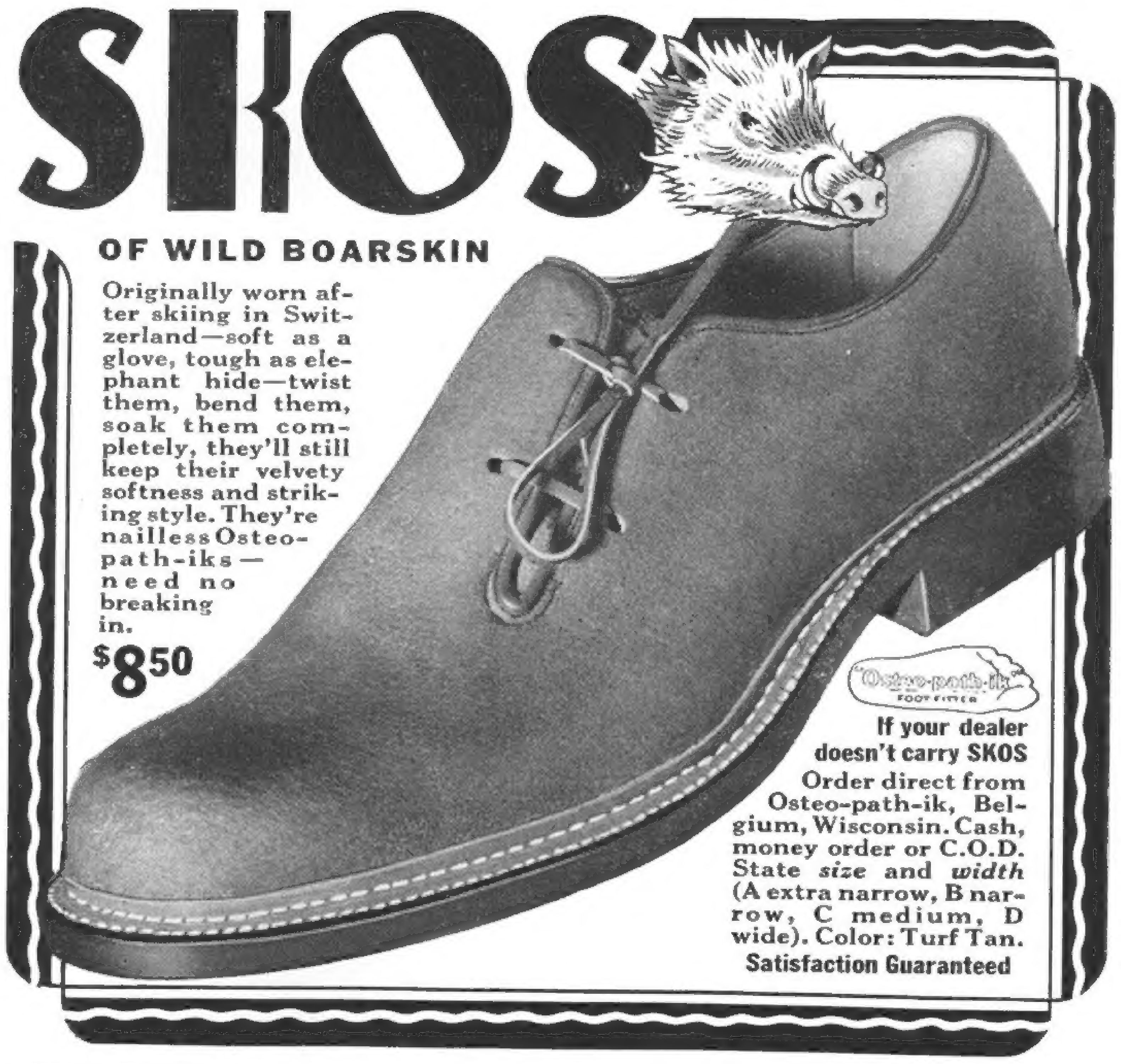
I have been reading your April Issue for two months and a half and as yet have been unable to grasp the meaning of the cartoon on page 77 of the issue in question.

The caption reads as follows: "You know, I feel guilty about going over the head of the personnel manager like this."

If there is a point to this misdemeanor, please advise me at once.

Lady in distress,
Lufkin, Texas ANNE D.

Continued on page 186



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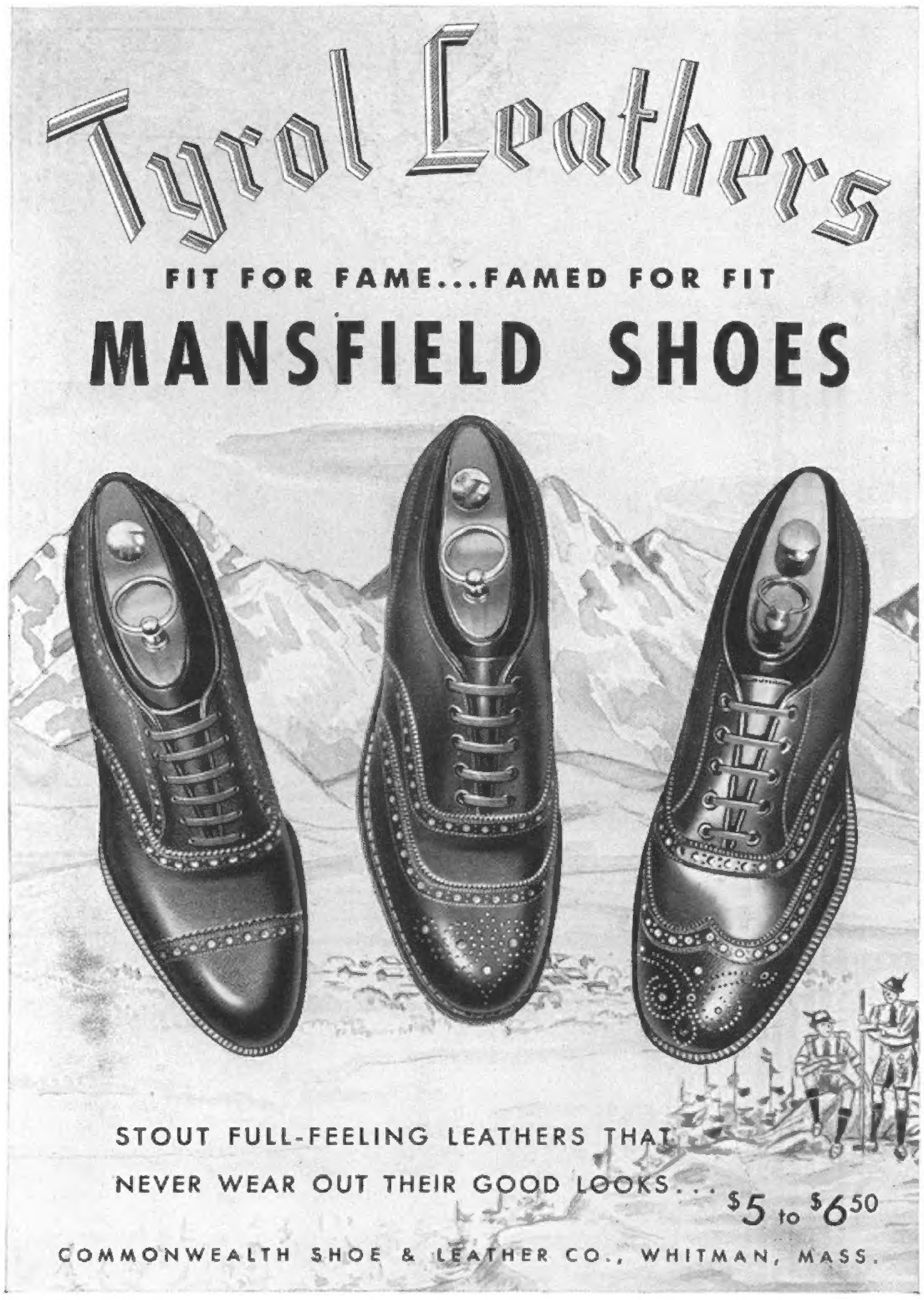
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10-185

PRESTO! WHERE ARE WE?

It's hot. I've just come home from a funeral. (A sweet little old man—and George Nathan has to go on living, wearing your gold cuff links, gold watches, drinking your Rhine wine and reading your love letters.)

I told you the truth in your last message from me on the subject: I hate typing. So, if you *like* a conceited ape on your staff to make a profession of insulting the intelligence of those he scorns, nothing more I can say will help. I thought to read him just once more to see if there were slightest improvement. And he is infinitely worse than ever. "It says its say without polite and brummish circumlocution!" And for seven columns he rambles, saying nothing.

I am not in the mood to be witty or even try to be. I'm just telling you seriously, Mr. G— that we folks out in the sticks don't get to see the things you do and we *want* to get a sophisticated slant on the new things so when they are produced in Hollywood we'll know whether we want to see them or not. New York and Chicago contain a small proportion of your readers, my dear young lad, and it is for us your reviews should be written, not girls and boys who can go and see for themselves just any night.

So what do you give us? Seven columns of this conceited Dutchman (I guess he's Dutch, Mencken's Dutch) telling us how good he is, NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING about the drama he knows so much about.

But for once, just for once, I got an idea from what he wrote. No matter what he writes I can understand it. He doesn't speak in an unknown tongue by any means. But when he says I can't resist reading him he really has something: for I *can*. And this issue ends my contact with him for life. His "basic personal critical attitude," my eye. His profound adoration of George Nathan, his endless ramblings, his repetitive mouthings that start nowhere and end there. If you are just half as much in love with him as he thinks you are you will spare him from having to read this derogatory flood of mail "all the rest of his life" beginning at once, and hire somebody who will tell us in "combined terms of yesterday, today and tomorrow" what the New York offerings are really like. Either that or just let the ass write his autobiography and run that without any silly pretense of doing drama criticism. When you start doing either, Mr. G—, let me know. I don't want to risk apoplexy on his autobiography, and I WOULD like to read some worth-while drama pieces.

It is now 5:05 and even hotter.

Oh, yes: I'm not so silly as to expect a whole magazine to be published for ME. I'm no Nathan. I can skip lots of the things I'm not particularly interested in and still have more, much more, than my fifty cents worth in each Esquire, but I do insist that the book review and the drama criticism rank with public utilities and should be for all the people. I want to read both as a sort of guide and what do you give us —ROT, just plain rot. Do you ever read one of the things yourself?

This is poor *Sound & Fury*. It's hurriedly written and I'm tired and my head aches. Not only did I have to go to the nice little old gentleman's funeral but I had to trim a hat before I started and I'm no milliner. But I wrestled with the devilish thing and you'd be surprised how nice it looks, quite professional. It's a wide natural leghorn, and I put a black taffeta band and bow on it. You should have a wife like me, Mr. G—. That hat has three disguises, red with flowers, now black, and brown for oftenest. They all snap on, presto and there you are.

Love and kisses for the head of G.J.N.

Lazy Lass from Tulsa

WHO KNOWS?

In Jack Tooker's story, *Facts About Grizzlies*, he states that grizzly cubs are the smallest of all animals at birth in comparison to their size when grown.

A few days ago this question was asked in a regular question feature published daily by the *Atlanta Constitution*, and their answer was a kangaroo.

Purely as a matter of information would you be so kind as to verify which is correct? Very sincerely,

Atlanta, Ga. D. C. Weaver, Jr.

ANNUAL PROTEST DULY NOTED

Each year about this time, I drop you my annual protests—which you never print—about your sketches on western clothes. Last year, you had one of your Brooks Brothers' models sitting astride an animal which you termed a paint, but which was in reality a palamino—or you may have had it the other way around.

This year, however, is by far the crowning insult to cowhands the country over. If ever a pair of dude tenderfeet hung on a corral fence, it's those two you've got pictured. To start with the gentleman on the left, his boots look like the $6.50 brand; I've seen inlay work on boots, but that inlay job is sure original. Nearly all cow and rodeo hands have their "dress" boots' tops in different colors than the bottoms; the bottoms might be black, but the tops would be blue, brown, red, or green. Another thing is real hands prefer stitching on their tops to inlay work; most dress boots also carry an imitation or different colored wingtip—a vari-colored piece of leather over the toe, which contrasts to the vamp of the boot. The heels on your boots look like heels on women's walking shoes; did you ever hear of 2¼ inch undershot heels—just glance at a Western or Blucher boot catalog! As for the jeans the gent is wearing, no respectable hand would be caught dead with a turned up cuff that large; neither Lee or Levi Strauss jeans, the two most worn brands, shrink half that much. Very seldom is it that the rodeo or cow boys wear velveteen shirts, prefering Levi Strauss wool or cotton gabardines; it is true that rodeo managements sometimes require contestants to wear such shirts for effect, namely the Calgary Stampede. It seems for a long time that a cowboy has been associated with a sleeveless vest, which he seldom if ever wears, much prefering denim or wool jackets. The black hat with the white leather hat band is fine, but why the white binding on the brim; that ruins it, the only place I ever saw one of those on sale was in a little fellow's play outfit. As for the gent on the right, his boots are no better than his neighbor's, his pants look like an enlarged pair of jodhpurs; it seems like you all never heard of Pendleton Frontier pants. This gent's shirt is even worse than his pard's, and my opinion of that isn't worth a Madero peso. His hat is amusing, especially since it is blocked like a woman would wear it, and I do so like that leather throat latch he wears to keep his sombrero from falling off—just like any five-year-old dude kid. What do these gents wear to keep their pants up? A shoestring? Let 'em try a hand-tooled ranger belt with a silver steer head or roped-edged horse-shoe buckle.

Next time, you draw up one of them sketches, get a boy who's been west of Philadelphia to do it for you, and don't try Finchleys, Brooks, De Pinna's, etc., to see what they're selling for the poor greenhorns.

Outside of this pet peeve, I enjoy your magazine and have read it since late in '33. Sincerely yours,

Late of Arizona. Jack K. Goodman

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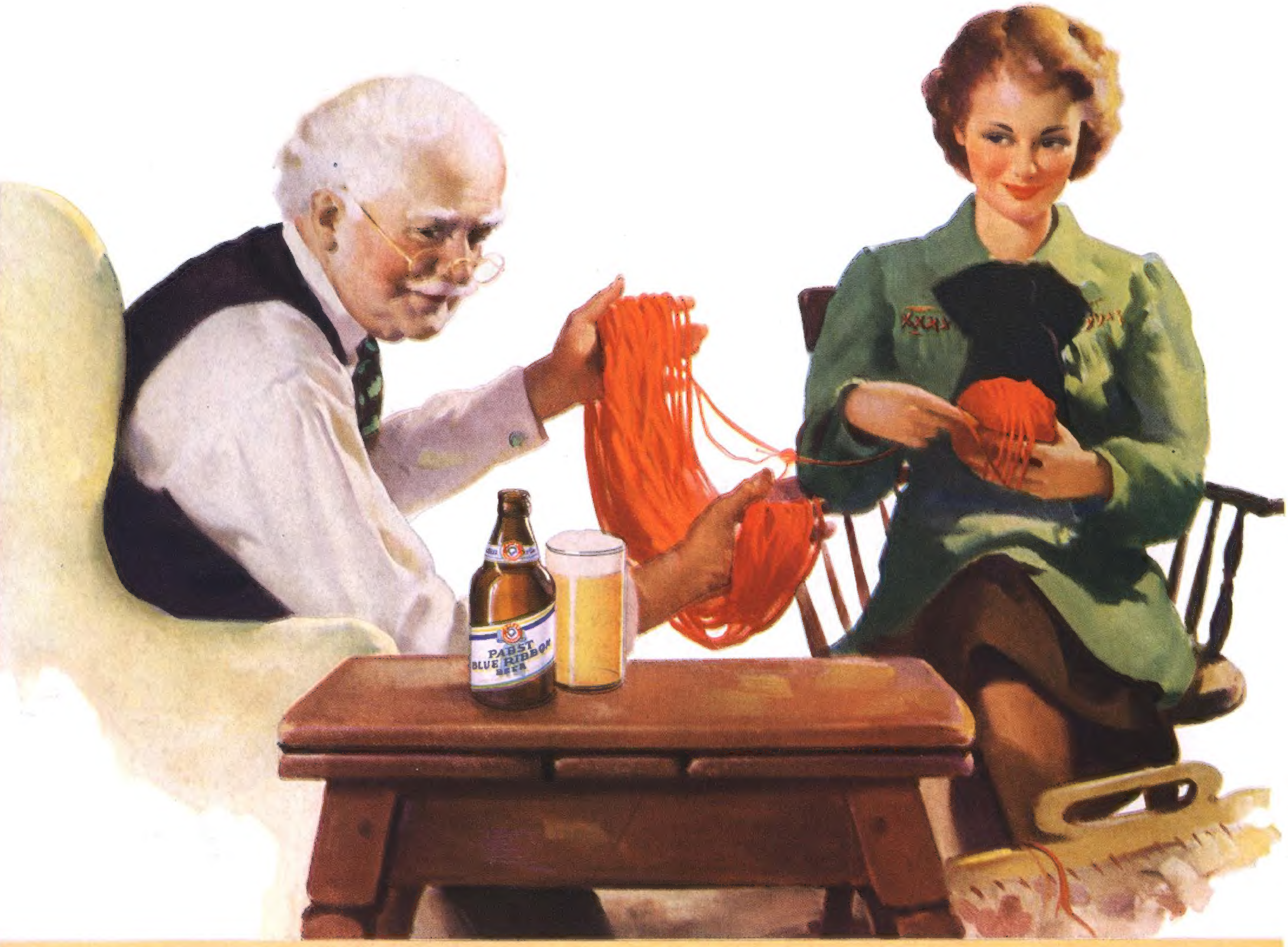
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